

(1926, ^{July}~~June~~, Constantinople.

E--1892. ✓ ~~107~~

Thursday, the 1st of July, was hot in the city. In the forenoon I packed up, walked the streets, and bought some Roumanian money. The forenoon seemed an eternity to me, no one to talk to, no place to see that I had not already seen, no newspaper or book to read, & terrifically hot, and no place to sit down except in my small unattractive room--nothing to do but simply wait. After luncheon I settled with the hotel, tipped the help, and with an interpreter went to the wharf. The steamer, "Princess Marie," was four city blocks from the customhouse. At the steamer the official on duty said the visée on my passport~~e~~ was not in good order and that I would have to return to the customhouse. Back through the hot sun we walked and found a crowd massed against the window, with only one clerk inside to copy off the details of the passport~~s~~ presented. We had to stand up in the stifling heat for nearly an hour before my interpreter succeeded in fighting his way to the window and got the final rubber stamp of approval on the passport~~e~~. The ship sailed shortly after 2 p.m.

It took about an hour and a half to pass through the Strait and out into the ^BBlack ^SSea. The general direction was north. Both sides of the strait were well populated and very beautiful. The strait itself was from half a mile to three miles wide, deep blue, and on both sides green valleys and hills, little towns, and occasionally a castle. Many ships were to be seen going in both directions. Within two hours after entering the Black Sea we were out of sight of land. The steamer was a small one and in the choppy sea rolled badly. So far I had remained on deck, simply having glanced through the cabin door to assure myself that the baggage was all there. I now went down with the intention of taking a nap. As I entered the cabin I got a whiff of dead, hot

Thursday, the 1st of July, was hot in the city. In the forenoon I packed up, walked the streets, and bought some Roumanian money. The forenoon seemed an eternity to me, no one to talk to, no place to see that I had not already seen, no newspaper or book to read, & terrifically hot, and no place to sit down except in my small unattractive room--nothing to do but simply wait. After luncheon I settled with the hotel, tipped the help, and with an interpreter went to the wharf. The steamer, "Princess Marie," was four city blocks from the customhouse. At the steamer the official on duty said the vicee on my passport was not in good order and that I would have to return to the customhouse. Back through the hot sun we walked and found a crowd massed against the window, with only one clerk inside to copy off the details of the passport presented. We had to stand up in the stifling heat for nearly an hour before my interpreter succeeded in fighting his way to the window and got the final rubber stamp of approval on the passport. The ship sailed shortly after

2 p.m.

It took about an hour and a half to pass through the strait and out into the black sea. The general direction was north. Both sides of the strait were well populated and very beautiful. The strait itself was from half a mile to three miles wide, deep blue, and on both sides green valleys and hills, little towns, and occasionally a castle. Many ships were to be seen going in both directions. Within two hours after entering the Black Sea we were out of sight of land. The steamer was a small one and in the choppy sea rolled badly. So far I had remained on deck, simply having glanced through the cabin door to assure myself that the baggage was all there. I now went down with the intention of taking a nap. As I entered the cabin I got a whiff of dead, hot

(1926, July, at sea.

E--1893.

air with a peculiar odor that instantly gave me a feeling of nausea, and I thought "Is it possible that for the first time in my life I am to be seasick." I beat a hasty retreat to the deck and open air and the feeling of nausea passed. Half an hour later I tried it again, with the same result. This time I noticed that the port hole was closed. Holding my breath, I stepped quickly to the window and tried to open it. I then noticed that the framework was covered with a thick layer of white paint so that it was hermetically sealed. I rang for a steward and stepped outside. When he came I asked him to open the porthole. He looked surprised at the request, but tried and failed. He went out for a hammer ~~ad~~ and ^a screwdriver, with which he knocked off the paint and pried open the window. Immediately the atmosphere cleared and I had no further trouble. Evidently the cabin had not been aired for many weeks or months and the odors of many passengers had been bottled up in it. The next morning I learned that several passengers had spent the entire night on deck rather than sleep in their offensive cabins. It was cold at sea and I retired early and ^{sleep} ~~sleep~~ well.

Friday, the 2d. It was pleasantly cool when I arose at 4.30 a.m. I did not try to shave because the ship was pitching and rolling badly. Coffee ^e was served as the ship entered the harbor at Constanza. The harbor is a small one behind a mole. The examination of passports took little time because of the small number of passengers. Our baggage was carried ashore and into the custom-house where every package had to be opened and every article examined, including every scrap of paper. Also our passports were taken up and we were told to call for them at the office of the prefect of police in Bucharest. In exchange we were given a piece of paper printed in French directing us to call at the sanitary office for medical examination daily while in the country. After

air with a peculiar odor that instantly gave me a feeling of nausea, and I thought "Is it possible that for the first time in my life I am to be seasick." I beat a hasty retreat to the deck and open air and the feeling of nausea passed. Half an hour later I tried it again, with the same result. This time I noticed that the port hole was closed. Holding my breath, I stepped quickly to the window and tried to open it. I then noticed that the frame-work was covered with a thick layer of white paint so that it was hermetically sealed. I rang for a steward and stepped outside. When he came I asked him to open the porthole. He looked surprised at the request, but tried and failed. He went out for a hammer and screwdriver, with which he knocked off the paint and pried open the window. Immediately the atmosphere cleared and I had no further trouble. Evidently the cabin had not been aired for many weeks or months and the odors of many passengers had been bottled up in it. The next morning I learned that several passengers had spent the entire night on deck rather than sleep in their offensive cabins. It was cold at sea and I retired early and ^{sleep} well.

Friday, the 2d. It was pleasantly cool when I arose at 4.30 a.m. I did not try to shave because the ship was pitching and rolling badly. Coffee was served as the ship entered the harbor at Constantza. The harbor is a small one behind a mole. The examination of passports took little time because of the small number of passengers. Our baggage was carried ashore and into the custom-house where every package had to be opened and every article examined, including every scrap of paper. Also our passports were taken up and we were told to call for them at the office of the prefect of police in Bucharest. In exchange we were given a piece of paper printed in French directing us to call at the sanitary office for medical examination daily while in the country. After

(1926, July, Constanza-Bucharest. 1894.

these formalities we were transferred to a waiting train near by. I had a ticket for first class passage, but all the first class compartments were occupied, so I was told, and had to take second class. In the same compartment with me was an elderly gentleman from New York, and two women from Minneapolis.

As soon as the train got under way the New Yorker and I went to the diner where we spent the forenoon smoking and drinking cocktails, and watching the landscape flit by. Hour after hour we rode through a fairly level but slightly rolling open country without trees and of which I estimated that at least one-fourth was in wheat that was fully ripe, one-fourth in oats, and one-fourth in maize, and the remainder in miscellaneous crops, such as flax, beans, sunflowers, pasture, and the like. Some agricultural machinery was to be seen, such as gang and disk plows, harvesting machines and a form of selfbinder. In adjoining fields, however, gangs of men and women were cutting grain with scythes or ~~h~~ hand ~~sickels~~ sickels. Wheat was fully ripe and about one-third harvested. Barley and oats were ripening. Maize varied from a few inches to over four feet in height. It was growing thickly in drills close together and was cultivated with shovel plows or "sweeps" into ridges. The roads were in fair condition but looked as if they might be impassable in wet weather. The country was generally treeless except for small ~~pk~~ areas planted to locust trees. Along the great Danube river were marshes. Practically no houses were to be seen outside of the villages, ~~in~~ that are far apart, and in which the houses are small, of brick, and with thatched roofs, and unattractive surroundings. Many of the ~~houses~~ habitations were mere dugouts and people live in them like cattle. Very few orchards or vegetable gardens were to be seen, but I saw a few sheep, cattle, swine, and horses, all scrubs and very thin

(1926, July, Constantza-Bucharest, 1894.

these formalities we were transferred to a waiting train near by.

I had a ticket for first class passage, but all the first class compartments were occupied, so I was told, and had to take second

class. In the same compartment with me was an elderly gentleman

from New York, and two women from Minneapolis.

As soon as the train got under way the New Yorker and I went

to the diner where we spent the forenoon smoking and drinking coffee

and watching the landscape flit by. Hour after hour we

rode through a fairly level but slightly rolling open country

without trees and of which I estimated that at least one-fourth

was in wheat that was fully ripe, one-fourth in oats, and one-

fourth in maize, and the remainder in miscellaneous crops, such as

flax, beans, sunflowers, pasture, and the like. Some agricultural

machinery was to be seen, such as gang and disk plows, harvest-

ing machines and a form of self-binder. In adjoining fields, how-

ever, gangs of men and women were cutting grain with scythes or

hand sickles. Wheat was fully ripe and about one-third har-

vested. Barley and oats were ripening. Maize varied from a few

inches to over four feet in height. It was growing thickly in

drills close together and was cultivated with shovel plows or

"sawpegs" into ridges. The roads were in fair condition but look-

ed as if they might be impassable in wet weather. The country was

generally treeless except for small groups planted to locust

trees. Along the great Danube river were marshes. Practically no

houses were to be seen outside of the villages, in that are far

apart, and in which the houses are small, of brick, and with

thatched roofs, and unattractive surroundings. Many of the houses

habitations were mere dugouts and people live in them like cattle.

Very few orchards or vegetable gardens were to be seen, but I

saw a few sheep, cattle, swine, and horses, all scrawny and very thin

(1926, July, Bucharest.

E--1895.

At 12.45 p.m. we approached Bucharest, which seemed to be spread over two or three square miles of open country. The buildings were quite modern in appearance. The streets were somewhat irregular, but well paved with blocks. Mr. Jones, the New Yorker, and I went to the Athena Palace Hotel. It was first class in every respect and the cheapest room with bath was priced at \$7.50 per day without meals.

After luncheon I called on the American Consul, Mr. Palmer, who said he had just moved into his present quarters and was not yet fully settled. He introduced me to an exceptionally pretty woman clerk and to a secretary. They promised to make the necessary appointments with the officials of the department of agriculture and the statistical bureau and to detail a young man to serve as guide and interpreter. The consul said the statistical service was good and was improving; that prior to the war Roumania was a land of large estates, but since the war most of these had been expropriated by the government for subdivision among the peasants; that the proprietors generally managed their estates intelligently and employed improved machinery, but the peasants used primitive implements and methods, with the result that production decreased considerably. The consul said there might be some delay in obtaining my passport from the police department and suggested that I should call at the police headquarters the next morning and inquire if it had been received from Constanza. I received a nice batch of mail from the United States, including a copy of the Bureau News announcing the resignation of Prof. Cooper and the appointment of Mr. Tenney as chief of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics.

Returning to the hotel I sat with Mr. Jones awhile and we had a cocktail together. Then to my room to open and read my mail.

(1926, July, Bucharest. E--1892.

At 12.45 p.m. we approached Bucharest, which seemed to be spread over two or three square miles of open country. The buildings were quite modern in appearance. The streets were somewhat irregular, but well paved with blocks. Mr. Jones, the New Yorker, and I went to the Athena Palace Hotel. It was first class in every respect and the cheapest room with bath was priced at \$7.50 per day without meals.

After luncheon I called on the American Consul, Mr. Palmer, who said he had just moved into his present quarters and was not yet fully settled. He introduced me to an exceptionally pretty woman clerk and to a secretary. They promised to make the necessary appointments with the officials of the department of agriculture and the statistical bureau and to detail a young man to serve as guide and interpreter. The consul said the statistical service was good and was improving; that prior to the war Rumania was a land of large estates, but since the war most of these had been expropriated by the government for subdivision among the peasants; that the proprietors generally managed their estates intelligently and employed improved machinery, but the peasants used primitive implements and methods, with the result that production decreased considerably. The consul said there might be some delay in obtaining my passport from the police department and suggested that I should call at the police headquarters the next morning and inquire if it had been received from Constanta. I received a nice batch of mail from the United States, including a copy of the Bureau News announcing the resignation of Prof. Cooper and the appointment of Mr. Tenney as chief of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics.

Returning to the hotel I sat with Mr. Jones while and we had a cocktail together. Then to my room to open and read my mail.

(1926, July, Bucharest.

E--1896.

In it was a notice from the Commissioner of Internal Revenue to the effect that the bureau had determined that I owed \$78 on my 1924 income tax, together with a penalty of ten or twenty per cent additional if not paid within ten days of the date of the notice. Already thirty days had elapsed. My opinion of the Internal Revenue Bureau was not at all complimentary. At least, I thought, it should not take a bureau with experienced clerks eighteen months to find out that I had not figured my income tax in the same way they did.

At 3.30 p.m. it began to rain lightly. An hour later I walked down the main street to a newsstand and bought two papers, one in French which I could read almost as readily as English, and one in Roumanian, which I found I could read fairly well because of its resemblance to Italian. Also I found some postcards and cheap cigars. Returning to the hotel Mr. Jones called ~~to~~ me to join him, which I did. He was liberal in treating to cocktails and cigars, evidently feeling the need of and enjoying a listener to whom he could talk without restraint. He informed me that the political and financial center of the world had passed to the United States and that the British fully understood it, for which reason instructions had been sent to all their foreign representatives not to oppose the Americans. When I expressed surprise, he said that the British had established banking facilities throughout the world and perfected them through several generations of experience and that these facilities were utilized by American financiers; that many British institutions were so tied up and embarrassed they could do nothing; that when Great Britain effected an agreement with the United States regarding her war debt her pound sterling was worth only 12 shillings, but immediately ~~x~~ thereafter it went to 18 shillings; that our Federal Reserve Bank

(1926, July, Bucharest.

In it was a notice from the Commissioner of Internal Revenue to the effect that the Bureau had determined that I owed \$78 on my 1924 income tax, together with a penalty of ten or twenty per cent additional if not paid within ten days of the date of the notice. Already thirty days had elapsed. My opinion of the Internal Revenue Bureau was not at all complimentary. At least, I thought, it should not take a Bureau with experienced clerks eighteen months to find out that I had not figured my income tax in the same way they did.

At 3.30 p.m. it began to rain lightly. An hour later I walked down the main street to a newsstand and bought two papers, one in French which I could read almost as readily as English, and one in Roumanian, which I found I could read fairly well because of its resemblance to Italian. Also I found some postcards and cheap cigars. Returning to the hotel Mr. Jones called to me to join him, which I did. He was liberal in treating to cocktails and cigars, evidently feeling the need of and enjoying a listener to whom he could talk without restraint. He informed me that the political and financial center of the world had passed to the United States and that the British fully understood it, for which reason instructions had been sent to all their foreign representatives not to oppose the Americans. When I expressed surprise, he said that the British had established banking facilities throughout the world and portected them through several generations of experience and that these facilities were utilized by American financiers; that many British institutions were so tied up and embarrassed they could do nothing; that when Great Britain effected an agreement with the United States regarding her war debt her pound sterling was worth only 12 shillings, but immediately thereafter it went to 18 shillings; that our Federal Reserve Bank

(1926, July, Bucharest.

E--1897.

kept its discount rate one per cent below that of the Bank of England to keep American depositors and investors from withdrawing their funds; that the Federal Reserve Bank had two hundred million dollars and the Morgan Company one hundred million with which to sustain the pound sterling at par; that the loans by American bankers to France were secured by gold set aside for that purpose in the Bank of France; also that the British securities based on the railways of Argentina, while still held by a British holding corporation, were practically owned by American bankers who in that way exercised real control. This gossip was new to me and very interesting, if true.

Returning to my room I changed to heavier clothing because of the fall in temperature. At 8 p.m. I had an excellent supper with Mr. Jones. He seemed to take delight in badgering the waiters.. The prices were rather high: \$2.00 for a small steak, potatoes, bread and butter, preserves, and half a bottle of wine. We sat in the pleasant dining room until 10.30, talking about international relations, inventions, ivory, and the characteristics of the peoples about the Mediterranean and Red Seas. I learned that for more than forty years he had been visiting these countries especially to purchase ivory. He said that his firm purchased an average of over three hundred tons of ivory every year and that he could tell by the appearance of ivory whether it was five years or five thousand years old. He was a large man, apparently about sixty, a steady drinker, and a most interesting talker. After we separated I walked two squares down the street and returned because of the rain and lack of window displays. In that short distance six or eight young women sidled up to me and invited me to accompany them to their rooms, and I noted others in the shadows who looked as if they might be equally hospitable.

who looked as if they might be equally hospitalized. I noted others in the shadows company them to their rooms, and I noted others in the shadows six or eight young women sidled up to me and invited me to accompany them to their rooms. In that short distance separated I walked two squares down the street and returned because sixty, a steady drinker, and a most interesting talker. After we or five thousand years old. He was a large man, apparently about he could tell by the appearance of ivory whether it was five years an average of over three hundred tons of ivory every year and that especially to purchase ivory. He said that his firm purchased for more than forty years he had been visiting these countries the peoples about the Mediterranean and Red Seas. I learned that tional relations, inventions, ivory, and the characteristics of in the pleasant dining room until 10.30, talking about international bread and butter, preserves, and half a bottle of wine. We sat The prices were rather high: \$2.00 for a small steak, potatoes, with Mr. Jones. He seemed to take delight in badgering the waiters.. of the fall in temperature. At 8 p.m. I had an excellent supper Returning to my room I changed to heavier clothing because new to me and very interesting, if true.

bankers who in that way exercised real control. This gossip was British holding corporation, were practically owned by American ties based on the railways of Argentina, while still held by a that purpose in the Bank of France; also that the British secured American bankers to France were secured by gold set aside for which to maintain the pound sterling at par; that the loans by million dollars and the Morgan Company one hundred million with ing their funds; that the Federal Reserve Bank had two hundred England to keep American depositors and investors from withdrawing its discount rate one per cent below that of the Bank of

(1926, July, Banarast.

E-1897.

(1926, July, Bucharest.

E--1898.

Saturday, the 3d. In company with a young man assigned to me by the American Consul I called at the police office and ascertained that my passport~~s~~ had not been received from Constanza. Then we called on the Minister of Agriculture and the Director of Statistics with whom I had satisfactory interviews, both assuring me of cooperation in the census project and talking freely about their organizations and work and the situation of agriculture in Roumania. I spent the afternoon with the American Commercial Attache and his assistant, who assured me that I had passed through the best grain growing region of Roumania between Constanza and Bucharest, and ^{said} that the country lacked capital and machinery.

After supper with Mr. Jones we sat in the ornate lounge, smoked and had cocktails and liquers. We admired not only the paintings on the walls and the ornate furniture, but the beautiful women. I counted no less than nineteen who seemed to be looking for male companions. They were superb creatures and beautifully gowned. At least three-fourths of them were exceptionally beautiful in face, figure, expression, and dress. And yet my companion said cynically, "If you want to be raped by one of these birds just exhibit a roll of money and leave your door unlocked; ~~if~~ she will do the rest." Even the ⁱGypsy women on the streets, barefooted and dressed in rags, are beautiful in form, features, and coloring. While writing letters in my room later I stepped out on the little balcony in front of my window and noted that in each doorway across the street was a young woman who spoke or signaled to each gentleman who passed. In no other city of the world have I seen so many unemployed beautiful women so readily accessible; in fact, so unavoidable, and I wondered why they did not break ranks and go to other cities where competition was

Saturday, the 3d. In company with a young man assigned to me by the American Consul I called at the police office and ascertained that my passport had not been received from Constanta. Then we called on the Minister of Agriculture and the Director of Statistics with whom I had satisfactory interviews, both assuring me of cooperation in the census project and talking freely about their organizations and work and the situation of agriculture in Romania. I spent the afternoon with the American Commercial Attache and his assistant, who assured me that I had passed through the best grain growing region of Romania between Constanta and Bucharest, and that the country lacked capital and machinery.

After supper with Mr. Jones we sat in the ornate lounge, smoked and had cocktails and liquors. We admired not only the paintings on the walls and the ornate furniture, but the beautiful women. I counted no less than nineteen who seemed to be looking for male companions. They were superb creatures and beautifully groomed. At least three-fourths of them were exceptionally beautiful in face, figure, expression, and dress. And yet my companion said cynically, "If you want to be raped by one of these birds just exhibit a roll of money and leave your door unlocked; she will do the rest." Even the gypsy women on the streets, barefooted and dressed in rags, are beautiful in form, features, and coloring. While writing letters in my room later I stepped out on the little balcony in front of my window and noted that in each doorway across the street was a young woman who spoke or signaled to each gentleman who passed. In no other city of the world have I seen so many unemployed beautiful women so readily accessible; in fact, so unavoidable, and I wondered why they did not break ranks and go to other cities where competition was

(1926, July, Bucharest.

E--1899.

not so great either in numbers or beauty.

Sunday, the 4th, was clear and hot. After breakfast Mr. Jones and I drove in a taxi across the city to the Sanitary Office to be inspected and have our receipts for passports endorsed. We had difficulty in finding the medical inspector who was supposed to be on duty and went to four different places before we found him. We found him in a private house and took him with us to the Sanitary Office. There he informed us we would have to call every day until the 8th, which would be the following Thursday. I told him I proposed to leave on Tuesday, the 6th, with or without a medical certificate, inasmuch as I was an American citizen and an official of the United States government, and an official representing the International Institute of Agriculture, of which the Roumanian government was an adhering member, and no Roumanian official could stop me. In fact, I informed him, I did not propose to call again at the Sanitary Office and if he wished to put his rubber stamp on the receipt for my passport this would be his only opportunity. Without any response he affixed the rubber stamp and signed his name, and did the same with the paper of Mr. Jones. He assured us we could now go to the police department and get our passports. We crossed the city to the police department, only to be informed that the passports had not yet been received from Constanza, but were expected the next morning.

En route I missed my pocket camera, a small one but with a valuable lens. I remembered that I laid it on the table in the ~~le~~ lounge of the hotel while reading a newspaper and waiting for Mr. Jones. I surmised that when he called to me from the lobby I had responded promptly and left the camera lying on the table. An hour or more had elapsed when we returned to the hotel. I at

An hour or more had elapsed when we returned to the hotel. I at
had responded promptly and left the camera lying on the table.
Mr. Jones. I surmised that when he called to me from the lobby I
lounge of the hotel while reading a newspaper and waiting for
valuable lens. I remembered that I laid it on the table in the
En route I missed my pocket camera, a small one but with a
pected the next morning.

passports had not yet been received from Constanta, but were ex-
the city to the police department, only to be informed that the
go to the police department and get our passports. We crossed
the same with the paper of Mr. Jones. He assured us we could now
apause he affixed the rubber stamp and signed his name, and did
passports this would be his only opportunity. Without any re-
and if he wished to put his rubber stamp on the receipt for my
ed him, I did not propose to call again at the Sanitary Office

ber, and no Roumanian official could stop me. In fact, I inform-
riculture, of which the Roumanian government was an adhering mem-
and an official representing the International Institute of Ag-
American citizen and an official of the United States government,
with or without a medical certificate, inasmuch as I was an

Thursday. I told him I proposed to leave on Tuesday, the 6th,

to call every day until the 8th, which would be the following

us to the Sanitary Office. There he informed us we would have

we found him. We found him in a private house and took him with

supposed to be on duty and went to four different places before

ed. We had difficulty in finding the medical inspector who was

rice to be inspected and have our receipts for passports endor-

Jones and I drove in a taxi across the city to the Sanitary Of-

Sunday, the 4th, was clear and hot. After breakfast Mr.

not so great either in numbers or beauty.

(1926, July, Bucharest.

E--1899.

(1926, July, Bucharest.

E--1900.

once notified the hotel clerk of the loss, but no trace of it was found. I regreted^t this loss very much because it meant an interruption to my photographic record. However, I was under the impression that imported articles such as cameras would probably be cheaper in Vienna and decided to wait until I reached that city before buying another.

After a nice luncheon with Mr. Jones we strolled down the street looking for cigars, but all stores were closed. I finally found some at a kiosk. At five o'clock we took a taxi and drove to the the Park Carrolli on the outskirts of the city where there were some fine residences, and thence across to the other side of the city. We saw many people dressed in the national costume. After supper we sat in the lounge where we were joined by a British colonel who had served for many years as a "King's messenger!" and ^{who} had many interesting stories to relate of his experiences.

(Wife, July 4, ~~gray~~ folder.

E--1900.

(1926, July, Bucharest.

Some notified the hotel clerk of the loss, but no trace of it was found. I regretted this loss very much because it meant an interruption to my photographic record. However, I was under the impression that imported articles such as cameras would probably be cheaper in Vienna and decided to wait until I reached that city before buying another.

After a nice luncheon with Mr. Jones we strolled down the street looking for cigars, but all stores were closed. I finally found some at a kiosk. At five o'clock we took a taxi and drove to the the Park Carroll on the outskirts of the city where there were some fine residences, and thence across to the other side of the city. We saw many people dressed in the national costume. After supper we sat in the lounge where we were joined by a British colonel who had served for many years as a "King's messenger" and had many interesting stories to relate of his experiences.

(Wife, July 4, Gray folder.

"Bucharest, Roumania, 4 July 1926.

"Dear Mommie and Niñas:

"On June 20 29 I wrote you from Constantinople and two days later left for Bucharest, where I arrived July 2. When I called at the office of the American Consul I got some mail, including a nice letter from Mother dated June 5, but was greatly disappointed at not receiving one from 1026.

x x x x x x

"I was glad to leave Constantinople, after losing eight days in less than two weeks. The boat on which I sailed, the Principessa Maria, was about the size of the river boats at Washington. We left early in the afternoon, after all kinds of annoyances about passport, and for two hours sailed through the Strait of Bosphorus which connects the Sea of Marmora with the Black Sea. It is really like a great river, half a mile to three miles wide, deep blue, with high hills on both sides, dotted with towns and houses the entire distance. We passed several ancient fortresses with walls, causeways, and towers. From extreme heat at Constantinople we passed into a chilly atmosphere on entering the Black Sea. There was a strong wind blowing a choppy sea running, the boat was light and tossed about a good deal, and also was full of bad smells, so that before we were out of sight of land three-fourths of the passengers were in great trouble. For the first time I felt all kinds of disagreeable protests internally and only avoided trouble by walking in the cool wind and exercising sheer will power until it gradually passed off. Most of those who were not actually sick sat up all night on deck. I got the steward to open the port holes in my cabin to let in fresh air. Apparently they had never been open because the paint covered the cracks and he had to take a cold chisel to pry them open. After the draft of fresh air came in and blew some of the nauseating smell out I was very comfortable.

"We arrived at Constanza, the principal port of Roumania, early the next morning, had the usual trouble with passports and inspection of baggage--the most searching I have ever seen--^{and} boarded a crowded train for Bucharest where we arrived shortly after noon. About 9 o'clock we crossed the Danube River, which is muddy and about a mile wide, with high ground on one side and great swamps on the other. Then through a fine rich farming country with enormous fields of small grain and corn. Most of the farm houses are mere dugouts, or mud houses with thatched roofs, and people go barefooted and live like pigs. In fact, many of the houses and surrounding yards closely resemble some of the barnyards and pig sties in America. The horses are scrubs and most of the plowing and hauling is done with oxen. Some farm machinery is to be seen, the first I have seen in Europe, but in adjoining fields one may see a harvester pulled by oxen and also gangs of women and men cutting the grain by the handfull with little hand sickles. The country is generally an open prairie and trees are not seen until one approaches Bucharest.

"There was a wonderful profusion of wild flowers along the railway, and especially noticeable were the patches of pink hollyhocks.

"On the train I got acquainted with an elderly American merchant who had been making yearly visits to the East and near East for more than forty years, named Jones. Together we came to the Athanee Palace Hotel, which is a good one, but with abominable service. In the early afternoon I went to the American Consulate, got my mail, and ascertained that all government offices close at one o'clock. The next morning, yesterday, I had a very satisfactory interview with American and Roumanian officials. It rained heavily in the afternoon so I could do no sightseeing.

"Today, Sunday, Mr. Jones and I rode across town for medical

~~1900~~ 2/18

examination that is required before we can get our passports from the police department. Coming from Constantinople, we are suspected of having the 'peste,' and the sanitary department wanted us to call each morning for eight days. I protested and announced that I would leave Tuesday regardless of their regulations and that as an official of the U.S. government they could not stop me. Then the functionary filled out the forms and told us to go to the office of control. The office of control was on the other side of the city and when we got there we were informed that our passports had not yet arrived from Constanza, but to call again tomorrow. It's very annoying--just like war time.

"If all goes well I shall finish here tomorrow and leave for Budapest Tuesday; thence to Vienna, and then probably run down to Rome for a week or ten days to clean up correspondence and fix up my accounts.

"I have seen some of the most beautifully formed women and men here that I have seen anywhere, and many Gypsies. Many people go barefooted and barelegged. The native dress of the working men seems to be white drawers to the ankles, white cotton shirt with an embroidered tail outside the drawers, and over the shirt a short jacket, hat without a brim somewhat like a fez and brown in color. The working women go without shoes or stockings, wear a short colored skirt, a broad sash tightly about the waist, short jacket, sometimes embroidered, hair long, with cloth headdress.

"Well, dearie, I am hoping one of these days to get a letter from you. I have had only one, the one written on your first visit to Sunny Hill, since leaving home last January, except two or three short notes transmitting the income tax correspondence. I know you are busy with the children, the housework, the dog, the birds, the shopping, the neighbors, and probably the Ford, and at the end of

~~1900--d~~ 2/19

the day you are tired. I wish you would let the children run the house for a whole day, give yourself a holiday, and while resting write to me about your visit to Sunny Hill and your experience with the Ford. No letter from Thelma or Otis has reached me for more than a month, although I hear from Mother and Sister regularly.

"Anyhow, love and kisses for all, from

"Daddy."

(1926, July, Bucharest.

E--1901.

Monday, the 5th, was clear and hot. In the forenoon I made calls at the American Consulate, the Department of Agriculture, and the Bureau of Statistics, and then on the Minister of State for Agriculture, and had satisfactory interviews with all the officials. In discussing the economic situation of the country they said it was rich in natural resources, but they were land poor, had no money and lacked transportation facilities, that their exports averaged about fifty percent grain and fifty percent lumber and petroleum, and that during the grain season it was necessary to borrow about ten thousand cars from Poland.

I returned to the Consulate, which was looking after my passport, and ascertained that the police department reported that it had not yet been received from Constanza. In company with an employe of the Consulate I purchased transportation to Budapest for the following day and then to the Minister of Finance to have my travellers checks recorded and rubber stamped so that I would be permitted to take them with me out of their blessed country. Under the Rumanian law a traveller at that time could take only twenty dollars in money out of the country, so that one had to figure very closely in buying their money to have enough for expenses and yet not exceed the twenty dollar limit on leaving. I returned to the hotel at 1 p.m., tired, hot, and thoroughly disgusted with the red tape of Roumania.

After luncheon with Mr. Jones I had a long nap. Changed to tuxedo, and at 8 p.m. Mr. Arnold, economic adviser of the Consulate, took me out to the Cafetaria, a very pretty outdoor restaurant with colonades, good cuisine, and good music, recently opened to the public in a large park. Here we were joined by officials of the agricultural and statistical bureaus, had an excellent supper, interesting conversation in French, and listened to some good

(1926, July, Bucharest.

Monday, the 5th, was clear and hot. In the forenoon I made calls at the American Consulate, the Department of Agriculture, and the Bureau of Statistics, and then on the Minister of State

for Agriculture, and had satisfactory interviews with all the officials. In discussing the economic situation of the country they said it was rich in natural resources, but they were land poor, had no money and lacked transportation facilities, that their exports averaged about fifty percent grain and fifty percent lumber and petroleum, and that during the grain season it was necessary to borrow about ten thousand cars from Poland.

I returned to the Consulate, which was looking after my passport, and ascertained that the police department reported that it had not yet been received from Constanta. In company with an employee of the Consulate I purchased transportation to Budapest for the following day and then to the Minister of Finance to have my travellers checks recorded and rubber stamped so that I would be permitted to take them with me out of their blessed country. Under the Rumanian law a traveller at that time could take only twenty dollars in money out of the country, so that one had to figure very closely in paying their money to have enough for expenses and yet not exceed the twenty dollar limit on leaving. I returned to the hotel at 1 p.m., tired, hot, and thoroughly disgusted with the red tape of Rumania.

After luncheon with Mr. Jones I had a long nap. Changed to tuxedo, and at 8 p.m. Mr. Arnold, economic adviser of the Consulate, took me out to the Cafeteria, a very pretty outdoor restaurant with colonnades, good cuisine, and good music, recently opened to the public in a large park. Here we were joined by officials of the agricultural and statistical bureaus, had an excellent supper, interesting conversation in French, and listened to some good

(1926, July, Bucharest.

E--1902.

music. Mr. Arnold said he was from Rhode Island and that he had been stationed at two ports in Spain and at Milan; also that it is the custom in Roumania for the young men and maidens to get together and have music and dancing. He said that in several places he had seen a way of growing apples that was new to him, in that the trees were planted about three feet apart in the rows and kept pruned back to not more than nine feet in height, and only ten to twenty apples allowed to grow on each tree. Mr. Arnold said that for three years Roumania had balanced her budget by reducing expenditures. I listened with interest to a friendly argument between Mr. Arnold and one of his guests regarding the cost of living in Roumania, Mr. Arnold claiming that it was higher than in Paris, London, or Berlin. The guest said that was because he was a stranger and did not know how to purchase to the best advantage. I suspect this is true of many cities and countries.

The 6th was clear and excessively hot. I packed up before breakfast. Upon inquiry at the Consulate I found that my passport had not yet been received from Constanza and that if I wished to leave that day on the transportation I had already purchased an emergency passport would have to be issued. I immediately filled out the required form and with a messenger went to a photographer's for a supply of photographs, with the understanding that the prints would be ready within an hour. I returned to the Consulate and signed affidavits that had been prepared to accompany the application for the emergency passport. Then back to the photographer's to get four prints, all that were finished, and then to the American Embassy at 11.30. In about twenty minutes the emergency passport was signed, sealed, and delivered to me. ^{Next} Then we rushed back to the Consulate to have it duly recorded. Then I

(1926, July, Bucharest. E--1902.

music. Mr. Arnold said he was from Rhode Island and that he had been stationed at two ports in Spain and at Milan; also that it is the custom in Roumania for the young men and maidens to get together and have music and dancing. He said that in several places he had seen a way of growing apples that was new to him, in that the trees were planted about three feet apart in the rows and kept pruned back to not more than nine feet in height, and only ten to twenty apples allowed to grow on each tree. Mr. Arnold said that for three years Roumania had balanced her budget by reducing expenditures. I listened with interest to a friendly argument between Mr. Arnold and one of his guests regarding the cost of living in Roumania, Mr. Arnold claiming that it was higher than in Paris, London, or Berlin. The guest said that was because he was a stranger and did not know how to purchase to the best advantage. I suspect this is true of many cities and countries. The 6th was clear and excessively hot. I packed up before breakfast. Upon inquiry at the Consulate I found that my passport had not yet been received from Constantza and that if I wished to leave that day on the transportation I had already purchased an emergency passport would have to be issued. I immediately filled out the required form and with a messenger went to a photographer's for a supply of photographs, with the understanding that the prints would be ready within an hour. I returned to the Consulate and signed affidavits that had been prepared to accompany the application for the emergency passport. Then back to the photographers to get four prints, all that were finished, and then to the American Embassy at 11.30. In about twenty minutes the emergency passport was signed, sealed, and delivered to me. Then we rushed back to the Consulate to have it duly recorded. Then I

(1926, July, Bucharest.

E--1903.

turned the passport~~z~~ over to the messenger, hired an automobile, and sent him with instructions to make all haste to the Hungarian, Austrian, and Italian embassies for visas, with the understanding that he should bring it to the train. The counsellor at the Consulate assured me that when my original passport~~z~~ turned up it and the additional photographs for which I had paid would be sent to my forwarding address. I hurried back to the hotel, ordered my baggage brought down, and asked for my account. It took thirty minutes of impatient waiting to get it. While waiting I had a parting cocktail with Mr. Jones, who seemed a little depressed in his huge way at my departure. Finally I got away from the hotel fifteen minutes before train time. I reached the station with a margin of five minutes, and found another passenger in the same compartment with me, his baggage filling all the available space; also he had secured the lower berth, which left only the upper for me. The messenger with my ~~passenger's~~ passport~~z~~ had not come and I was getting nervous as the minutes slowly passed. Just one minute before the train started he came panting along the side of the train and I had just time to grab the passport~~z~~ and reimburse him for the taxicab, with a liberal tip to show my gratitude for his efforts on my behalf.

After the train started I gave up my ticket and passport~~z~~ to the conductor and made my way through a number of crowded coaches to the dining car, which was very full and very hot. However, I had an excellent luncheon and a feeling of great relief that my passport~~z~~ trouble^s were over, but was very indignant that travellers should be put to so much unnecessary annoyance and inconvenience, as well as extra expense.

The first two hours from Bucharest we passed through a flat agricultural country with great fields of wheat fully ripe

The first two hours from Bucharest we passed through a
first agricultural country with great fields of wheat fully ripe

convenience, as well as extra expense.
ever, I had an excellent luncheon and a feeling of great relief
that my passport troubles were over, but was very indignant that
travellers should be put to so much unnecessary annoyance and in-

convenience to the dining car, which was very full and very hot. How-
to the conductor and made my way through a number of crowded
After the train started I gave up my ticket and passport

gratitude for his efforts on my behalf.

and reimburse him for the taxicab, with a liberal tip to show my
the side of the train and I had just time to grab the passport

ed. Just one minute before the train started he came panting along
had not come and I was getting nervous as the minutes slowly pass-
only the upper for me. The messenger with my ~~passenger~~ passport

available space; also he had secured the lower berth, which left

ger in the same compartment with me, his baggage filling all the

station with a margin of five minutes, and found another passen-

from the hotel fifteen minutes before train time. I reached the

depressed in his huge way at my departure. Finally I got away

ing I had a parting cocktail with Mr. Jones, who seemed a little

It took thirty minutes of impatient waiting to get it. While wait-

Hotel, ordered my baggage brought down, and asked for my account.

would be sent to my forwarding address. I hurried back to the

ed up it and the additional photographs for which I had paid

at the Consulate assured me that when my original passport turn-

standing that he should bring it to the train. The councillor

ian, Austrian, and Italian embassies for visas, with the under-

and sent him with instructions to make all haste to the Hungar-

turned the passport over to the messenger, hired an automobile,

(1926, July, Bucharest.

E--1903.

(1926, July, Bucharest to Budapest.

E--1904.

almost shoulder high and lodging (falling) badly. Then we entered a hilly country with mountains in the background and very little agriculture visible. The hills and mountains were well covered with linden, poplar, and oak trees. The few houses to be seen had peaked roofs and small portches. Wagons were pulled by oxen. The train made long, leisurely stops at the small stations that were about thirty minutes apart. The road continued to ascend, following a small stream, and in another hour we were among the hills and mountains the sides of which were ~~plax~~ covered with fine large trees planted in rows, mostly spruce and pine. Roads, bridges, houses, and other structures were of stone. Many wild flowers were to be seen along the railway, such as campanulas, vetch, scrofularia, burdock, poppies, and other flowing plants. At the stations old women came alongside the train with boquets for sale ~~wixx~~ that were round, compact, flat on top, with the colors arranged in concentric circles, the outer circle being of hemlock. We reached Brasov at 6.30 p.m. It appeared to be a manufacturing town with good buildings. It is situated to one side of a rich valley or plain ten or twelve miles across with mountains on all sides. Apparently one-fourth of the cultivated land was in potatoes, one-fourth in rye and barley, and one half in meadow grasses. This fine valley plain continued for another hour. At a railway station of some size and having a restaurant and newsstand I tried to buy some matches, but without success. We were passing through a region of "strip farming," that is, the individual plots were very narrow, sometimes not more than ten or fifteen feet wide, and most of the strips were planted to different crops, such as potatoes, rye, barley, oats, maize, sugar beets, lupines, peas, or vegetables of some kind. The farm people worked in gangs, men and women together. One could see women pitching

almost shoulder high and lodging (falling) badly. Then we entered a hilly country with mountains in the background and very little agriculture visible. The hills and mountains were well covered with linden, poplar, and oak trees. The few houses to be seen had peaked roofs and small porches. Wagons were pulled by oxen. The train made long, leisurely stops at the small stations that were about thirty minutes apart. The road continued to ascend, following a small stream, and in another hour we were among the hills and mountains the sides of which were ~~xxx~~ covered with fine large trees planted in rows, mostly spruce and pine. Roads, bridges, houses, and other structures were of stone. Many wild flowers were to be seen along the railway, such as campanulas, vetch, scrofularia, purple, poppies, and other flowering plants. At the stations old women came alongside the train with baskets for sale ~~xxx~~ that were round, compact, flat on top, with the colors arranged in concentric circles, the outer circle being of hemlock. We reached Brasov at 6.30 p.m. It appeared to be a manufacturing town with good buildings. It is situated to one side of a rich valley or plain ten or twelve miles across with mountains on all sides. Apparently one-fourth of the cultivated land was in potatoes, one-fourth in rye and barley, and one half in meadow grasses. This fine valley plain continued for another hour. At a railway station of some size and having a restaurant and newsstand I tried to buy some matches, but without success. We were passing through a region of "strip farming," that is, the individual plots were very narrow, sometimes not more than ten or fifteen feet wide, and most of the strips were planted to different crops, such as potatoes, rye, barley, oats, maize, sugar beets, lupines, peas, or vegetables of some kind. The farm people worked in gangs, men and women together. One could see women pitching

(1926, July, Bucharest to Budapest.

E--1905.

hay, plowing, hoeing, shoveling earth, and otherwise doing the same heavy work as men.

Wednesday, the 7th. I crawled out of my upper berth at 5.40 a.m. and dressed in the restricted space left by a pile of suitcases, most of them belonging to my fellow traveller. The electric light would not work, so I had to dress with the aid of a flash light. The train stopped at a boundary station and I stepped out into the corridor just as an inspector came along. He did not ask to have the baggage opened, but he did want to know how much money I had. I showed him five bills for 500 ~~lei~~ lei each and he instructed me to give it to the pullman porter, who took it to an exchange booth and brought back 720,000 kronen. We waited at this station until 7.30 a.m. The diner had been removed. Soldiers were passing up and down alongside the train and passengers were not allowed to go to the station restaurant for a cup of coffee^e or a bite to eat. Again my bad impression of Roumanian treatment of travellers was intensified. In discussing Roumania and her outrageous treatment of travellers within her borders, and her pride in being descended from the Romans, ^{a friend} ~~he~~ remarked cynically, "Yes, but what can you ~~expect~~; the Roumanian savages were made slaves by the Roman armies, and the Roumanian aristocracy are the direct descendants of the thousands of ~~Roman~~ prostitutes that accompanied the ~~xx~~ Roman armies." It would almost seem so to a stranger who saw the number of prostitutes on the streets and in the hotels of Bucharest and was subjected to the treatment accorded to visiting strangers upon entering or leaving.

After the train got under way again it made frequent stops at small stations. we were traveling through a flat country, very wet from recent rains, with a rich black soil and remarkably fine looking wheat, maize, oats, and sugar beets, and the fields were

hay, plowing, hoeing, shoveling earth, and otherwise doing the same heavy work as men.

Wednesday, the 7th. I crawled out of my upper berth at 5.40 a.m. and dressed in the restricted space left by a pile of suitcases, most of them belonging to my fellow traveller. The electric light would not work, so I had to dress with the aid of a flash light. The train stopped at a boundary station and I stepped out into the corridor just as an inspector came along. He did not ask to have the baggage opened, but he did want to know how much money I had. I showed him five bills for 500 ~~for~~ lei each and he instructed me to give it to the Pullman porter, who took it to an exchange booth and brought back 750,000 Kronen. We waited at this station until 7.30 a.m. The diner had been removed. Soldiers were passing up and down alongside the train and passengers were not allowed to go to the station restaurant for a cup of coffee or a bite to eat. Again my bad impression of Romanian treatment of travellers was intensified. In discussing Romania and her outrageous treatment of travellers within her borders, and her pride in being descended from the Romans, ^{a friend} he remarked cynically, "Yes, but what can you expect; the Romanian savages were made slaves by the Roman armies, and the Romanian aristocrats are the direct descendants of the thousands of Roman prostitutes that accompanied the Roman armies." It would almost seem so to a stranger who saw the number of prostitutes on the streets and in the hotels of Bucharest and was subjected to the treatment accorded to visiting strangers upon entering or leaving. After the train got under way again it made frequent stops at small stations. We were traveling through a flat country, very wet from recent rains, with a rich black soil and remarkably fine looking wheat, maize, oats, and sugar beets, and the fields were

(1926, July, Bucharest to Budapest. E--1906.

large. In some of the fields the rank growth of wheat was badly lodged. It was already overripe and men and women were cutting it with hand sickels. I saw several patches of oriental poppies. The maize was shoulder high and beginning to tassel, and pumpkins were planted in the rows. Occasionally one could see farm houses in the fields, one-story structures with whitewashed walls and tile or thatch roofs.

At 8.30 a.m. we were on the Hungarian side of the border and there was another stop. Guards were stationed at each end of the coach and passengers were not permitted to step outside to stretch their legs. We reached Bekescaba at 9.30 a.m., which seemed to be a large manufacturing town and railroad center. We passed a large meat packing plant and stockyards full of fat hogs. Near it was a corncrib at least 600 feet long. In another hour we came to Szolnok in a flat stretch of country all of which was in cultivation. I saw some large fields of sugar beets and small patches of ~~app~~ poppies, but the principal crops were wheat, rye, oats, maize, and hay, with many dairy cattle, droves of swine, and flocks of geese attended by little girls. It was a populous region and a town or village was always in sight. I learned that my fellow passenger was a professor in the university at Bucharest, bound for Paris on a diplomatic mission as a member of the Reparations Commission. We set our watches back an hour in the morning. As we approached Budapest the topography and character of soils and crops changed. From a flat country of black soil and ~~wheat~~ cereals we came into an undulating section of lighter and more sandy soils and a diversified agriculture. Vineyards, patches of poppies, and smaller subdivisions of the land into narrow strips devoted to different crops.

We reached Budapest at noon, in a heavy shower. I was driven

We reached Budapest at noon, in a heavy shower. I was driven

strips devoted to different crops.

of poppies, and smaller subdivisions of the land into narrow

more sandy soils and a diversified agriculture. Vineyards, patches
wheat cereals we came into an undulating section of lighter and

of soils and crops changed. From a flat country of black soil and

morning. As we approached Budapest the topography and character

Reparations Commission. We set our watches back an hour in the

rest, bound for Paris on a diplomatic mission as a member of the

my fellow passenger was a professor in the university at Bucha-

region and a town or village was always in sight. I learned that

and flocks of geese attended by little girls. It was a populous

rye, oats, maize, and hay, with many dairy cattle, groves of swine,

small patches of poppies, but the principal crops were wheat,

was in cultivation. I saw some large fields of sugar beets and

hour we came to Szolnok in a flat stretch of country all of which

hogs. Near it was a corncrib at least 600 feet long. In another

passed a large meat packing plant and stockyards full of fat

seemed to be a large manufacturing town and railroad center. We

to stretch their legs. We reached Békéscsaba at 9.30 a.m., which

of the coach and passengers were not permitted to step outside

and there was another stop. Guards were stationed at each end

At 8.30 a.m. we were on the Hungarian side of the border

and tile or thatch roofs.

houses in the fields, one-story structures with whitewashed walls

kinds were planted in the rows. Occasionally one could see farm

The maize was shoulder high and beginning to tassels, and pump-

with hand sickles. I saw several patches of oriental poppies.

lodged. It was already overripe and men and women were cutting it

large. In some of the fields the rank growth of wheat was badly

(1926, July, Bucharest to Budapest.

E--1906.

(1926, July, Budapest.

E--1907.

about a mile across the city to the Hotel Hungaria with a broad promenade between it and the great Danube which flows through the city. I was given a nice large room, bath, and small balcony facing the river, across which I could see high hills, with fort, castle, and ^{an} old royal palace. I found the American Consulate with only one member of the staff on duty who gave me a batch of mail from home. I bought some cigars and postcards on the street and returned to my room to read the mail and write letters. I had a nice supper at one of the innumerable sidewalk restaurants along the promenade. In the evening the lights on the other side of the river were very attractive, shining like rows of stars in the blackness of the night. My waiter had informed me that most of the wealthy people had left Budapest to spend the summer in the mountains and that all the theaters and other places of amusement, except a few ~~cafes~~ were closed.

~~(Dragoni, July 7, gray folder. omit~~

(Otis, same. ✓

(Thelma, same. ✓

E--1907.

(1926, July, Budapest.

about a mile across the city to the Hotel Hungaria with a broad promenade between it and the great Danube which flows through the city. I was given a nice large room, bath, and small balcony facing the river, across which I could see high hills, with fort, castle, and old royal palace. I found the American Consulate with only one member of the staff on duty who gave me a batch of mail from home. I bought some cigars and postcards on the street and returned to my room to read the mail and write letters. I had a nice supper at one of the innumerable sidewalk restaurants along the promenade. In the evening the lights on the other side of the river were very attractive, shining like rows of stars in the blackness of the night. My waiter had informed me that most of the wealthy people had left Budapest to spend the summer in the mountains and that all the theaters and other places of amusement, except a few cafes were closed.

(Draconi, July 7, gray folder. *only*)

(Otis, same.)

(Thelma, same.)

"Budapest, Hungary, 7 July 1926.

"Dear Kittiwinks:

"When I called at the American Consulate here today I found your lovely letter of June 13 waiting for me and I cannot tell you how glad I was to get it. You see, when I got away off in Greece, Turkey, and Roumania, countries that are only half civilized and a thousand years behind the United States, I ~~got~~ ^{had} letters from Grandma telling about Sunny Hill and the peonies. I thought a lot about home, Mommie, you, Otis, and the folks at Sunny Hill; and then, too, it's been a long time since I have had a letter from 1026--especially from Mommie. I thought of you especially day before yesterday in Bucharest, where I saw some beautiful native gowns that I know would look very becoming on you and make all the other girls turn green with envy--but I could think of no way to get the ^a dress to you. My suitcases are full, I could not send a package out of Roumania, and even if I took it with me I would have to pay something every time I crossed the boundary of one of these little countries.

"Hurrah for Kittiwinks; I'm proud that she helped Aunt Nellie and earned so much money all by herself and for herself. It's a great thing to be able to stick to a thing long enough to earn money for one's self, because it makes one independent of any one else. I shall be prouder still if she gets promoted again at school and later on can go to the high school. It's hard work, I know, but sometime you will be glad, and glad all your life, that you did work hard and make progress.

"I wish I might have been with you at Sunny Hill. How's Rosie and the Pajaros? I'm glad, too, that Grandma could spend a few days in Washington, because it will make her happier.

"Love and many kisses for you and all, from

"Daddy."

1907-~~b~~ 2128

"Budapest, Hungary, 7 July 1926.

"Dear Captain Jinks:

"Today I received your nice letter of June 14. You got ahead of Sister, because your letter was written on the typewriter, and well written too, while hers was written in longhand. You should see the writing in Turkey. It is Arabic and looks exactly like shorthand, and they always begin on the ~~w~~right hand side of the page and write to the left.

"In these eastern countries they don't use horses much for hauling or plowing, but oxen. Sometimes they use buffalo, which are not like our buffalo, but are quite different from ordinary cattle. They are about the same size as cattle, but always black with shiny long hair and curious looking horns that turn back along their neck almost to their shoulders.

"Today I crossed the plains of Hungary. It is cultivated like a garden. Men and women were cutting the grain with little hand sickles. The men cut the grain and the women tie it in bundles. When they haul in the hay, the men pitch and the women load. Men and women go barefooted and work together in gangs of six to twenty, walking between the farms and village in which they live twice a day five or six miles, as far as Sunny Hill is from Frederick. They begin work at four o'clock in the morning and do not stop until it gets dark about 8 o'clock, except for the noonday lunch. Little boys and girls that are too small for heavy work spend the day watching the cows, or some pigs, or a flock of geese, to keep them out of the wheat and corn fields, which is necessary because there are no fences.

"How's the Boy Scouts? and the Y.M.C.A.? Be sure to write me how you come out on your school examinations.

"Love and good luck to you and all, from

"Daddy."

(1926, July, Budapest.

E--1908.

The forenoon of the 8th was clear and hot, followed by a heavy downpour of rain. I met the American Consul, Mr. Bowerman, who asked many questions about the International Institute of Agriculture, and then turned me over to his assistant, Mr. Rounts, who said he had been stationed in Hungary twelve years, had married a Hungarian woman, and had purchased a nice house with an acre of ground overlooking the city when prices were very low on account of exchange. He accompanied me to the Central Bureau of Statistics where I met a number of officials, some of whom I had already met at the General Assembly of the Institute. They were very cordial and promised full cooperation in the agricultural census, and talked freely about their organization and work. Mr. Rounts said Hungary manufactured threshing machines in competition with Germany and the United States and that these machines are in general use in Hungary. When I inquired why harvesting machines were not used instead of hand sickles I was told that it was for psychological reasons only; that many years previously such machines had been introduced by the proprietors of some of the larger estates, but the peasants, who were accustomed to doing the work by hand and earning extra wages, protested so loudly and vigorously and there was so much friction and trouble that finally the government issued a decree prohibiting the use of harvesting machines. This results in economic loss, not only in human labor, but in a wet year such as 1926 there is a five to ten per cent loss of cereals because of delay in harvesting.

The officials of the statistical bureau occupied large and well equipped offices overlooking the Danube. Mr. Perleberg, who was a graduate of Clark University at Worcester Massachusetts, in economic geography, and had travelled extensively in the United

economic geography, and had travelled extensively in the United States, in was a graduate of Clark University at Worcester Massachusetts, in well equipped offices overlooking the Danube. Mr. Perleberg, who The officials of the statistical bureau occupied large and delay in harvesting. 1926 there is a five to ten per cent loss of cereals because of nomic loss, not only in human labor, but in a wet year such as prohibiting the use of harvesting machines. This results in eco- friction and trouble that finally the government issued a decree wages, protested so loudly and vigorously and there was so much who were accustomed to doing the work by hand and earning extra the proprietors of some of the larger estates, but the peasants, that many years previously such machines had been introduced by sickles I was told that it was for psychological reasons only; the inquired why harvesting machines were not used instead of hand and that these machines are in general use in Hungary. When I ing machines in competition with Germany and the United States examination and work. Mr. Ronts said Hungary manufactured thresh- ing the agricultural census, and talked freely about their or- Institute. They were very cordial and promised full cooperation some of whom I had already met at the General Assembly of the tial Bureau of Statistics where I met a number of officials, very low on account of exchange. He accompanied me to the Gen- with an acre of ground overlooking the city when prices were had married a Hungarian woman, and had purchased a nice house Ronts, who said he had been stationed in Hungary twelve years, of Agriculture, and then turned me over to his assistant, Mr. man, who asked many questions about the International Institute a heavy downpour of rain. I met the American Consul, Mr. Bower- The forenoon of the 8th was clear and hot, followed by

(1926, July, Budapest.

E--1909.

States, spoke English perfectly and acted as my interpreter, most of the other officials having very little knowledge of either English or French. *P* After being shown through the various offices of the bureau a group of officials took me in a taxicab to Margarita Island in the middle of the river at the upper end of the city, which was laid out as a beautiful park about a sparring club, baths, and amusement pavilions. Mineral water from the highlands on the other side of the river flows under the river and was used for bathing purposes. The island was covered with magnificent poplar, sycamore, locust, walnut, and oak trees, walks and drives. Because of the heavy rains the river had inundated a part of the island, and upon receding had left large ponds in the depressions, from which the water was being pumped back into the river. There were a number of good restaurants on the island. Across the river were many mills, some of which had been shut down since the war because Hungary lost much of her former territory and tariff barriers restricted her export trade.

Our party had an excellent luncheon at one of the island restaurants. Then we walked back to the ~~low~~ bridge at the lower end of the island. On the way we stopped to inspect the ruins of an old monastery. I was told that the island formerly belonged to Prince Joseph who exchanged it for an equal area on the Pest side of the river on which he erected a number of large apartments and business houses.

After crossing the river we were caught in a heavy rain and sought protection under an awning. Then in a taxi we drove to the agricultural museum situated in a large park. We passed some large monuments in a park erected in commemoration of the war and symbolizing the deep grief of Hungary over her loss of territory. The museum is in a building designed to exemplify the different \$

(1926, July, Budapest.

E-1909.

States, spoke English perfectly and acted as my interpreter, most of the other officials having very little knowledge of either English or French. After being shown through the various offices of the bureau a group of officials took me in a taxicab to Margareta Island in the middle of the river at the upper end of the city, which was laid out as a beautiful park about a quarter of a mile long, and amusement pavilions. Mineral water from the highlands on the other side of the river flows under the river and was used for bathing purposes. The island was covered with magnificent poplar, sycamore, locust, walnut, and oak trees, walks and drives. Because of the heavy rains the river had inundated a part of the island, and upon receding had left large ponds in the depressions, from which the water was being pumped back into the river. There were a number of good restaurants on the island. Across the river were many mills, some of which had been shut down since the war because Hungary lost much of her former territory and tariff barriers restricted her export trade. Our party had an excellent luncheon at one of the island restaurants. Then we walked back to the main bridge at the lower end of the island. On the way we stopped to inspect the ruins of an old monastery. I was told that the island formerly belonged to Prince Joseph who exchanged it for an equal area on the Pest side of the river on which he erected a number of large apartments and business houses.

After crossing the river we were caught in a heavy rain and sought protection under an awning. Then in a taxi we drove to the agricultural museum situated in a large park. We passed some large monuments in a park erected in commemoration of the war and symbolizing the deep grief of Hungary over her loss of territory. The museum is in a building designed to exemplify the different

(1926, July, Budapest.

E--1910.

styles of architecture characteristic of Hungary. In the base of the structure we met the assistant director who conducted us through the great halls filled with exhibits. Inside is a magnificent marble staircase with a beautiful stained glass window at the top. There were departments illustrating every phase of the natural history and agricultural life of Hungary, her cereals, her industrial crops, livestock, fisheries, forests, minerals, soils, farm home industries, and implements. The exhibit of birds was especially interesting. Every object was properly mounted and labeled. There were models of the houses in which farmers had lived, and specimens and illustrations of poultry and bee-keeping, insects, weeds, and the like. One interesting exhibit consisted of the seeds of cereals taken from the tombs of the ancestors of the present population. Also there were paintings, statues, models, diagrams, maps, and photographs, as well as the mounted specimens. In another hall was an excellent exhibit of weapons used in hunting and sport and a collection of guns confiscated from poachers and hunters without licenses.

After viewing the exhibits we walked through the park to a beautiful restaurant and had refreshments. We rode to my hotel on a bus that took us through the central part of the city on a street as wide as Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, with sidewalks, a road on either side for motor vehicles, attractive walks in the center for pedestrians, and underneath a ~~spex~~ subway that was said to have been one of the first to be constructed in Europe. On both sides of this magnificent avenue were fine large trees and large houses of uniform height. Surely this ~~ix~~ must be considered one of the finest streets in the world.

As soon as my companions had disappeared I went out on the street to buy a supply of cigars, and then made up my laundry.

(1926, July, Budapest.

E--1910.

styles of architecture characteristic of Hungary. In the base of the structure we met the assistant director who conducted us through the great halls filled with exhibits. Inside is a magnificent marble staircase with a beautiful stained glass window at the top. There were departments illustrating every phase of the natural history and agricultural life of Hungary, her cereals, her industrial crops, livestock, fisheries, forests, minerals, soils, farm home industries, and implements. The exhibit of birds was especially interesting. Every object was properly mounted and labeled. There were models of the houses in which farmers had lived, and specimens and illustrations of poultry and bee-keeping, insects, weeds, and the like. One interesting exhibit consisted of the seeds of cereals taken from the tombs of the ancestors of the present population. Also there were paintings, statues, models, diagrams, maps, and photographs, as well as the mounted specimens. In another hall was an excellent exhibit of weapons used in hunting and sport and a collection of guns confiscated from poachers and hunters without licenses. After viewing the exhibits we walked through the park to a beautiful restaurant and had refreshments. We rode to my hotel on a bus that took us through the central part of the city on a street as wide as Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, with sidewalks, a road on either side for motor vehicles, attractive walks in the center for pedestrians, and underneath a subway that was said to have been one of the first to be constructed in Europe. On both sides of this magnificent avenue were fine large trees and larger houses of uniform height. Surely this is must be considered one of the finest streets in the world. As soon as my companions had disappeared I went out on the street to buy a supply of cigars, and then made up my laundry.

(1926, July, Budapest.

E--1911.

Then to a restaurant for supper, feeling elated that the officials of one more country had agreed to cooperate in the census, and that they had agreed to postpone their regular census from 1927 to 1930 so as to form part of the world census.

The next morning, the 9th, while at breakfast I decided that I must have a camera because of all the places I had seen Budapest had most of beauty and interest for the photographer and I could not afford to go away without some sort of a photographic record. Fortunately I found a duplicate of the one I had lost in Bucharest. I was staggered by the price, 3,5~~00~~,000 kronen (~~?~~), but when I realized that it was the equivalent of about \$42 I bought it. A half dozen films for it cost an additional 500,⁰⁰⁰~~000~~ kronen. Ever since I have called it my "millionnaire" kodak.

At 8.30 one of the men from the department of agriculture who spoke English called at the hotel for me and together we walked half a mile or more to the river. On the way we stopped to look into a great Catholic church, the oldest in Budapest. It was built in the form of a cross, the central part 95 meters in length (about 300 feet), with tiled floor and stained glass windows. There was the usual arrangement of ~~palusters~~ columns and slabs on the sides and walls. ~~Next~~ ^PNext we walked through a small park in front of the Commercial Exchange Building, which is an immense structure. At one end of the park were four large statues, four female figures weeping, typifying the four slices of territory taken from Hungary as the result of the war. This reminds me that in none of the government offices did I see a map of Hungary showing its present boundaries, and when I spoke of it to one of the officials he said it was only a question of time when the old boundaries would be restored, because

(1926, July, Budapest.

Then to a restaurant for supper, feeling elated that the officials of one more country had agreed to cooperate in the census, and that they had agreed to postpone their regular census from 1927 to 1930 so as to form part of the world census.

The next morning, the 9th, while at breakfast I decided that I must have a camera because of all the places I had seen Budapest had most of beauty and interest for the photographer and I could not afford to go away without some sort of a photographic record. Fortunately I found a duplicate of the one I had lost in Bucharest. I was staggered by the price, 3,500,000 Kronen (7), but when I realized that it was the equivalent of about \$42 I bought it. A half dozen films for it cost an additional 500,000 Kronen. Ever since I have called it my "millionnaire".

Kodak. At 8.30 one of the men from the department of agriculture who spoke English called at the hotel for me and together we walked half a mile or more to the river. On the way we stopped to look into a great Catholic church, the oldest in Budapest. It was built in the form of a cross, the central part 95 meters in length (about 300 feet), with tiled floor and stained glass windows. There was the usual arrangement of pulpits of red marble, columns and alaba on the sides and walls. Next we walked through a small park in front of the Commercial Exchange Building, which is an immense structure. At one end of the park were four large statues, four female figures weeping, typifying the four slices of territory taken from Hungary as the result of the war. This reminds me that in none of the government offices did I see a map of Hungary showing its present boundaries, and when I spoke of it to one of the officials he said it was only a question of time when the old boundaries would be restored, because

(1925, July, Budapest.

E--1912.

the territory lost through the war was really a part of Hungary and would always remain so. ^{PP} Next we proceeded to the magnificent and stately parliament building on the east bank of the river. It is an immense structure, resembling Westminster, covering more than a city block. The secretary showed us over the entire building, including the hall of deputies, the rotunda under the great dome, the chamber of lords, the membership of which is made up of princes, dukes, bishops of the Catholic church, and men appointed upon recommendation of the House of Deputies, or of the prime minister or King; and the great library. The walls of the great corridors are covered with paintings representing typical scenes in Hungarian life and statues representing different types of the Hungarian ~~race~~ people. Both outside and inside the building and decorations impressed me as a great cathedral. It took us more than an hour to walk through the building and I was much fatigued. Opposite the parliament building was another imposing building occupied by the supreme court, and near it was the department of agriculture.

We called at the office of the minister, but he had not yet arrived.. While waiting for him we went to a nearby restaurant and had a cup of coffee^e. At noon I had a satisfactory interview with the minister, who was plainly dressed and looked as if he might be a farmer or small merchant. He understood French quite well and we were able to converse without an interpreter. Nagi Ivan (the Ivan is the equivalent of Mr.) was present at the interview. He was statistician of the department and took me to his office where he gave me a copy of a pamphlet outlining the organization of the ministry. Next I called on Prof. Fehring, a technical employe of the ministry of agriculture, who had been asked by the International Institute of Agriculture to prepare a monograph

(1925, July, Budapest. E-1912.

the territory lost through the war was really a part of Hungary and would always remain so. Next we proceeded to the magnificent and stately parliament building on the east bank of the river. It is an immense structure, resembling Westminster, covering more than a city block. The secretary showed us over the entire building, including the hall of deputies, the rotunda under the great dome, the chamber of lords, the membership of which is made up of princes, dukes, bishops of the Catholic church, and men appointed upon recommendation of the House of Deputies, or of the prime minister or king; and the great library. The walls of the great corridors are covered with paintings representing typical scenes in Hungarian life and statues representing different types of the Hungarian race people. Both outside and inside the building and decorations impressed me as a great cathedral. It took us more than an hour to walk through the building and I was much fatigued. Opposite the parliament building was another imposing building occupied by the supreme court, and near it was the department of agriculture.

We called at the office of the minister, but he had not yet arrived. While waiting for him we went to a nearby restaurant and had a cup of coffee. At noon I had a satisfactory interview with the minister, who was plainly dressed and looked as if he might be a farmer or small merchant. He understood French quite well and we were able to converse without an interpreter. Next Ivan (the Ivan is the equivalent of Mr.) was present at the interview. He was statistician of the department and took me to his office where he gave me a copy of a pamphlet outlining the organization of the ministry. Next I called on Prof. Fehring, a technical employe of the ministry of agriculture, who had been asked by the International Institute of Agriculture to prepare a monograph

(1926, July, Budapest.

E--1913.

on the rural credit situation of Hungary. Among other things he said in response to my questions was that the technically trained agricultural inspectors begin at a salary of about \$30 a month and after many long years of faithful and efficient service may hope to be rewarded with a salary of \$80 a month.

It was four o'clock when I returned to the hotel and laid down to relax for a few minutes. I changed to tuxedo and went down to meet Nagy Ivan by appointment at 5 p.m., but he did not come for more than half an hour. I took him into the coffee^e room where we had chocolate and he talked for two solid hours. He said that in January, 1925, the International Institute of Agriculture had offered him my position, i.e., director of the world agricultural census, at \$4,000. He went to Rome to see about it and was then told that the salary would be only \$3,000 and that an American would head the project. For this reason and because he thought the project was not practicable and was bound to fail, he declined to accept an appointment. However, when I explained some of my plans and what had already been accomplished he showed very plainly that he would like to become attached to the project.

After this tiresome interview I was even more fatigued. As soon as he left I had a cocktail and went to my room to read the headlines in a London paper. At 8.15 a group of officials whom I had met during the day called with automobiles and took me for a drive across the river and up to the top of the heights from which one had a superb view of the Danube, its many ornamental bridges, the shipping, the electric lights along its banks, and on the buildings and streets. At this height and hour it was quite cool. We stopped at a restaurant and had a glass of beer. There was an orchestra, and for the first time I saw a man play a violin with a horn attachment to magnify the sound. Then we

on the rural credit situation of Hungary. Among other things he said in response to my questions was that the technically trained agricultural inspectors begin at a salary of about \$50 a month and after many long years of faithful and efficient service may hope to be rewarded with a salary of \$80 a month.

It was four o'clock when I returned to the hotel and laid down to relax for a few minutes. I changed to tuxedo and went down to meet Nagy Ivan by appointment at 5 p.m., but he did not come for more than half an hour. I took him into the coffee room where we had chocolate and he talked for two solid hours. He said that in January, 1925, the International Institute of Agriculture had offered him my position, i.e., director of the world agricultural census, at \$4,000. He went to Rome to see about it and was then told that the salary would be only \$3,000 and that an American would head the project. For this reason and because he thought the project was not practicable and was bound to fail, he declined to accept an appointment. However, when I explained some of my plans and what had already been accomplished he showed very plainly that he would like to become attached to the project.

After this tiresome interview I was even more fatigued. As soon as he left I had a cocktail and went to my room to read the headlines in a London paper. At 8.15 a group of officials whom I had met during the day called with automobiles and took me for a drive across the river and up to the top of the heights from which one had a superb view of the Danube, its many ornamental bridges, the shipping, the electric lights along its banks, and on the buildings and streets. At this height and hour it was quite cool. We stopped at a restaurant and had a glass of beer. There was an orchestra, and for the first time I saw a man play a violin with a horn attachment to magnify the sound. Then we

(1926, July, Budapest.

E--1914.

were driven up and down hill to find a particular house on the outskirts of Pest. Finally we dismissed the chauffeurs and walked several blocks, climbed a high hill, and ultimately came to the house of Mr. Goleritz shortly after 9 p.m. We sat about for another hour smoking and talking, and then sat down to an excellent supper of fried chicken and potatoes, cucumbers, gelatin chocolate pudding, beer, wine, coffee^e, cheese, and cigars. It was after midnight when our party broke up. We walked many city blocks to a street car line. One of the gentlemen accompanied me to the hotel. I was excessively tired and asked the night clerk to see that I was called at 8 a.m.

Saturday, the 10th; a hot forenoon, with a heavy shower and cooler in the afternoon. I had retired at 2 a.m., and was up at 7 a.m. and had a light breakfast. I went directly to the hotel lobby and found the young man interpreter waiting for me. He took me in a taxi to the railway station where I found Mr. Congolz waiting for me. The train left at 8.20 a.m. and was bound for Hatvani, about 90 miles from Budapest, where we arrived at 11 a.m. We were met at the station by horse drawn carriages and drivers and taken over a large portion of the estate ~~at~~ Hatvani, containing some 10,000 acres devoted to the raising of sugar beets, cereals, dairy cattle, and pigs. It was a well managed estate, the soil was fertile, the wheat was as high as my head, and the sugar beets were rank in growth. We stopped to inspect a fully equipped plant breeding laboratory on the estate in charge of a German technologist who was trying to produce improved strains of the crops grown on the estate; ⁿthe machine shops in which were twelve large tractors, gang plows, threshing machines, and other modern equipment; the barns in which one thousand pure bred dairy cows were kept in modern stalls, fed measured rations, and a daily record was kept

were driven up and down hill to find a particular house on the outskirts of Pest. Finally we dismissed the chauffeurs and walked several blocks, climbed a high hill, and ultimately came to the house of Mr. Goleritz shortly after 9 p.m. We sat about for another hour smoking and talking, and then sat down to an excellent supper of fried chicken and potatoes, cucumbers, gelatin chocolate pudding, beer, wine, coffee, cheese, and cigars. It was after midnight when our party broke up. We walked many city blocks to a street car line. One of the gentlemen accompanied me to the hotel. I was excessively tired and asked the night clerk to see that I was

called at 8 a.m.

Saturday, the 10th; a hot forenoon, with a heavy shower and cooler in the afternoon. I had retired at 2 a.m., and was up at 7 a.m. and had a light breakfast. I went directly to the hotel lobby and found the young man interpreter waiting for me. He took me in a taxi to the railway station where I found Mr. Comola waiting for me. The train left at 8.20 a.m. and was bound for Hatvan, about 90 miles from Budapest, where we arrived at 11 a.m. We were met at the station by horse drawn carriages and drivers and taken over a large portion of the estate ~~at~~ Hatvan, containing some 10,000 acres devoted to the raising of sugar beets, cereals, dairy cattle, and pigs. It was a well managed estate, the soil was fertile, the wheat was as high as my head, and the sugar beets were rank in growth. We stopped to inspect a fully equipped plant breeding laboratory on the estate in charge of a German technologist who was trying to produce improved strains of the crops grown on the estate; the machine shops in which were twelve large tractors, gang plows, threshing machines, and other modern equipment; the barns in which one thousand pure bred dairy cows were kept in modern stalls, fed measured rations, and a daily record was kept

(1926, July, Budapest.

E--1915.

of the milk obtained from each cow; the pens in which were twelve hundred pigs; a regiment of Belgian draft horses that were bred on the estate; and the great sugar beet factory where the beets were crushed and converted into sugar.

We were welcomed into the residence ~~sixth~~ by the proprietor, or one of the proprietors, Count Hatvann, a tall, slender, middle aged gentleman of aristocratic appearance and cultured manners, who said he had visited all the sugar producing regions of the world. He was a gracious host. After a cocktail and a Havana cigar that quickly removed all trace of formality except courteous politeness, a delicious dinner was served, as good as any that could be obtained in the best hotels, with excellent wines and cigars. The ^{Count} ~~Baron~~ was highly educated and spoke several languages fluently, including English. He asked many questions about the agricultural and financial situations of the countries I had visited. He was said to have a brother who was a successful painter, another who was a writer, another member of the family was a banker, and ~~and~~ he himself looked after the management of the estate and the sugar factory. The residence was a duplicate of an English mansion and was surrounded by a park in which were many fine trees. As part of the desert we were served with delicious red raspberries.

A half hour's ride on the train brought us to another small station, the name of which sounded like Dodally. Waiting for us were ^wto open barouches drawn by prancing horses hitched tandem with ⁱdrivers in native velvet uniforms. In these carriages ^Awere were taken a short distance to the State Agricultural Experiment Station, formerly a royal estate, where other and more ordinary carriages were waiting to take us over the estate. The experimental grounds covered many hundreds of acres. We were joined by the

of the milk obtained from each cow; the pens in which were twelve hundred pigs; a regiment of Belgian draft horses that were bred on the estate; and the great sugar beet factory where the beets were crushed and converted into sugar.

We were welcomed into the residence ~~maxima~~ by the proprie-

tor, or one of the proprietors, Count Hatvany, a tall, slender,

middle aged gentleman of aristocratic appearance and cultured

manners, who said he had visited all the sugar producing regions

of the world. He was a gracious host. After a cocktail and a

Havana cigar that quickly removed all trace of formality except

courteous politeness, a delicious dinner was served, as good as

any that could be obtained in the best hotels, with excellent

wines and cigars. The Baron was highly educated and spoke sever-

al languages fluently, including English. He asked many questions

about the agricultural and financial situations of the countries

I had visited. He was said to have a brother who was a success-

ful painter, another who was a writer, another member of the

family was a banker, and ~~and~~ he himself looked after the manage-

ment of the estate and the sugar factory. The residence was a

duplicate of an English mansion and was surrounded by a park in

which were many fine trees. As part of the desert we were served

with delicious red raspberries.

A half hour's ride on the train brought us to another small

station, the name of which sounded like Dobaly. Waiting for us

were to open barouches drawn by prancing horses hitched tandem

with drivers in native velvet uniforms. In these carriages were

were taken a short distance to the State Agricultural Experiment

Station, formerly a royal estate, where other and more ordinary

carriages were waiting to take us over the estate. The experiment-

al grounds covered many hundreds of acres. We were joined by the

(1926, July, Budapest.

E--1916.

director of the station and a group of his technical project leaders, each of whom undertook to explain the work of his section as we came to it. The director asked them to talk in French and some of them did, but most of them, after making the attempt soon dropped back into their customary Hungarian. At first their language was unintelligible to me, but as many of the scientific terms they used were the same as those used by our specialists, and as most of their experimental work was essentially the same as I had seen in our own experimental stations, and as they were very enthusiastic, I soon realized that I could understand most of what they were saying, so we got along famously. We spent some time going over a field of thirty acres ^{of potatoes} and the specialist in charge explained that their purpose was not only to grow all standard varieties side by side but to originate by breeding and selection improved varieties, and to test the comparative behavior of all varieties with different planting dates, different fertilizers and quantities of fertilizers, and different methods of cultivation and treatment for diseases and insects, of all of which complete and detailed records were kept.

The forestry experimental plot covered a large area in which a number of ~~varieties~~ ^{different kinds} of conifers, such as pines, spruces, and hemlocks, had been planted twenty-five years previously to determine which species was best adapted to the rather thin sandy soil of the region. These trees had been planted at the same time, the same distance apart, and in the same manner. Great differences were noticeable in the growth and development of the different species. Next we looked at a lot of vegetable garden and orchard plots.

Late in the afternoon I began to feel very tired, partly because we had walked about a good deal, and partly because of

(1926, July, Budapest.

E-1916.

director of the station and a group of his technical project leaders, each of whom undertook to explain the work of his section as we came to it. The director asked them to talk in French and some of them did, but most of them, after making the attempt soon dropped back into their customary Hungarian. At first their language was unintelligible to me, but as many of the scientific terms they used were the same as those used by our specialists, and as most of their experimental work was essentially the same as I had seen in our own experimental stations, and as they were very enthusiastic, I soon realized that I could understand most of what they were saying, so we got along famously. We spent some time going over a field of thirty acres and the specialist in charge explained that their purpose was not only to grow all standard varieties side by side but to originate by breeding and selection improved varieties, and to test the comparative behavior of all varieties with different planting dates, different fertilizers and quantities of fertilizers, and different methods of cultivation and treatment for diseases and insects, of all of which complete and detailed records were kept.

The forestry experimental plot covered a large area in which a number of ~~varieties~~ of conifers, such as pines, spruces, and hemlocks, had been planted twenty-five years previously to determine which species was best adapted to the rather thin sandy soil of the region. These trees had been planted at the same time, the same distance apart, and in the same manner. Great differences were noticeable in the growth and development of the different species. Next we looked at a lot of vegetable garden and orchard plots.

Late in the afternoon I began to feel very tired, partly because we had walked about a good deal, and partly because of

(1926, July, Budapest.

E--1917.

the strain on my attention of trying to understand a steady stream of semitechnical Hungarian. Our time was growing short and some of the experimental work could not be seen, much to the disappointment of the specialists in charge, but as a last treat we were takenⁿ through the poultry yards, which included chickens, turkeys, ducks, geese, guinea fowls, and rabbits. I never quite understood just why rabbits are associated with poultry, or why beekeeping is considered a part of animal industry. Unfortunately I was never interested in poultry, never liked poultry, always considered poultry noisy, nasty, and troublesome, so that this last tour of inspection was a real trial to me, especially as I felt it my official duty to feign interest in each foul fowl and fuzzy rabbit whose fine points were called to my attention by the insane enthusiast in charge of them. Sundown, darkness and train time came at last. The director said there were many other interesting experiments they wished to show me and apologized for the shortness of the time. I thanked them individually and collectively, expressed the wish that my program would permit me to spend at least another day with the^m, and that I or my colleagues might sometime have the pleasure of showing them over some of the experiment stations in the United States, and predicted for them most valuable results because of the intelligence, technique, and enthusiasm with which they were conducting their work. I assured them that it would be a real pleasure to report what I had seen and heard to the International Institute of Agriculture and to the United States Department of Agriculture, which seemed to please them. As a matter of fact, nowhere else in the world was I treated with more courteous and eager fellowship than at this Hungarian experiment station.

We caught the 7 p.m. train back to Budapest. My companions

We caught the 7 p.m. train back to Budapest. My companions
this Hungarian experiment station.

was I treated with more courteous and eager fellowship than at
to please them. As a matter of fact, nowhere else in the world
and to the United States Department of Agriculture, which seemed
had seen and heard to the International Institute of Agriculture
sured them that it would be a real pleasure to report what I

and enthusiasm with which they were conducting their work. I as-
most valuable results because of the intelligence, technique,
experiment stations in the United States, and predicted for them
might sometime have the pleasure of showing them over some of the
me to spend at least another day with the, and that I or my colleagues
collectively, expressed the wish that my program would permit
for the shortness of the time. I thanked them individually and
interesting experiments they wished to show me and apologized

train time came at last. The director said there were many other
by the insane enthusiast in charge of them. Sundown, darkness and
and fuzzy rabbit whose fine points were called to my attention
felt it my official duty to feign interest in each fowl I
last tour of inspection was a real trial to me, especially as I
considered poultry noisy, nasty, and troublesome, so that this
I was never interested in poultry, never liked poultry, always
beekkeeping is considered a part of animal industry. Unfortunately
understood just why rabbits are associated with poultry, or why
turkeys, ducks, geese, guinea fowls, and rabbits. I never quite
were taken through the poultry yards, which included chickens,
pointment of the specialists in charge, but as a last treat we

of the experimental work could not be seen, much to the disap-
of semitechnical Hungarian. Our time was growing short and some
the strain on my attention of trying to understand a steady stream
(1926, July, Budapest. E--1917.

(1926, July, Budapest.

E--1918.

seemed greatly pleased, as they had reason to be, but I was exceedingly tired. However, after resting half an hour and smoking a cigar I began to recover my spirits and began to feel a little more charitable towards poultry and potatoes, which an hour before I had hoped I might never see again. As we approached Budapest I invited my companions to dine with me, but they declined on the ground that their clothing was soiled. However, they agreed to dine with me at the Bellevue Hotel where there was a Japanese orchestra. There we had a nice supper amid pleasant surroundings. There was music and dancing, and we had wine, cigars, beer, a cocktail, and parted in high good humor.

I reached my hotel at 2 a.m., still tired, but this was my only opportunity to jot down some notes of the day's events and observations. It had been a beautiful day, with a pleasant railway ride through a fine, undulating country with good agriculture and well kept forests. The fields of ^{ripe} ~~flourishing~~ wheat, flourishing alfalfa, cowpeas, maize, sugar beets, dairy cattle, horses of the draft type, and comfortable homes and prosperous looking villages, made a most favorable impression, and my companions had done everything in their power to be agreeable and to give me all the information I could absorb.

Sunday, the 11th, was cold and rainy until 4 p.m. I slept the sleep of exhaustion ~~when~~ until I was awakened at 8 a.m. by the telephone. Mr. Perleberg of the Ministry of Agriculture was at the other end, saying that he was in the lobby waiting for me. I dressed hurriedly and joined him. Together we walked four or five blocks to a steamer landing where a long line of people were waiting. While Mr. Perleberg went for tickets I slipped over to a restaurant and had a cup of hot coffee^e. We went aboard the little steamer, which was badly crowded and we had difficulty in finding

steamer, which was badly crowded and we had difficulty in finding restaurant and had a cup of hot coffee. We went aboard the little waiting. While Mr. Perleberg went for tickets I slipped over to a five blocks to a steamer landing where a long line of people were I dressed hurriedly and joined him. Together we walked four or at the other end, saying that he was in the lobby waiting for me. the telephone. Mr. Perleberg of the Ministry of Agriculture was the sleep of exhaustion until I was awakened at 8 a.m. by Sunday, the 11th, was cold and rainy until 4 p.m. I slept all the information I could absorb.

done everything in their power to be agreeable and to give me villages, made a most favorable impression, and my companions had of the draft type, and comfortable homes and prosperous looking ing alfalfa, cowpeas, maize, sugar beets, dairy cattle, horses and well kept forests. The fields of ~~ripe~~ wheat, flourish- way ride through a fine, undulating country with good agriculture observations. It had been a beautiful day, with a pleasant rail- only opportunity to jot down some notes of the day's events and I reached my hotel at 2 a.m., still tired, but this was my

gers, beer, a cocktail, and parted in high good humor. surroundings. There was music and dancing, and we had wine, ci- a Japanese orchestra. There we had a nice supper amid pleasant they agreed to dine with me at the Bellevue Hotel where there was oined on the ground that their clothing was soiled. However,

ed Budapest I invited my companions to dine with me, but they de- hour before I had hoped I might never see again. As we approach- little more charitable towards poultry and potatoes, which an ing a cigar I began to recover my spirits and began to feel a cedingly tired. However, after resting half an hour and smok- seemed greatly pleased, as they had reason to be, but I was ex-

(1926, July, Budapest.

E-1918.

(1926, July, Budapest.

E--1919.

seats. It was raining steadily and very cold. Although I wore an extra waistcoat of heavy wool and a raincoat over all I was chilly and uncomfortable. *P* As soon as the boat started upstream the passengers began eating from packages and baskets they had brought with them. Most of them appeared to be factory workers and were rather unattractive in appearance and manners. I was so tired, sleepy, cold and uncomfortable that I looked at the passing landscape through the rain with indifference. *P* At 11 a.m. we stopped at a small town and were met at the wharf by a Mr. Tornay, who took us to a club house. It had two rooms, one for men and one for women, and Mr. Tornay seemed to be very proud of it. After a short stay here we walked a few blocks through the rain to the home of Mr. Packart, attorney at law and judge in a court at Budapest. The estate was small but beautiful, extending back up a ~~xx~~ slope and overlooking the Danube--which, by the way, is not blue. We followed a driveway up a small hill through an avenue of trees bordered with perennial flowers then in bloom, with orchards, and shrubbery, and lawns, on either side, to the residence. There I was introduced to Mrs. Packart and to Col. G. McLean of the British army, retired, who said later that he was engaged in the poultry export business. Both ~~Mrs~~ Judge and Mrs. Packart were educated, cultured, traveled people who spoke English very well. Fruit, wine, and cigars, were served immediately. Then we walked over the place between showers. Another walk of a few blocks brought us to the house of Mr. Tornay, which was in the middle of a few acres on the slope of the hill overlooking the river. There a nice dinner was served, the outstanding features of which were chicken and dumplings and good wines. After dinner came conversation, wine, and smokes. The host very considerately suggested that as I had been following a very crowded program I might like to

seats. It was raining steadily and very cold. Although I wore an extra waistcoat of heavy wool and a raincoat over all I was chilly and uncomfortable. As soon as the boat started upstream the passengers began eating from packages and baskets they had brought with them. Most of them appeared to be factory workers and were rather unattractive in appearance and manners. I was so tired, sleepy, cold and uncomfortable that I looked at the passing landscape through the rain with indifference. At 11 a.m. we stopped at a small town and were met at the wharf by a Mr. Tornay, who took us to a club house. It had two rooms, one for men and one for women, and Mr. Tornay seemed to be very proud of it. After a short stay here we walked a few blocks through the rain to the home of Mr. Packart, attorney at law and judge in a court at Budapest. The estate was small but beautiful, extending back up a steep slope and overlooking the Danube--which, by the way, is not blue. We followed a driveway up a small hill through an avenue of trees bordered with perennial flowers then in bloom, with orchards, and shrubbery, and lawns, on either side, to the residence. There I was introduced to Mrs. Packart and to Col. G. McLean of the British Army, retired, who said later that he was engaged in the poultry export business. Both Mr. Judge and Mrs. Packart were educated, cultured, traveled people who spoke English very well. Fruit, wine, and cigars, were served immediately. Then we walked over the place between showers. Another walk of a few blocks brought us to the house of Mr. Tornay, which was in the middle of a few acres on the slope of the hill overlooking the river. There a nice dinner was served, the outstanding features of which were chicken and dumplings and good wines. After dinner came conversation, wine, and smokes. The host very considerably suggested that as I had been following a very crowded program I might like to

(1926, July, Budapest.

E--1920.

take a short nap. This to me seemed like the last word, the acme and very pinnacle of courtesy and hospitality, because it was what I wanted more than anything else, and yet I protested like a Chinaman. However, when my host showed me a comfortable looking couch in a spare room and assured me that some of the others were accustomed to taking naps at that hour, I consented to be prevailed upon to lie down. Instantly I fell asleep and slept like a child until a tapping on the door at 4.30 p.m. brought me instantly to life, greatly refreshed and feeling apologetic for having slept in the house of a host on such short acquaintance and on such a short visit. Then we walked up a steep hill to the house of the ^hHost's sister and I was introduced to other members of the family. Later we climbed still high^{er} up the hill to some orchards from which we had a magnificent view of a long sweep of the Danube valley and of the mountains in the background. The river was out of its banks and said to be higher than it had been in sixty years, and many of the lowlands were inundated. We returned to the house of Mr. Tornay, where it was suggested that I might like to return to Budapest with Col. McLean by automobile after taking supper with the Packarts, instead of by the river boat. I readily acquiesced in this arrangement because of the discomforts of the crowded boat. Mr. Tornay^a then took me back to the club and again all its facilities and conveniences were shown to me with much pride and enthusiasm.

Judge

Returning to the residence of ~~Mr.~~ Packart with Col. McLean, we had several drinks and smokes that put us all in good humor. Then followed an excellent supper and much affability. Col. McLean had many stories to tell of his life and service in India. ^POne of the^m involved a decision as to whether a railroad is or is not a road. The British authorities had decreed that a road was a sa-

(1926, July, Budapest.

take a short nap. This to me seemed like the last word, the same

and very pinnacle of courtesy and hospitality, because it was what I wanted more than anything else, and yet I protested like a Chinaman. However, when my host showed me a comfortable looking couch in a spare room and assured me that some of the others were accustomed to taking naps at that hour, I consented to be prevailed upon to lie down. Instantly I fell asleep and slept like a child until a tapping on the door at 4.30 p.m. brought me instantly to life, greatly refreshed and feeling apologetic for having slept in the house of a host on such short acquaintance and on such a short visit. Then we walked up a steep hill to the house of the host's sister and I was introduced to other members of the family. Later we climbed still higher up the hill to some orchards from which we had a magnificent view of a long sweep of the Danube valley and of the mountains in the background. The river was out of its banks and said to be higher than it had been in sixty years, and many of the lowlands were inundated. We returned to the house of Mr. Torney, where it was suggested that I might like to return to Budapest with Col. McLean by automobile after taking supper with the Packarts, instead of by the river boat. I readily acquiesced in this arrangement because of the discomforts of the crowded boat. Mr. Torney then took me back to the club and again all its facilities and conveniences were shown to me with much pride and enthusiasm.

Returning to the residence of Mr. Packart with Col. McLean, we had several drinks and smokes that put us all in good humor. The following an excellent supper and much affability. Col. McLean had many stories to tell of his life and service in India. One of the involved a decision as to whether a railroad is or is not a road. The British authorities had decreed that a road was a

(1926, July, Budapest.

E--1921.

cred public sanctuary on which there should be no fighting and severe penalties were prescribed for violations. In a remote district one tribe fell upon another of their hereditary enemies and drove them to a railway. The defeated band stopped and protested that they were upon a road and it was unlawfull to continue the attack. The victorious party argued that a railway is not a road within the meaning of the law. After prolonged argument the leaders agreed to appeal to the nearest British authority, who happened to be the station master at a little wayside station up the line a short distance. So the contending tribesmen marched up the line to the station, the defeated on the ties between the rails and the victors alongside. The station agent was a British Tommie and after listening gravely to the excited argument of the contestants he, the one lone white man, gravely and solemnly rendered a decision to the effect that a railway is a railroad, and therefore is a road, "and if any of you bloomin' idiots violates the law of the road I'll arrest you and all your bloomin' relatives." This decision was accepted as final and conclusive and hostilities ceased.

On another occasion some tribesmen were relieving the monotony of life by shooting at each other and some stray shots went over a small post occupied by a sergeant and six privates. The sergeant walked out into the open, called a halt in the hostilities, and announced to the combattants that so far as the British government was concerned they were perfectly free to shoot the daylight out of each other, but if any more bullets came over his station it would be his pleasant duty to exterminate both sides. Whereupon the losing side took refuge in the station and the victors felt constrained to retire without the fruits of victory.

ered public sanctuary on which there should be no fighting and severe penalties were prescribed for violations. In a remote dis-

trict one tribe fell upon another of their hereditary enemies and drove them to a railway. The defeated band stopped and protested that they were upon a road and it was unlawful to continue the attack. The victorious party argued that a railway is not a road within the meaning of the law. After prolonged argument the

leaders agreed to appeal to the nearest British authority, who happened to be the station master at a little wayside station up the line a short distance. So the contending tribesmen marched up the line to the station, the defeated on the ties between the rails and the victors alongside. The station agent was a British

Tommie and after listening gravely to the excited argument of the contestants he, the one lone white man, gravely and solemnly rendered a decision to the effect that a railway is a railroad, and therefore is a road, "and if any of you bloomin' idiots violates the law or the road I'll arrest you and all your bloomin' relatives." This decision was accepted as final and conclusive and hostilities ceased.

On another occasion some tribesmen were relieving the monotony of life by shooting at each other and some stray shots went over a small post occupied by a sergeant and six privates. The sergeant walked out into the open, called a halt in the hostilities, and announced to the combatants that so far as the British government was concerned they were perfectly free to shoot the daylights out of each other, but if any more bullets came over his station it would be his pleasant duty to exterminate both sides. Whereupon the losing side took refuge in the station and the victors felt constrained to retire without the fruits of victory.

(1926, July, Budapest.

E--1922.

At 9 p.m. we said farewell to our hosts, after thanking them profusely for their courteous hospitality, climbed into the automobile of Col. McLean, and started on our drive of about fifty kilometers to the city. En route we could dimly see in the darkness the ruins of an old Roman amphitheater and a section of an aqueduct that reminded me of the Roman campagna. The road followed the river and in many places was under water up to the hubs of the wheels. ~~However, we had a smooth run and reached my hotel~~
~~at six p.m.~~ The automobile of Col. McLean was ^{had been} ~~an old one~~ used by the British staff during the war and was more than eleven years old. It showed its age by its general appearance, but it ran perfectly up to 60 miles an hour. At the hotel I had the colonel in and we had three whiskeys and sodas together. ^{we} ~~and~~ became quite friendly and he invited me to take supper with him the following evening at his apartment. He said the poultry exporting firm with which he was engaged handled twelve thousand birds a month which they shipped in refrigerator cars to the London market. He said he paid about twenty cents a day for labor which he thought was more than it was worth because of its ^ustupidity and inefficiency. He expressed a desire to visit the United States to study the meat packing methods developed in that country.

It was after midnight when he left me. ^{when} ~~After~~ he was gone I realized that in spite of the cordial hospitality that had been shown me it had been a long hard day of paying attention, listening, keeping up my share of the conversation, and trying to conform to the ways of others and be agreeable. This is especially difficult with foreigners because of their different background and psychology, ^{inasmuch as} ~~because~~ one cannot take so much for granted as with his own people. It was all very interesting, but at the same time a rather severe test of mental and physical endurance. After writing up my notes it was again 2 a.m. when I crawled into bed

(1926, July, Budapest. E--1922.

At 9 p.m. we said farewell to our hosts, after thanking them profusely for their courteous hospitality, climbed into the auto-

mobile or Col. McLean, and started on our drive of about fifty kilometers to the city. En route we could dimly see in the dark-
ness the ruins of an old Roman amphitheater and a section of an aqueduct that reminded me of the Roman campaigns. The road follow-

ed the river and in many places was under water up to the hubs of the wheels. ~~XX~~

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ The automobile of Col. McLean was an old one, used by the British staff during the war and was more than eleven years old.

It showed its age by its general appearance, but it ran perfectly up to 60 miles an hour. At the hotel I had the colonel in and we

had three whiskeys and sodas together, and became quite friendly.

and he invited me to take supper with him the following evening

at his apartment. He said the poultry exporting firm with which

he was engaged handled twelve thousand birds a month which they

shipped in refrigerator cars to the London market. He said he

paid about twenty cents a day for labor which he thought was more

than it was worth because of its stupidity and inefficiency. He ex-

pressed a desire to visit the United States to study the meat pack-

ing methods developed in that country.

It was after midnight when he left me. After he was gone I

realized that in spite of the cordial hospitality that had been

shown me it had been a long hard day of paying attention, listen-

ing, keeping up my share of the conversation, and trying to com-

form to the ways of others and be agreeable. This is especially

difficult with foreigners because of their different backgrounds

and psychology, ~~because~~ one cannot take so much for granted as

with his own people. It was all very interesting, but at the

same time a rather severe test of mental and physical endurance.

After writing up my notes it was again 2 a.m. when I crawled into bed

(1926, July, Budapest.

E--1923.

Monday, the 12th, was fair and warm, with a heavy shower in the afternoon. It was reported in the press that there had been more rain at Budapest in June of this year than in any other June in more than sixty years; also that the Danube had been higher than at any time in the previous forty years.

After breakfast I went to the American Consulate for my passport, but the Consul had not arrived and no one else could get it for me. I next visited the various offices of the department of agriculture and central statistical bureau. The chiefs of the various offices had not yet come, and I did not blame them. In the statistical bureau I talked with some of the subordinates until Nagy Ivan came in. He explained in great detail the crop reporting system in use. I called a second time at the consulate and received a batch of mail, including my original passport that had been forwarded from Bucharest. Returning to the hotel I packed up most of my things so as to be ready for a quick departure. I had already arranged through the hotel porter for transportation to Vienna.

After luncheon one of the officials called for me and together we walked to the central bureau of statistics and visited the departmental library. The librarian spoke Italian and showed us with much pride range after range of book stacks containing over 150,000 volumes, all filed by countries and indexed by countries and titles. Then we visited a number of officials, discussed their work, and finally went with Mr. Congolly to a restaurant where we had a rather indifferent luncheon. Next I was shown through a shooting gallery, and then by tram to Cook's agency.

Then we visited the royal palace on the other side of the river. It is an enormous stone structure on the crest of a high hill overlooking the Danube and the city. A German employe who labored

Monday, the 12th, was fair and warm, with a heavy shower in the afternoon. It was reported in the press that there had been more rain at Budapest in June of this year than in any other June in more than sixty years; also that the Danube had been higher than at any time in the previous forty years.

After breakfast I went to the American Consulate for my passport, but the Consul had not arrived and no one else could get it for me. I next visited the various offices of the department of agriculture and central statistical bureau. The chiefs of the various offices had not yet come, and I did not blame them. In the statistical bureau I talked with some of the subordinates until Nagy Ivan came in. He explained in great detail the crop reporting system in use. I called a second time at the consulate and received a batch of mail, including my original passport that had been forwarded from Bucharest. Returning to the hotel I packed up most of my things so as to be ready for a quick departure. I had already arranged through the hotel porter for transportation to Vienna.

After luncheon one of the officials called for me and together we walked to the central bureau of statistics and visited the departmental library. The librarian spoke Italian and showed us with much pride range after range of book stacks containing over 150,000 volumes, all filed by countries and indexed by countries and titles. Then we visited a number of officials, discussed their work, and finally went with Mr. Congolly to a restaurant where we had a rather indifferent luncheon. Next I was shown through a shooting gallery, and then by tram to Cook's agency. Then we visited the royal palace on the other side of the river. It is an enormous stone structure on the crest of a high hill overlooking the Danube and the city. A German employee who labored

(1926, July, Budapest.

E--1924.

1924

under the delusion that he could speak English--a jargon that was wholly beyond my comprehension--was our guide. We climbed up innumerable flights of marble stairs, on the landings of which were piled the rugs and carpets from the rooms. We walked through great halls with lofty painted ceilings, walls hung with marvelous tapestries and oil paintings, and adorned with beautiful statuary. Our guide ^{us} ~~said~~ there were 866 rooms and I believed him. The finest and most imposing of all was the dancing saloon, a vast hall decorated beyond belief with carved marble, great mirrors, and lofty ceiling painted in bright colors and allegorical and fanciful pictures. One could imagine the spectacle afforded by this splendid hall when brilliantly lighted and filled with courtly gentlemen ^{in elegant costumes,} and ladies/posing, strutting, and waltzing to the strains of a great orchestra. Yes, this was a real royal palace such as peasants and poor people doomed to the hell of poverty dream about.

From the windows and the broad balcony outside we had a fine view of the Danube, its numerous ornamental bridges, and the great city on the other side.

Near the original palace of the emperor were several smaller palaces that were occupied by princes and nobles, and these we inspected. While they were ~~smaller and were~~ more ornate and luxurious in their appointments, they were ^{smaller and} of lesser importance and interest than the greater palace we had first inspected. Next we inspected a great church nearby, a building in Roman cathedral style, which was used by the Turks as a mosque for 150 years. Outside it was badly weather-stained. . Inside it was somber because of much red and gray paint. It's stained glass windows were beautiful. Inside in one of the chapels was a statue of the Virgin Mary. It was said that this nich was walled up by the Turks and in the course of time its existence was forgotten. When the Hungarians overthrew the Turks some stray shots broke a portion

Hungarians overthrew the Turks some stray shots broke a portion
 and in the course of time its existence was forgotten. When the
 gin Mary. It was said that this nich was walled up by the Turks
 beautiful. Inside in one of the chapels was a statue of the Vir-
 cause of much red and gray paint. It's stained glass windows were
 side it was badly weather-stained. Inside it was somber be-
 style, which was used by the Turks as a mosque for 150 years. Out-
 inspected a great church nearby, a building in Roman cathedral
 interest than the greater palace we had first inspected. Next we
 urious in their appointments, they were of lesser importance and
 inspected. While they were smaller and were more ornate and lux-
 ler palaces that were occupied by princes and nobles, and these we
 Near the original palace of the emperor were several small-
 city on the other side.
 view of the Danube, its numerous ornamental bridges, and the great
 From the windows and the broad balcony outside we had a fine
 ants and poor people doomed to the hell of poverty dream about.
 great orchestra. Yes, this was a real royal palace such as pass-
 and ladies posing, strutting, and waiting to the strains of a
 in elegant costumes,
 hall when brilliantly lighted and filled with courtly gentlemen
 tures. One could imagine the spectacle afforded by this splendid
 ceiling painted in bright colors and allegorical and fanciful pic-
 rated beyond belief with carved marble, great mirrors, and lofty
 and most imposing of all was the dancing saloon, a vast hall deco-
 Our guide said there were 800 rooms and I believed him. The finest
 entries and oil paintings, and adorned with beautiful statuary.
 halls with lofty painted ceilings, walls hung with marvelous tap-
 piled the rugs and carpets from the rooms. We walked through great
 numerable flights of marble stairs, on the landings of which were
 wholly beyond my comprehension--was our guide. We climbed up in-
 under the delusion that he could speak English--a jargon that was

(1926, July, Budapest.

E--1925,

of the wall and exposed the image. The Turks defending the place thought this was a miracle and surrendered. In one of the niches are the tombs of a former Hungarian King and his Queen. Outside is a stone bastion that harmonizes with the style¹ of the church and from the opposite side of the river seems to be a part of ~~the church~~^{it}. From the bastion we walked along a terrace and climbed to the top of a stone tower to view the city and its surroundings. One of the party said that when a king is crowned it is the custom to knight forty gentlemen, and that at the last coronation he was one of the fortunate forty.

The sun was setting when we separated. One of the party walked with me across the bridge and to my hotel, and the last thing he said was that he would call^{ed} in the morning to see me off on the train.

When I reached my room I much wanted to rest and spend the evening writing to my home folks, but I had an appointment to dine with Major McLean at nine o'clock. Knowing that he was British I changed to a tuxedo and left the hotel at 8.45 p.m. in a heavy rain. The driver had some difficulty in finding the place which was on the Pest side of the river. It was on top of a high hill and the taxⁱ had difficulty in making the grade and stalled several times. We were half an hour finding the place. After climbing some steep stairs I was ushered into a large room that was elegantly furnished and commanded a fine view of the city. Sure enough the colonel welcomed me in full dress, de rigor. We sat down before a small faⁱre in an open grate and had a cognac together. A third member of the party was a black spaniel, very affectionate and intelligent. Then we went to a dining room below and sat at a little table illuminated by four large candles, all other lights being turned out. The course

of the wall and exposed the image. The Turks defending the place thought this was a miracle and surrendered. In one of the niches are the tombs of a former Hungarian King and his Queen. Outside is a stone bastion that harmonizes with the style of the church and from the opposite side of the river seems to be a part of the church. From the bastion we walked along a terrace and climbed to the top of a stone tower to view the city and its surroundings. One of the party said that when a king is crowned it is the custom to knight forty gentlemen, and that at the last coronation he was one of the fortunate forty.

The sun was setting when we separated. One of the party walked with me across the bridge and to my hotel, and the last thing he said was that he would call in the morning to see me off on the train.

When I reached my room I much wanted to rest and spend the evening writing to my home folks, but I had an appointment to dine with Major McLean at nine o'clock. Knowing that he was British I changed to a tuxedo and left the hotel at 8.45 p.m. in a heavy rain. The driver had some difficulty in finding the place which was on the east side of the river. It was on top of a high hill and the taxi had difficulty in making the grade and stalled several times. We were half an hour finding the place. After climbing some steep stairs I was ushered into a large room that was elegantly furnished and commanded a fine view of the city. Sure enough the colonel welcomed me in full dress, as rigor. We sat down before a small fire in an open grate and had a cognac together. A third member of the party was a black spaniel, very affectionate and intelligent. Then we went to a dining room below and sat at a little table illuminated by four large candles, all other lights being turned out. The course

(1926, July, Budapest.

E--1926.

dinner was served by a man in uniform. We had hot soup, pickles, toast, salted almonds, baked fish, grilled veal cutlets, fried potatoes, peas, beans, lettuce, carrots, ice cream, wine, coffee^e, and liquers. After partaking of this repast leisurely we adjourned to the parlor above. Here we had cigars, whiskeys and sodas, and conversation. ^PHe described the short Bolshevik regime in Hungary that was engineered by Russian Jews. He said they ~~were~~ armed and recruited all the hoodlums and criminals and helped themselves to everything they wanted. The citizens stayed in their houses and the streets were deserted. The food supply ran short. If any one appeared on the streets he was shot down as a matter of sport and markmanship. He said that it frequently happened that a motor truck with a Bolshe~~v~~ik guard would drive into a village, arr~~e~~st five or six leading citizens and hang them to a lamp post or tree in order to intimidate the others, and then order the peasants to bring out the quantity of grain and other food supplies they wanted. Also, while they were about it, they ^would requisition a sufficient number of young girls to entertain them, under penalty of death. This went on for months. I asked how it all ended. He replied that the Bolsheviks got support at first by declaring war on Roumania and Czech^slovakia. They employed Roumanian officers to command their troops, and to keep those officers loyal to the cause the Bolsheviks held their families in prison as hostages, so that if there was any suspicion of betrayal their families would be shot. For a time the Hungarians were successfull, but after things slowed up and the atrocities of the Bolsheviks became intolerable they got in communication with the Roumanian officials, kept them informed of their plans, and allowed themselves to be defeated by them. This stragem was successful in ridding the country of the insufferable

gem was successful in ridding the country of the insufferable
plana, and allowed themselves to be defeated by them. This situa-
tion with the Romanian officials, kept them informed of their
ties of the Bolshaviks became intolerable they got in communica-
tions were successful, but after things slowed up and the atroc-
ity of betraying their families would be shot. For a time the Hunga-
rian families in prison as hostages, so that if there was any suspicion
keep those officers loyal to the cause the Bolshaviks held their
They employed Romanian officers to command their troops, and to
support at first by declaring war on Romania and Czechoslovakia.
I asked how it all ended. He replied that the Bolshaviks got
tertain them, under penalty of death. This went on for months.
they would repudiate a sufficient number of young girls to en-
other food supplies they wanted. Also, while they were about it,
then order the peasants to bring out the quantity of grain and
to a lamp post or tree in order to intimidate the others, and
into a village, first five or six leading citizens and hang them
happened that a motor truck with a Bolshavik guard would drive
a matter of sport and manliness. He said that it frequently
short. If any one appeared on the streets he was shot down as
their houses and the streets were deserted. The food supply ran
themselves to everything they wanted. The citizens stayed in
armed and recruited all the hoodlums and criminals and helped
Hungary that was engineered by Russian Jews. He said they were
and conversation. He described the short Bolshavik regime in
ed to the parlor above. Here we had cigars, whiskey and sodas,
and liquors. After partaking of this repeat leisurely we adjourn-

potatoes, peas, beans, lettuce, carrots, ice cream, wine, coffee,
toast, salted almonds, baked fish, grilled veal cutlets, fried
ginner was served by a man in uniform. We had hot soup, pickles,

(1926, July, Budapest.

E--1926.

(1926, July, Budapest.

E--1927.

Bolsheviks. ~~P~~ The colonel spoke in the highest terms of a Mr. Smith, a representative of the firm of J.P.Morgan & Co., that had reorganized the finances of the Hungarian government. He spoke in scathing terms of Roumania, saying that the government was corrupt from bottom to top, their men without valor and their women without honor. He said that practically all the business of Hungary was in the hands of Jews who were strong enough to prevent Hungarians from engaging in business. It is this situation that from time to time starts a "pogrom," when the citizens of the country become so enraged that they try to kill off their monetary oppressors.

It was after midnight when I returned to my hotel, but late as it was I jotted down some notes and saw that everything was packed for an early start in the morning.

Tuesday, July 13, was a clear pleasant day. I was up at 6 a.m. shaved and dressed hastily and went down to the hotel office, where I found my official friend waiting for me. I paid my account, including transportation to Vienna, which took practically all my Hungarian money. I tried to cash a traveller's check, but the night clerk said the cashier had not come and he could not get into the safe. I had been so completely occupied during business hours while in Budapest that I had had no opportunity to lay in a supply of money. The small change I had left was just sufficient to tip the porters and pay the taxicab and train porter. My Hungarian friend accompanied me to the station and saw me established in a compartment. Almost immediately the train got under way.

Just ahead was the dining car and the scent of food and the aroma of coffee reminded me that I had ~~had~~ had no breakfast. Also I knew that I had no money, only travellers checks. This was a dilemma, but I did not propose to ~~start~~ ^{start} the day without at least a cup

The colonel spoke in the highest terms of a Mr. Bolshavik. The representative of the firm of J.P. Morgan & Co., that had reorganized the finances of the Hungarian government. He spoke in acing terms of Romania, saying that the government was corrupt from bottom to top, their men without valor and their women without honor. He said that practically all the business of Hungary was in the hands of Jews who were strong enough to prevent Hungarians from engaging in business. It is this situation that from time to time starts a "pogrom," when the citizens of the country become so enraged that they try to kill off their monetary oppressors.

It was after midnight when I returned to my hotel, but late

as it was I jotted down some notes and saw that everything was

packed for an early start in the morning.

Tuesday, July 15, was a clear pleasant day. I was up at 6 a.m.

shaved and dressed hastily and went down to the hotel office, where I found my official friend waiting for me. I paid my account, in-

cluding transportation to Vienna, which took practically all my

Hungarian money. I tried to cash a traveller's check, but the

night clerk said the cashier had not come and he could not get

into the safe. I had been so completely occupied during business

hours while in Budapest that I had had no opportunity to lay in a

supply of money. The small change I had left was just sufficient

to tip the porters and pay the taxicab and train porter. My Hun-

garian friend accompanied me to the station and saw me establish-

ed in a compartment. Almost immediately the train got under way.

Just ahead was the dining car and the scent of food and the

aroma of coffee reminded me that I had had no breakfast. Also I

knew that I had no money, only traveller's checks. This was a di-

lemma, but I did not propose to start the day without at least a cup

(1926, July, Bundapest to Vienna.

E--1928.

of coffee^e. I took a seat in the dinner and ordered bacon and eggs, toast and coffee^e. When the bill was brought I pulled out my book of travellers checks and signed one for twenty dollars and handed it to the waiter as a mere matter of course, and then turned to look out the window. He went into consultation with the chief steward and together they went into another coach. Meanwhile I awaited developments. The chief steward returned with the check and with many apologies said there was not that much money on the train. I expressed the utmost astonishment and pretended to be incredulous and very indignant and said that it was impossible. He became abjectly apologetic, ^{I said} and that if he wanted to be paid for his service he must cash that check because I had no "little" money. ^{Again he was} ~~He became abject and~~ profuse in his apologies and assured me that I could settle the account on arrival at Vienna.

At 9.15 a.m. at Komaron we crossed the Danube below a high point of land on which was an old fortress, after which for two hours we travelled through an open, level, flat valley. The soil looked good and the crops were excellent. Wheat was ripe and badly lodged, and maize² was flourishing. Many of the crops were planted in narrow strips, showing the extent to which subdivision had gone. At the Austrian frontier the customs officials were courteous and did not require that the baggage be opened. My passport^e, the original, had so many visas on it that we had difficulty in finding the one for Austria, but it was there, the rubber stamp being rather dim and crowded with others. On the Austrian side of the boundary we passed through a beautiful farming country which seemed to be planted about equally to wheat, maize², and sugar beets. The country was exceedingly wet from recent heavy rains and in many fields men and women were cutting wheat with scythes.

We reached Vienna at 12.15 p.m. I felt much embarrassed be-

(1926, July, Budapest to Vienna. E-1928.

of coffee. I took a seat in the dining and ordered bacon and eggs, toast and coffee. When the bill was brought I pulled out my book of travellers checks and signed one for twenty dollars and handed it to the waiter as a mere matter of course, and then turned to look out the window. He went into consultation with the chief steward and together they went into another coach. Meanwhile I awaited developments. The chief steward returned with the check and with many apologies said there was not that much money on the train. I expressed the utmost astonishment and pretended to be incredulous and very indignant and said that it was impossible. He became apologetically apologetic, and that if he wanted to be paid for his service he must cash that check because I had no "little" money. ~~He became apologetic and profuse in his apologies and assured me that I could settle the account on arrival at Vienna.~~

At 9.15 a.m. at Komárom we crossed the Danube below a high point of land on which was an old fortress, after which for two hours we travelled through an open, level, flat valley. The soil looked good and the crops were excellent. Wheat was ripe and badly lodged, and maize was flourishing. Many of the crops were planted in narrow strips, showing the extent to which subdivision had gone. At the Austrian frontier the customs officials were courteous and did not require that the baggage be opened. My passport, the original, had so many visas on it that we had difficulty in finding the one for Austria, but it was there, the rubber stamp being rather dim and crowded with others. On the Austrian side of the boundary we passed through a beautiful farming country which seemed to be planted about equally to wheat, maize, and sugar beets. The country was exceedingly wet from recent heavy rains and in many fields men and women were cutting wheat with scythes. We reached Vienna at 12.15 p.m. I felt much embarrassed be-

(1926, July, Vienna.

E--1929.

cause I had not a cent of money and my bags were too heavy for me to carry.unaided. However, there was nothing to do but bluff it through. Leaning out of the window I beckoned a porter, and when we were passing through the station I said the one word "Taxi." My baggage was loaded into a waiting taxi and I climbed in with it. The porter looked at me questioningly and the driver inquiringly. "Pay~~e~~" I said to the driver, pointing to the porter. ~~He~~ He handed the porter a coin which was accepted without protest. Then I called out crisply "Hotel Imperial," simply on the chance that there might be such a hotel and that it would be a good one; otherwise I should have asked for the "Hotel Palace," with the certainty that there must be one or more of that name in Vienna. In that way I got my breakfast on the train and was transported from the station to the hotel without a cent of money. Arrived at the Imperial Hotel, which was indëed a good one in the main part of the city, I strode in like a lord, registered and was assigned a room. With a wave of the hand I ordered the clerk to pay the driver. The clerk gave one look at my baggage covered with travel stickers and no questions were asked. I then realized how easy it would be for a man with good clothes, baggage, and a confident and somewhat insolent air, to travel from hotel to hotel on very little money.

After a ch^ang^e of clothing I went down to the restaurant in the hotel. The food was excellent but the service was exasperatingly slow, so that it was 3 p.m. when I finished. Theⁿ I walked to the nearby office of the agricultural commissioner, Mr.Haas, and was told that he was in Berlin. I took a taxi and asked to be driven to the American Consulate. Instead I was taken to the American legation. At the consulate, which we found later, was one letter from home. I walked back nearly a mile to the hotel.

(1926, July, Vienna.

because I had not a cent of money and my bags were too heavy for me to carry. unaided. However, there was nothing to do but bluff it through. Leaning out of the window I beckoned a porter, and when we were passing through the station I said the one word "Taxi." My baggage was loaded into a waiting taxi and I climbed in with it. The porter looked at me questioningly and the driver indignantly. "Pay?" I said to the driver, pointing to the porter. He handed the porter a coin which was accepted without protest. Then I called out crisply "Hotel Imperial," simply on the chance that there might be such a hotel and that it would be a good one; otherwise I should have asked for the "Hotel Palace," with the certainty that there must be one or more of that name in Vienna. In that way I got my breakfast on the train and was transported from the station to the hotel without a cent of money. Arrived at the Imperial Hotel, which was indeed a good one in the main part of the city, I strode in like a lord, registered and was assigned a room. With a wave of the hand I ordered the clerk to pay the driver. The clerk gave one look at my baggage covered with travel stickers and no questions were asked. I then realized how easy it would be for a man with good clothes, baggage, and a confident and somewhat insolent air, to travel from hotel to hotel on very little money.

After a change of clothing I went down to the restaurant in the hotel. The food was excellent but the service was exasperatingly slow, so that it was 3 p.m. when I finished. Then I walked to the nearby office of the agricultural commissioner, Mr. Haas, and was told that he was in Berlin. I took a taxi and asked to be driven to the American Consulate. Instead I was taken to the American Legation. At the consulate, which we found later, was one letter from home. I walked back nearly a mile to the hotel.

(1926, July, Vienna.

E--1930.

The heat was intense and I stopped at a sidewalk restaurant for a glass of lemonade. *P* At the hotel I laid down and slept until supper time. I took supper on the sidewalk in front of the hotel. It was disappointing and not as good as one could get in the United States for fifty cents, and yet it cost me \$1.50. *P* As I was leaving two young women brushed lightly against me and when I stepped quickly aside apologetically and glanced at them, they smiled and one of them spoke to me in French. I bowed, smiled, and turned away. They immediately joined me and we strolled the length of the block. They accepted my invitation to enter a restaurant at the corner and have a cup of coffee. *e* They were well dressed and decorous in their behavior and tried to be agreeable, but when I got a good look at them I detected a rather hard and predatory look in their eyes and the lines of their faces. When I announced that I must go they invited me to accompany them to their apartments, or at least ride with them in a taxie. I excused myself on the ground that I had been travelling steadily for many days, was tired, and had many letters to write. They expressed disbelief and followed me to the entrance to *of* my hotel. What a relief it was to reach my room, to know that I would not be interrupted, and to retire early for a good night's rest.

Wednesday, the 15th, was clear and hot. After breakfast I called on the American Consul, Mr. Hurley, from New York, who was the least courteous of all the consuls I met in my travels. Perhaps his home life was not happy. At any rate, he was cold, distant, taciturn, grumpy, ~~and~~ *and* generally ugly, was not in the slightest degree interested in the agricultural census project, or the United States Department of Agriculture, or the International Institute of Agriculture, and seemed positively pained when I made mention of some of his Consular colleagues and the head of the

The heat was intense and I stopped at a sidewalk restaurant for a glass of lemonade. At the hotel I laid down and slept until supper time. I took supper on the sidewalk in front of the hotel. It was disappointing and not as good as one could get in the United States for fifty cents, and yet it cost me \$1.50. As I was leaving two young women brushed lightly against me and when I stepped quickly aside apologetically and glanced at them, they smiled and one of them spoke to me in French. I bowed, smiled, and turned away. They immediately joined me and we strolled the length of the block. They accepted my invitation to enter a restaurant at the corner and have a cup of coffee. They were well dressed and decorous in their behavior and tried to be agreeable, but when I got a good look at them I detected a rather hard and predatory look in their eyes and the lines of their faces. When I announced that I must go they invited me to accompany them to their apartments, or at least ride with them in a taxi. I excused myself on the ground that I had been travelling steadily for many days, was tired, and had many letters to write. They expressed disbelief and followed me to the entrance to my hotel. What a relief it was to reach my room, to know that I would not be interrupted, and to retire early for a good night's rest.

Wednesday, the 15th, was clear and hot. After breakfast I called on the American Consul, Mr. Hurley, from New York, who was the least courteous of all the consuls I met in my travels. Perhaps his home life was not happy. At any rate, he was cold, distant, taciturn, grumpy, and generally ugly, was not in the slightest degree interested in the agricultural census project, or the United States Department of Agriculture, or the International Institute of Agriculture, and seemed positively pained when I made mention of some of his consular colleagues and the head of the

(1926, July, Vienna.

E--1931.

Consular Service in the State Department at Washington. He did not offer and I did not ask him to arrange for interviews with the officials of the Austrian government, and thereby ^{he} distinguished himself as the only American Consul in the world who did not offer to facilitate my work as an American citizen. When I asked him about the organization of the government and the names of the bureaus and officials concerned with agriculture and statistics, and about the economic situation of the country, he admitted he did not know. However, a harrassed employe in an outer office gave me the information I sought. This assistant made up in willing service what the consul lacked in common courtesy, and volunteered to write letters of introduction to the minister of agriculture and the chief of the central bureau of statistics, have them signed by the consul, and sent to my hotel.

Next I called on the commercial attache, Mr. Grove, whose office was in a large building ^{near} ~~opposite~~ the Imperial Hotel. His assistant undertook to telephone to the officials whom I wished to meet and arrange for appointments. Mr. Grove was very accommodating and helpful. Incidentally the subject of official titles was mentioned and he said that all German officials try to retain through life the titles of highest rank they have held at any time. He mentioned a young American official who had visited Vienna recently who wanted his title "chief of section" printed in German. "Chief of section" is about the lowest administrative titles in the government service of the United States, used to designate a man in charge of a small group of clerks in an office or division, but in Germany it is a title of high rank, next to minister, and signifies a sort of under secretary of state. The result was that when this young man presented his card printed in German ~~and showing about the lowest rank in the U.S. service,~~

(1926, July, Vienna.

E-1931.

Consular Service in the State Department at Washington. He did not offer and I did not ask him to arrange for interviews with the officials of the Austrian government, and thereby distinguished himself as the only American Consul in the world who did not offer to facilitate my work as an American citizen. When I asked him about the organization of the government and the names of the bureaus and officials concerned with agriculture and statistics, and about the economic situation of the country, he admitted he did not know. However, a harassed employe in an outer office gave me the information I sought. This assistant made up in willing service what the consul lacked in common courtesy, and volunteered to write letters of introduction to the minister of agriculture and the chief of the central bureau of statistics, have them signed by the consul, and sent to my hotel.

Next I called on the commercial attache, Mr. Grove, whose office was in a large building ^{near} opposite the Imperial Hotel. His assistant undertook to telephone to the officials whom I wished to meet and arrange for appointments. Mr. Grove was very accommodating and helpful. Incidentally the subject of official titles was mentioned and he said that all German officials try to retain through life the titles of highest rank they have held at any time. He mentioned a young American official who had visited Vienna recently who wanted his title "chief of section" printed in German. "Chief of section" is about the lowest administrative title in the government service of the United States, used to designate a man in charge of a small group of clerks in an office or division, but in Germany it is a title of high rank, next to minister, and signifies a sort of under secretary of state. The result was that when this young man presented his card printed in German and showing about the lowest rank in the U.S. service,

(1926, July, Vienna.

E--1932.

he was received by the German and Austrian officials as an official of high rank, at least that of assistant secretary of agriculture or of state, or as the head of a great bureau, and was treated accordingly.

The office occupied by the commercial attache was the most ornate I had ever seen. It appeared to be about sixty feet long, forty feet wide, with ceiling thirty feet high, finished in white and gold, the walls and ceiling being covered with beautiful paintings, the floor covered with rich rugs, and furniture to correspond. The attache said it belonged to a nobleman who was glad to rent quarters in it to a branch of the United States government to prevent its being confiscated by his own government.

After luncheon I drove to the Central Bureau of Statistics and had a very satisfactory interview with the director. Then I walked down some hot streets and took some snapshot photographs of a cathedral and some public buildings. They were so large and high that it was difficult to take them with my small camera except at a considerable distance. At the hotel I wrote letters until 8 p.m. I took supper in the hotel. A portion of fried ham and eggs, potatoes, tomatoes, bread and butter, half a bottle of wine, and a cup of coffee^e, cost me \$2.25. Except for the wine, a better supper could have been obtained anywhere in the United States for less than a dollar.

After supper I took a short walk along the brilliantly lighted main street to a nearby park. There a very pretty, well dressed^{ed} young woman nodded when I glanced in her direction. I paused and she joined me with a smile. We strolled on about the length of a city block to an open air restaurant in the park. We sat down at a little table. She ordered ice cream and I coffee^e. She was pretty to look at, a blond, diminutive, perfect in form and

E-1932.

(1926, July, Vienna.

he was received by the German and Austrian officials as an official of high rank, at least that of assistant secretary of agriculture or of state, or as the head of a great bureau, and was treated accordingly.

The office occupied by the commercial attache was the most ornate I had ever seen. It appeared to be about sixty feet long, forty feet wide, with ceiling thirty feet high, finished in white and gold, the walls and ceiling being covered with beautiful paintings, the floor covered with rich rugs, and furniture to correspond. The attache said it belonged to a nobleman who was glad to rent quarters in it to a branch of the United States government to prevent its being confiscated by his own government.

After luncheon I drove to the Central Bureau of Statistics and had a very satisfactory interview with the director. Then I walked down some hot streets and took some snapshot photographs of a cathedral and some public buildings. They were so large and high that it was difficult to take them with my small camera except at a considerable distance. At the hotel I wrote letters until 8 p.m. I took supper in the hotel. A portion of fried ham and eggs, potatoes, bread and butter, half a bottle of wine, and a cup of coffee, cost me \$2.25. Except for the wine, a better supper could have been obtained anywhere in the United States for less than a dollar.

After supper I took a short walk along the brilliantly lighted main street to a nearby park. There a very pretty, well dressed young woman nodded when I glanced in her direction. I paused and she joined me with a smile. We strolled on about the length of a city block to an open air restaurant in the park. We sat down at a little table. She ordered ice cream and I coffee. She was pretty to look at, a blond, diminutive, perfect in form and

(1926, July, Vienna.

E--1933.

feature, and attired in a dress of soft, fluffy, white material trimmed with pink, with a cape of the same material draped over her shoulders, and pink silk hose and dainty shoes. She was as colorful and dainty as a flower. We sat on opposite sides of the little table. She was as demure as any maiden could be. In my attempts at conversation I found that she knew ^{no French and} about as little of English as I did of German, ~~and no French~~. This was an obstacle to sustained conversation. To make conversation I asked the names in German of the objects about us. This little fairy told me in ^{German} and broken English that a British "friend" had taken her to Berlin, Paris, and Switzerland, and had left her in Vienna while he went away on a business trip. After she had finished her ice cream and I my coffee^e we strolled sedately to my hotel and separated with mutual smiles and bows at the entrance. I marvelled that a beautiful, dainty, refined, young woman should invite the companionship of a strange gentleman in the evening, on the street, sit and converse with him for an hour at an outdoor restaurant, perfectly as a matter of course and without displaying any apparent ulterior motive. A most agreeable custom, I thought, and I wished I might encounter it in other cities.

(Dragon~~y~~, July 13, gray folder--following ~~letter~~ to mother.

(Mother, July 14, gray folder.

(1926, July, Vienna.

feature, and attired in a dress of soft, flilly, white material trimmed with pink, with a cape of the same material draped over her shoulders, and pink silk hose and dainty shoes. She was as colorful and dainty as a flower. We sat on opposite sides of the little table. She was as demure as any maiden could be. In my attempts at conversation I found that she knew about as little of English as I did of German and no French. This was an obstacle to sustained conversation. To make conversation I asked the names in German of the objects about us. This little fairy told me in German and broken English that a British "friend" had taken her to Berlin, Paris, and Switzerland, and had left her in Vienna while he went away on a business trip. After she had finished her ice cream and I my coffee we strolled sedately to my hotel and separated with mutual smiles and bows at the entrance. I marvelled that a beautiful, dainty, refined, young woman should invite the companionship of a strange gentleman in the evening, on the street, sit and converse with him for an hour at an outdoor restaurant, perfectly as a matter of course and without displaying any apparent ulterior motive. A most agreeable custom, I thought, and I wished I might encounter it in other cities.

(Dragon, July 13, gray folder--following letter to mother.

(Mother, July 14, gray folder.

~~1933~~ - a 2155

"Hotel Imperial, Vienna,
"13 July 1926.

"Dr. Carlo Dragoni,
"Secretary General,
"International Institute of Agriculture,
"Rome.

Dear Mr. Dragoni:

"On my arrival at Budapest July 7 I reported the results
of my visit to Bucharest.

x x x x x

"Tuesday, July 13, today. Left Budapest at 7 a.m. and
arrived at Vienna at 12.30 p.m.

"The net result of my visit to Budapest was to obtain the
definite promise from the Minister of Agriculture and the responsi-
ble officials of the Central Bureau of Statistics that they would
postpone their agricultural census from 1927 to 1930 and would
cooperate with the Institute to the fullest extent. I wish to add
that these officials were more than courteous to me--they were hos-
pitable and did all in their power to facilitate my mission. I
would regard the spirit of friendship and cooperation that was de-
veloped as a real asset to the Institute.

"It has rained every day for the last week. The rainfall
in June is said to have broken all records. The Danube has over-
flowed for nearly two months and many fields are innndated. The
har^yest is greatly interfered with and I judge that 50% of the
wheat is lodged (flattened by rain and wind). The officials esti-
mate that the loss to the wheat crop will amount to 5%. It will
be greater if the daily rains continue. Otherwise crop conditions
are excellent.

"I plan to return to Rome the last of this week or first of
next. This will give me an opportunity to confer with you, answer
correspondence, and submit my travel expense account, which I have

~~1933~~-b 2156

not had time to write up.

"With best regards, I am

"Very truly yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook.

"Hotel Imperial,

"Vienna, Austria,

"Dear Mother:

"14 July 1926.

"Your letter of June 22 was received at Budapest, and previous letters were received at other places. I appreciate them greatly because they have kept me informed of events at Sunny Hill. You are my best correspondent from the homeland, and if I do not answer promptly every one of your letters it is because I have not the time during these strenuous days, or because I am sending to you copies of letters as I write them to wife and children.

"My last letter to wifey was from Bucharest on July 4, and to the children from Budapest on July 7.

"Budapest is one of the most beautiful cities I have seen. The old original city of Buda is on one side of the Danube River and the newer city of Pest is on the other. Together they form one city, called Budapest, with the Danube flowing through the middle. It is a most satisfactory river, too. It is probably about 1000 feet broad in the city, flows so swiftly that it makes a rippling sound, and is near enough to the street level to be visible from points nearby. It is crossed by five or six beautiful bridges, some suspended and others on piers. The banks are neatly walled up with stone, and river boats painted white ply up and down at all hours. ^{Pest} Buda is built on high hills that come out as promontories, crowned with an ancient picturesque fort, the royal palace, several cathedrals, parks, and monuments. Along the waterfront

on the Buda side is the great parliament building that resembles the parliament building at London on the Thames, other public buildings, banks, churches, and great hotels. Between the hotels and the waterfront is a beautiful promenade, with shade trees, comfortable seats, and sidewalk restaurants, where all the fashion and beauty of Budapest promenade in the late afternoon and early evening. My hotel room with balcony faced the river and Pest on the other side, with mountains beyond. I had only to step to the balcony to enjoy the wonderful view either by day or by night.

" I met the Minister of Agriculture and all the principal statistical officials and they were exceedingly cordial and hospitable. The statistical directors really formed themselves into an entertainment committee, and after arranging satisfactorily the details of the census project, they arranged for a series of luncheons at restaurants and at their homes and for a series of sightseeing trips, all of which kept me busy from 7 o'clock each morning until after midnight.

"In addition to official conferences and luncheons, last Thursday we went to Marguerita's Island and ~~the~~^{to} the Agricultural Museum in a great park. Friday we visited the Parliament Building and the old Fortress. Saturday we made a trip of about ^{ninety} ~~fifty~~ miles northeast of Budapest to the 1000 acre farm of Baron Hatvan, saw magnificent fields of ripe wheat, oats, alfalfa, corn, sugar beets, a private plant breeding station under a German professor, the great sugar mill, more than 1000 fine dairy cows in modern concrete stables, regiments of fine draft horses, 2000 pigs, twenty tractors, threshing machines, etc., and hundreds of peasant men and women working in the harvest field in wheat higher than a man's head. We were ~~driven~~^{given} all over the estate in carriages from the stables. Had a fine luncheon with wines in the baronial mansion

with the Baron as our host. He is a highly cultured gentleman, speaking several languages with equal facility, and is very wealthy. One of his brothers is a celebrated author, another is an artist, etc.

"After the luncheon we returned part way by train to a great royal estate of more than 100,000 acres and inspected the great State Agricultural Experiment Stations. The directors of these stations were expecting us and carriages were waiting for us at the railway station. My carriage had four beautiful horses and a Hungarian driver dressed in gorgeous native livery. So this little Yankee made some show as he was driven through the village and attracted a good deal of attention. Among other things we saw about fifty acres planted to different varieties of potatoes, and a block of planted pine, spruce and cedar trees to test their relative merits ~~1~~ on a sandy soil that was washing badly. These trees are now about 25 years old and are growing beautifully. Then we inspected gardens, orchards, poultry and rabbits until I was tired, especially with having to listen to a steady volley of Hungarian that was fired at me by the enthusiastic men in charge.

"We got back to Budapest in the evening, had a nice supper at a restaurant with a Gypsy band, and then to another restaurant with a dancing floor and little tables among trees in the open where we had wine, ^{and} met ~~se~~ some of the relatives and friends of my party.

"Sunday we made an early trip by steamer up the Danube about forty miles and spent the day at the beautiful country home of one of the statisticians--who, I was later informed, was one of the forty distinguished men who were knighted at the last coronation. It seems that only forty are knighted at a coronation and no others can receive that honor until the next coronation. In the afternoon we visited Dr. Pakér, ^a who is a distinguished lawyer of Budapest, who has taken a prominent part in international affairs, who is wealthy,

and who amuses himself growing flowers, fruits, and prize chickens and pigs at his country home. Both he and his wife spoke English. I took supper with them and Colonel McLean, who is Scotch, ~~and~~ has served in India, and has many entertaining stories of army life to tell. He brought me back to Budapest in his automobile.

"Monday I visited the Ministry of Agriculture again, had a farewell luncheon with my statistical friends, and then was shown through the Royal Palace and the cathedral. The Royal Palace is a real palace such as one reads about and thinks about in his dreams. It is situated on top of a high hill on the right bank of the Danube, covers ^rseveral acres of ground, has great marble staircases as ~~a~~ broad as an ordinary house, lofty ceilings, inlaid floors and rich velvet carpets, its walls ~~are~~ hung with tapestries, paintings and mirrors, the ceilings ~~are~~ frescoed in bright colors, its beautiful chandeliers ~~are~~ of carved wood and gilded, its furniture ~~is~~ of hard woods, chairs and divans upholstered in red, green, or gold, and there are secret panels and passages, and numerous balconies overlooking the river and its ornamental bridges, the city of Buda, and in the dim distance the beginnings of the great Hungarian Plain, with blue mountains to the north. The great ball room is the finest thing of the kind I have seen, with inlaid polished floor, walls of richly carved soft gray marble, lofty arched ceiling with bright colored frescoes, great mirrors, on one side the bank for the royal family, on the other arched passages opening into a great hall set with tables for serving refreshments, and beyond another great hall with equipment for caring for the wraps of the guests. One could not help imagining what a brilliant scene must have been presented when these magnificent halls were full of beautiful women and fine gentlemen in court dress and military uniforms and decorations, and all was animation and movement.

and who manages himself growing flowers, fruit, and prize chickens and pigs at his country home. Both he and his wife spoke English. I took supper with them and Colonel Moberg, who is Scotch and has served in India, and has many entertaining stories of army life to tell. He brought me back to Budapest in his automobile.

"Monday I visited the Ministry of Agriculture again, had a farewell luncheon with my statistical friends, and then was shown through the Royal Palace and the cathedral. The Royal Palace is a real palace such as one reads about and thinks about in his dreams. It is situated on top of a high hill on the right bank of the Danube, covers several acres of ground, has great marble staircases as it broad as an ordinary house, lofty ceilings, inlaid floors and rich velvet carpets, the walls hung with tapestries, paintings and mirrors, the ceilings frescoed in bright colors, the beautiful chandeliers of carved wood and alabaster, the furniture of hard woods, chairs and divans upholstered in red, green, or gold, and there are secret panels and passages, and numerous balconies overlooking the river and the ornamental bridges, the city of Buda, and in the distance the beginnings of the great Hungarian Plain, with blue mountains to the north. The great ball room is the finest thing of the kind I have seen, with inlaid polished floor, walls of richly carved soft grey marble, lofty arched ceiling with bright colored frescoes, great mirrors, on one side the bank for the royal family, on the other arched passages opening into a great hall set with tables for serving refreshments, and beyond another great hall with equipment for eating for the wraps of the guests. One could not help imagining what a brilliant scene must have been presented when these magnificent halls were full of beautiful women and fine gentlemen in court dress and military uniforms and decorations, and all was animation and movement.

"That evening I took supper with Colonel McLean at his batchelor quarters with a Hungarian friend. This supper was a gem in its way. It was served in a large chamber with all lights off except four big candles in gold candlesticks that were grouped in the center of the table. These illuminated the table and the three faces about it and left all else in darkness. So the well trained servant in uniform would appear with a dish or a new bottle of wine for a moment and then vanish into the surrounding darkness as noiselessly and mysteriously as a disembodied spirit. Needless to say the food was delicious. After supper we adjourned to the sitting room, full of odd furniture and pictures, books, photographs, and bric-a-brac, and spent two or three hours very pleasantly. The Colonel has had a long and varied experience and for a Scotchman has a fine sense of humor. He is now retired from the army and heads a company for packing and shipping poultry for the London market.

"He gave me a very interesting account of the Bolshevik revolution which took place here a few years ago and lasted for a few months. It was fomented by Russian Jews and was serious while it lasted. It seems that the revolutionists had a habit of turning people out of their own houses ^{which they occupied} and occupying it themselves, of shooting people down on the streets just to see them squirm in death agony, of going out in parties in autotrucks to peaceful villages, hanging five or six of the leading citizens to trees in the streets to inspire the rest of the inhabitants with fear and cause them to furnish supplies of all sorts, such as food, money, maidens, and the like. How it all ended is too long a story to tell here.

"Yesterday morning early I left Budapest, rode all the forenoon through a beautiful country, and reached Vienna shortly after

~~1933--8~~ 2/6/1

noon. Took a long nap in the afternoon, had a good supper, and a walk in the well lighted streets in the evening.

"Today I began my round of visits to the various officials, and so far all goes well. Have not seen much of the city, but am impressed by its size--nearly 2,000,000, ~~but~~ by the width of its streets, which are generally wider than those of Washington and therefore quite exceptional, by the number of long narrow parks, and the fine displays of goods in the shop windows.

"It has rained some every day for ten days to my knowledge. Am told the rainfall in June is the record in more than 60 years. The Danube has been out of its banks for more than two months. Many fields are under water. More than half the wheat is flat on the ground and the peasants are trying to harvest it with hand sickles between rains. Because of the rains the country looks beautiful.

"Well, I must stop. I keep well, am succeeding with my work beyond my expectations, and am therefore in good spirits--but constantly thinking of home and looking forward to the time when I shall feel free to return and be with you all.

"I shall probably return to Rome the last of this week for a brief respite from continuous travel and interviews and get my bearings again. Love to all.

"Lee."

(1926, July, Vienna.

~~E-1934~~ 2462

Thursday, the 15th, was rainy and quite cool. I spent the forenoon at the Ministry of Agriculture discussing the details of the proposed agricultural census with various officials. I took a set of the 1925 Austrian census forms to the office of the commercial attache and his assistant translated them ^{orally} into English and I took his version down in shorthand. In this way I obtained an English version in less than half an hour that might have taken days to obtain by other methods.

After luncheon I had a long nap, and spent the rest of the day checking the Austrian census questionnaire against the standard form proposed by the Institute. Also I checked up my expense account and decided that Vienna was a most expensive place for a stranger, because I had spent \$20 in three days for modest meals and taxies between offices. After supper I took a stroll and witnessed a parade of athletic associations, men and women marching and singing, the sidewalks lined with spectators who did not disperse until about 11.30.

(Regina dei cuore, ~~July~~ 15, gray folder.

"Vienna, 15 July 1926.

"La mia carissima regina dei cuore:

"We'uns is doing fine. How's you all? Your lovely letter from Lake Como reached me at Budapest. It was such a nice letter and so characteristic of you that I could see your smiling face in every line. I am glad that the cloud has passed and that the sun is shining for you again, as the little fairy assured me it would.

"I think I wrote you last from Constantinople. Since then I have received from you two letters and one or two p postcards. To the first letter I drafted a reply in shorthand which I think you would have appreciated, but I have had no opportunity to transcribe it for your benefit and it is no longer timely, so it must rest like the innumerable thoughts that fail to find outward expression.

"I made the trip to Angora, the new capital of Turkey, and saw many interesting things. I wish I had time to describe to you the old hill town of Angora squeezed within high stone walls that are made up largely of fragments of Roman and Greek temples, parts of columns, capitals, pedestals, basreliefs, tablets with Greek and Roman legends, mutilated Assyrian lions; ~~with~~ streets less than two yards wide and dilapidated houses with still more dilapidated balconies and screens; wonderful views from the top of the nearby plain and the circle of rounded mountains; laborers and engineers working on the new government buildings, while literally thousands of lazy, dirty Mahommetans squat in the streets and side alleys, smoking or drinking muddy coffee, watching the proceedings with solemn, unmoved, malignant visages; ~~and~~ the women with their mother-hubbard, highly colored divided skirts or trousers, apron behind, and half veiled faces; and the storks that bring babies nesting on the top of every house, chimney, and archway.

"Then back through the barren hills to the beautiful Sea of

"Vienna, 12 July 1926."

"La mia cara signora Maria del cuore:

"We're in a hurry. How's your little letter?"

From Lake Como reached me at Budapest. It was such a nice letter and so characteristic of you that I could see your smiling face in every line. I am glad that the cloud has passed and that the sun is shining for you again, as the little fairy assured me it would. I think I wrote you last from Constantinople. Since then I have received from you two letters and one or two postcards. To the first letter I drafted a reply in shorthand which I think you would have appreciated, but I have had no opportunity to transcribe it for your benefit and it is no longer timely, so it must rest like the innumerable thoughts that fail to find outward expression.

"I made the trip to Angora, the new capital of Turkey, and saw many interesting things. I wish I had time to describe to you the old hill town of Angora squeezed within high stone walls that are made up largely of fragments of Roman and Greek temples, parts of columns, capitals, pedestals, bas-reliefs, tablets with Greek and Roman legends, mutilated Assyrian lions; with streets less than two yards wide and dilapidated houses with still more dilapidated balconies and screens; wonderful views from the top of the nearby plain and the circle of rounded mountains; laborers and engineers working on the new government buildings, while literally thousands of lazy, dirty Mohammedans squat in the streets and side alleys, smoking or drinking muddy coffee, watching the proceedings with solemn, unmoved, malignant visages; and the women with their mother-lapped, highly colored divided skirts or trousers, apron behind, and half veiled faces; and the stories that bring babies nesting on the top of every house, chimney, and archway.

"Then back through the barren hills to the beautiful sea of

Marmora, the Bosphorus, and Constantinople, where I had to wait three days for a boat. Then one bright afternoon by steamer through the beautiful waters of the Bosphorus, between high hills & on either side, green with grass and trees, and diversified with old fortresses, old towns, summer resorts and country estates, into the choppy Black Sea, where we soon lost sight of land. I will not attempt to describe how the little steamer tossed and jumped about like a Texas pony, or the unbearable odors that came from below, or the ghastly attempt of the passengers to concentrate their thoughts on other things. Most of them were down and out in less than an hour. Many of them remained on deck all night to escape the smells below. I ordered the steward to open the portholes of my cabin so as to let out some of the ancient, medieval and modern smells. The windows were hermetically sealed with paint and he had to use a cold chisel to open them.

"We landed at Constanza, the principal seaport of Roumania, in early morning of July 2, and proceeded immediately by rail to Bucharest. Except for many unheard of annoyances in connection with passports, sanitary certificates, police permits, baggage inspection, and restrictions on taking money out of the country--including letters of credit and travellers checks--my stay at Bucharest was pleasant. I confess I enjoyed seeing the beautiful, well formed, bare-legged Roumanian peasant women in native costume, and in hearing the wonderful violin music of the Gypsy orchestras.

"Then a night and day ride from Bucharest to Budapest in company with a Roumanian diplomat on his way to Paris. I spent a week in Budapest, which is one of the most beautiful cities I have seen, with the great swift-flowing Danube in the middle, ^{spanned} ~~crossed~~ by many artistic bridges, with high promontory hills crowned with old fortresses, the royal palace, and gothic cathedrals on the Pest side,

Harmon, the Bosporus, and Constantinople, where I had to wait three days for a boat. Then one bright afternoon by steamer through the beautiful waters of the Bosporus, between high hills on either side, green with grass and trees, and diversified with old fortresses, old towns, summer resorts and country estates, into the Bosphorus Black Sea, where we soon lost sight of land. I will not attempt to describe how the little steamer tossed and jumped about like a Texas pony, or the unbearable odors that came from below, or the ghastly attempt of the passengers to concentrate their thoughts on other things. Most of them were down and out in less than an hour. Many of them remained on deck all night to escape the smells below. I ordered the steward to open the portholes of my cabin so as to let out some of the ancient, medieval and modern smells. The windows were hermetically sealed with paint and he had to use a cold chisel to open them.

"We landed at Constantza, the principal seaport of Roumania, in early morning of July 5, and proceeded immediately by rail to Bucharest. Except for many unheeded of announcements in connection with passports, sanitary certificates, police permits, baggage inspection, and restrictions on taking money out of the country--including letters of credit and travellers checks--my stay at Bucharest was pleasant. I confess I enjoyed seeing the beautiful, well formed, bare-legged Roumanian peasant women in native costume, and in hearing the wonderful violin music of the Gypsy orchestras.

"Then a night and day ride from Bucharest to Budapest in company with a Roumanian diplomat on his way to Paris. I spent a week in Budapest, which is one of the most beautiful cities I have seen, with the great swift-flowing Danube in the middle, crossed by many artistic bridges, with high promontory hills crowned with old fortresses, the royal palace, and Gothic cathedrals on the Pest side.

and on the Buda side the great Parlaiment Building, which resembles Westminster, banks with ornamental facades, great hotels, and a tree-lined promenade alive with a constant stream of beautiful women and good looking men. My hotel window and balcony faced the great river, the city of Pest on the opposite shore, and the blue mountains beyond, so that all I had to do was to step to the balcony and see beautiful scenes by day or by night.

"The Minister of Agriculture and the statistical officials were more than courteous--they were cordial and hospitable--they formed an informal committee of entertainment and in addition to the finest cooperation in the census project they mapped out a program that kept me occupied all day and a goodly portion of the night. There were luncheons and suppers at restaurants, with Gypsy orchestras, inspection of parks and museums, the Parlaiment building, the Royal Palace, the old fortress, the cathedrals, a trip to the great estate of Baron Hatvan, where we saw the sugar factory, more than a thousand acres of magnificent crops, more than a thousand dairy cows, a regiment of fine draft horses, 1500^{or 2000} pigs, tractors and other modern farm machinery, a scientific laboratory and experimental plant breeding grounds, ^{and} had luncheon in the mansion with the ~~Baron~~ Baron--a wealthy, cultured, much traveled gentleman who speaks four languages with equal facility. On the return trip we stopp~~ed~~ at a royal estate of more than 100,000 acres to inspect the State experimental farms and forests. I was the guest of honor and was driven over the farms in a carriage drawn by four fine horses and a coachman dressed up in gorgeous native costume.

"The following day I spent at the beautiful country home of one of the statistical directors, a trip of two hours by boat up the Danube. Had supper at the country home of one of the leading lawyers of Hungary and was brought back in an automobile with a Scotch Colonel

and on the other side the great Parliament Building, which resembled
 Westminster, banks with ornamental facades, great hotels, and a tree-
 lined promenade alive with a constant stream of beautiful women and
 good looking men. My hotel window and balcony faced the great river,
 the city of Paris on the opposite shore, and the blue mountains beyond,
 so that all I had to do was to step to the balcony and see beautiful
 scenes by day or by night.

"The Minister of Agriculture and the statistical officials were
 more than courteous--they were cordial and hospitable--they formed
 an informal committee of entertainment and in addition to the finest
 cooperation in the census project they mapped out a program that kept
 me occupied all day and a goodly portion of the night. There were
 luncheons and suppers at restaurants, with Gypsy orchestras, imple-
 tion of parks and museums, the Parliament building, the Royal Palace,
 the old fortress, the cathedrals, a trip to the great estate of
 Baron Huetan, where we saw the sugar factory, more than a thousand
 acres of magnificent crops, more than a thousand dairy cows, a regi-
 ment of fine draft horses, 1500 pigs, tractors and other modern farm
 machinery, a scientific laboratory and experimental plant breeding
 grounds. Had luncheon in the mansion with the Baron--a wealthy,
 cultured, much traveled gentleman who speaks four languages with equal
 facility. On the return trip we stopped at a royal estate of more
 than 100,000 acres to inspect the state experimental farms and forests.
 I was the guest of honor and was driven over the farms in a carriage
 drawn by four fine horses and a coachman dressed up in gorgeous native
 costume.

"The following day I spent at the beautiful country home of one
 of the statistical directors, a trip of two hours by boat up the
 Seine. Had supper at the country home of one of the leading lawyers
 of Paris and was brought back in an automobile with a French Colonel

along the bank of the Danube, passing on the way the ruins of an old Roman amphitheater and an aqueduct. I shall always remember my stay in Budapest and the friends I made there with pleasure.

"Day before yesterday I came to Vienna, a great modern city with wide, well paved, clean streets, beautiful parks, ornamental buildings, and artistic displays of wares in the shop windows--a city full of life and animation. Here I have begun my usual program of conferences with officials of the government 'Die Hochwolgebornen Herren,' sightseeing, photographing, and writing.

"Best of all is the country between the cities, lush and green, and bedecked with a wonderful variety of wild flowers, broad expanses of ripe golden wheat, with picturesque peasant men and women harvesting, herds of cattle and flocks of sheep tended by shepherds, oxen and buffalo yoked to curious looking wagons, people waiting at the stations to see the train go by, and so on indefinitely, a succession of interesting pictures of life and countries wholly different from ours.

"Just one little picture: A broad, flat, green meadow, with a little bare-headed, bare-footed girl wearing a bright dress, driving a flock of white geese marching in column formation in real German goose-step fashion, their heads held high, necks outstretched, mouths open, bodies waddling, and obviously protesting against the indignity of being forced to move faster than their accustomed pace.

"So I could write on and on about the interesting, amusing, beautiful things I see from day to day, but letters and the patience of readers have their limits, so I must stop, stop, stop.

"Tutti va bene with the census project. The administrative officials of every government I have so far visited promise full cooperation and in every case they have been willing to modify their own plans to conform to the program of the Institute.

~~1934~~ 2167

"I have decided to break my trip when I shall have finished here and return to Rome for about a week. I wish I knew just where you are so that ~~as~~ possibly I might arrange to stop off for a day and look again into your smiling face and make amends for going right through Florence without seeing you.

"And now, la mia carissima, please send me a violet letter about once in so often, or a postcard, so that I may know that the promise of the little fairy that all would be well with you until we meet again is true.

"I wish I might close my letters to you as I do those to members of my family, 'With love.'

"Sincerely,

"Leon M. Estabrook."

(1926, July, Vienna.

E--1935.

Friday, the 16th, cool with occasional showers. I first went to the consulate and asked the obliging clerk to telephone the Russian embassy and ascertain whether a permit for me to enter Russia had been received. After many futile attempts the clerk finally got a reply that the matter would be looked up. At the Ministry of Agriculture I conferred with a committee and for more than an hour discussed with them the details of the problems involved in the proposed census.

The hotel porter reported that all sleeping car accommodations to Rome were engaged for six weeks in advance, but thought he might be able to find a cancellation for me. I gave him a tip and said "Think twice about it, and have the ticket ready for me," because I knew as well as he did that he was lying. A second call at the consulate and I was told that the Russian embassy reported no trace of any permit for me and had suggested that it had gone to Rome, and saying that if I would call at the embassy and pay the charges someone would telephone to Rome about the permit. I drove at once to the embassy, only to be told that they did no business after 12 m. I decided to wait until I reached Rome and follow up the matter myself. I had already decided to break my trip, run down to Rome and clean up accumulated correspondence.

Upon my return to the hotel the porter informed me that he had succeeded in getting second class sleeper accommodations to Rome for me the following night. I spent the rest of the afternoon writing correspondence and my notes. In the late afternoon I was told over the telephone that Mr. Haas, our agricultural commissioner, was waiting in the lobby for me. I went down at once and found with Mr. Haas a Mr. ~~Steck~~^{Stevens Street}, a young man from the Bureau in Washington. Mr. Haas said that Dr. Schoenfeld, ^{our} Commis-

Friday, the 16th, cool with occasional showers. I first went to the consulate and asked the obliging clerk to telephone the Russian embassy and ascertain whether a permit for me to enter Russia had been received. After many futile attempts the clerk finally got a reply that the matter would be looked up. At the Ministry of Agriculture I conferred with a committee and for more than an hour discussed with them the details of the problems involved in the proposed census. The hotel porter reported that all sleeping car accommodations to Rome were engaged for six weeks in advance, but thought he might be able to find a cancellation for me. I gave him a tip and said "Think twice about it, and have the ticket ready for me," because I knew as well as he did that he was lying. A second call at the consulate and I was told that the Russian embassy reported no trace of any permit for me and had suggested that it had gone to Rome, and saying that if I would call at the embassy and pay the charges someone would telephone to Rome about the permit. I drove at once to the embassy, only to be told that they did no business after 12 m. I decided to wait until I reached Rome and follow up the matter myself. I had already decided to break my trip, run down to Rome and clean up accumulated correspondence. Upon my return to the hotel the porter informed me that he had succeeded in getting second class sleeper accommodations to Rome for me the following night. I spent the rest of the afternoon writing correspondence and my notes. In the late afternoon I was told over the telephone that Mr. Haas, our agricultural commissioner, was waiting in the lobby for me. I went down at once and found with Mr. Haas a Mr. Stenzel, a young man from the Bureau in Washington. Mr. Haas said that Dr. Schoenfeld, Commissioner in Washington, was waiting in the lobby for me. I went down

(1926, July, Vienna.

E--1936.

sioner at Berlin, was leaving for the United States and having trouble in getting steamer passage, the space on all transatlantic steamers being booked up for months in advance. Mr. ^{Street}~~Steer~~ had left Washington in June, was a short time in France, spent three weeks in Rome, and then went to Belgrade and back to Vienna. Together we walked several blocks to an old restaurant, said to have been in continuous use as a restaurant for more than six hundred years, where we had the finest beer I have ever seen or tasted. It was golden amber in color with snowy white foam on top, full of little bubbles, icy cold, and served in enormous thin glass goblets the bowl of which was larger than a grapefruit.

Returning to the hotel I wrote up my notes for the day. At 9 p.m. I was joined by Messrs. Haas and ^{Street}~~Steer~~ and together we went to a restaurant on another street where we had an excellent supper. for about half the price the same meal would have cost at the Imperial Hotel. We sat smoking and talking until nearly midnight.

Saturday, the 17th. At the consulate one of the clerks said that I should have a new visee for Italy, the former one having expired. However, the Italian consul assured me that no additional visee was necessary because my passport~~s~~ bearing the original visee was still in force. On the way back to the hotel I bought some Italian money. At the hotel I was met by Mr. Haas' clerk who accompanied me to the art gallery where I spent an hour or more. It was a large building and contained the finest collection of paintings I had ever seen, all grouped by names of artists and schools. The antiques were like all others of their kind. There was an interesting collection of clocks, glass ware, jewels, and of arms and accoutrements of the days when knighthood was in flower.

I had luncheon with Mr. Haas and Mr. Street. Mr. Street said

I had luncheon with Mr. Haas and Mr. Street. Mr. Street said
was an interesting collection of clocks, glassware, jewels, and
and schools. The antiques were like all others of their kind. There
tion of paintings I had ever seen, all grouped by names of artists
ormore. It was a large building and contained the finest collec-
clerk who accompanied me to the art gallery where I spent an hour
I bought some Italian money. At the hotel I was met by Mr. Haas.
original visas was still in force. On the way back to the hotel
additional visas was necessary because my passport bearing the
having expired. However, the Italian consul assured me that no
said that I should have a new visas for Italy, the former one
Saturday, the 17th. At the consulate one of the clerks
midnight.

at the Imperial Hotel. We sat smoking and talking until nearly
supper. For about half the price the same meal would have cost
went to a restaurant on another street where we had an excellent
9 p.m. I was joined by Messrs. Haas and ~~Street~~ and together we
Returning to the hotel I wrote up my notes for the day. At
goblets the bowl of which was larger than a grapefruit.
of little bubbles, icy cold, and served in enormous thin glass
It was golden amber in color with snowy white foam on top, full
dred years, where we had the finest beer I have ever seen or tasted
have been in continuous use as a restaurant for more than six hun-
gether we walked several blocks to an old restaurant, said to

weeks in Rome, and then went to Belgrade and back to Vienna. To-
left Washington in June, was a short time in France, spent three
the steamers being booked up for months in advance. Mr. Street had
trouble in getting steamer passage, the space on all transatlan-
sioner at Berlin, was leaving for the United States and having

(1926, July, Vienna.

E-1926.

(1926, July, Vienna.

E--1937.

he was partly on vacation and partly on official business. I suspected he was wholly on vacation, but had induced the Bureau to give him a nominal assignment so as to have an official status and entree to public offices while in Europe. He was young and inexperienced and was thoroughly enjoying himself. ^PHe related with much bravado ^{how} ~~who~~ he had the distinction of being victimized by a hoary old confidence game; how he had met a benevolent old gentleman who said he had been entrusted with a large fortune to distribute among deserving young men in different countries; how the old gentleman expressed a wish to meet a deserving young man to distribute the fund allotted to each country and his belief that Mr. Street was ^{just} ~~just~~ the young man he was looking for to distribute the allotment for the United States; but before entrusting the fund to him he must be assured that he was worthy of trust and confidence, because appearances and first impressions were sometimes deceitful; in fact, it was necessary that there should be the utmost mutual confidence and trust in each other; but he was favorably impressed, and to discuss the details of the scheme more thoroughly so that everything would be well understood they went into a restaurant, it being understood that each should bring with him all the money he had, as evidence of trust and confidence. In the restaurant they were joined by another young man, likewise a candidate for the distribution of the trust fund in his own country. The three sat down together. They had a nice luncheon ~~together~~ and over a bottle of wine the old Santa ^Claus discoursed on brotherly love and mutual trust and confidence as a basis for the new heaven on earth. Both the young men assented eagerly to this noble sentiment. Then the old gentleman said that everything seemed propitious and he was glad at heart, ~~but~~ that he had confidence in them, but that was not enough; they must demonstrate

(1926, July, Vienna.

E-1237.

he was partly on vacation and partly on official business. I was-
pected he was wholly on vacation, but had induced the Bureau to
give him a nominal assignment so as to have an official status
and entree to public offices while in Europe. He was young and
inexperienced and was thoroughly enjoying himself. He related with
much bravado ^{how} he had the distinction of being victimized by
a hoary old confidence game; how he had met a benevolent old gen-
tleman who said he had been entrusted with a large fortune to
distribute among deserving young men in different countries; how
the old gentleman expressed a wish to meet a deserving young man
to distribute the fund allotted to each country and his belief
that Mr. Street was ^{just} the young man he was looking for to dis-
tribute the allotment for the United States; but before entrust-
ing the fund to him he must be assured that he was worthy of
trust and confidence, because appearances and first impressions
were sometimes deceitful; in fact, it was necessary that there
should be the utmost mutual confidence and trust in each other;
but he was favorably impressed, and to discuss the details of the
scheme more thoroughly so that everything would be well understood
they went into a restaurant, it being understood that each should
bring with him all the money he had as evidence of trust and con-
fidence. In the restaurant they were joined by another young man,
likewise a candidate for the distribution of the trust fund in
his own country. The three sat down together. They had a nice lun-
cheon ~~together~~ and over a bottle of wine the old Santa Claus dis-
cussed on brotherly love and mutual trust and confidence as a pa-
sis for the new heaven on earth. Both the young men assented eager-
ly to this noble sentiment. Then the old gentleman said that every-
thing seemed propitious and he was glad at heart, ~~but~~ that he had
confidence in them, but that was not enough; they must demonstrate

(1926, July, Vienna.

E--1938.

their confidence and trust in him, and therefore he proposed a simple test, and if it proved successfull, as he knew beforehand that it would, he was prepared to turn over to them the respective allotments for their countries. The test was that each should hand him his watch and all the money he had and remain seated at the table while he went out and walked around the square. ^PTurning to the other young man the old gentleman, with a twinkle in his eye, announced that he should have the privilege of being the first to show his confidence. The young man immediately handed him his watch, his purse, and a roll of bills. The old gentleman slipped them into his pocket, said au revoir, and departed. In about five minutes the old gentleman returned, smiling, and said, "Ah, my young friends, I see you are still here. It is well." Then he returned the money and watch to the other young man, together with a satchel which he said contained the allotment for his country. "Now," he said, "it is the privilege of our young American friend to demonstrate in the same way his confidence in me." Mr. Street, anxious to show his complete confidence, promptly handed over his watch, his ring, his purse, and his book of traveller's checks. The old gentleman smiled benevolently and said, "Bless you, my brother." He then arose and said, "Now I will walk around the square. Your young ~~fix~~ friend may go with me. While we are out you may order coffee for three." As the pair reached the door, the old gentleman turned and with a benevolent look and a reassuring smile said, "Au revoir, my friend; remember, we may not return," and then disappeared. ^PMr. Street ordered coffee for three. At the end of five minutes he began to expect the return of his good friends. At the end of ten minutes he was watching the door. At the end of fifteen minutes he began to get uneasy. At the end of half an hour he was thoroughly alarmed. The bill for their en-

of half an hour he was thoroughly alarmed. The bill for their en-
good friends. At the end of ten minutes he was watching the door.
At the end of fifteen minutes he began to get uneasy. At the end
At the end of five minutes he began to expect the return of his
turn," and then disappeared. Mr. Street ordered coffee for three.
ing smile said, "A revolver, my friend; remember, we may not re-
the old gentleman turned and with a benevolent look and a reassur-
you may order coffee for three." As the pair reached the door,
square. Your young friend may go with me. While we are out
brother." He then arose and said, "Now I will walk around the
The old gentleman smiled benevolently and said, "Bless you, my
his watch, his ring, his purse, and his book of traveller's checks.
anxious to show his complete confidence, promptly handed over
to demonstrate in the same way his confidence in me." Mr. Street,
"Now," he said, "it is the privilege of our young American friend
a satchel which he said contained the allotment for his country.
returned the money and watch to the other young man, together with
my young friends, I see you are still here. It is well." Then he
five minutes the old gentleman returned, smiling, and said, "Ah,
them into his pocket, said a revolver, and departed. In about
watch, his purse, and a roll of bills. The old gentleman slipped
to show his confidence. The young man immediately handed him his
eye, announced that he should have the privilege of being the first
ing to the other young man the old gentleman, with a twinkle in his
at the table while he went out and walked around the square. Turn-
hand him his watch and all the money he had and remain seated
allotments for their countries. The test was that each should
that it would, he was prepared to turn over to them the respective
simple test, and it proved successful, as he knew beforehand
their confidence and trust in him, and therefore he proposed a

(1926, July, Vienna.

N--1939.

ertainment was presented and he had not a cent of money with which to pay it. The proprietor was sent for, who immediately telephoned to police headquarters, and when a special agent appeared and heard the story he at once said the benevolent Santa Clause and his confederate were notorious crooks that the police of all Europe were looking for. Mr. Street was destitute and had to appeal to the American Consul for help until he could cable home for funds. The astonishing thing about this youth to me was his apparent pride in his exploit, his "experience," as if the fact that he had been victimized by notorious crooks was a real distinction.

After leaving my companions I walked down the broad avenue past the national art gallery, the museum, the state house, the great cathedral, and through the park, and took a number of snapshot photographs. On the way back to the hotel I stopped at a sidewalk restaurant and had a glass of beer. Then to my room for a nap, after which I brought my expense account up to date.

In the evening I had a nice supper with Messrs. Haas and Street. After supper I ~~settled~~ settled my account at the hotel and was transferred to the railway station. I found that I had a lower berth in the compartment--result of the tip I had given the porter. My travelling companion in the little compartment was a big fat man who had to climb to the upper berth.

Sunday, July 18. I woke up at 5.30 a.m. Quarters were too restricted for shaving. At 6.40 the train stopped at Gurnutz in a beautiful valley with a small swift flowing stream and mountains on both sides. Crops were excellent, clover knee high, oats headed out, and occasional forests of spruce, pine, and beech. The apple orchards were in excellent condition and there were many fine dairy cows. Garden peas were five feet high. Some harvested

(1926, July, Vienna.

W-1939.

tertainment was presented and he had not a cent of money with which to pay it. The proprietor was sent for, who immediately telephoned to police headquarters, and when a special agent appeared and heard the story he at once said the benevolent Santa Claus and his confederate were notorious crooks that the police of all Europe were looking for. Mr. Street was destitute and had to appeal to the American Consul for help until he could cable home for funds. The astonishing thing about this youth to me was his apparent pride in his exploit, his "experience," as if the fact that he had been victimized by notorious crooks was a real distinction.

After leaving my companions I walked down the broad avenue past the national art gallery, the museum, the state house, the great cathedral, and through the park, and took a number of snapshots. On the way back to the hotel I stopped at a sidewalk restaurant and had a glass of beer. Then to my room for a nap, after which I brought my expense account up to date. In the evening I had a nice supper with Messrs. Haas and Street. After supper I settled my account at the hotel and was transferred to the railway station. I found that I had a lower berth in the compartment--result of the tip I had given the porter. My traveling companion in the little compartment was a big fat man who had to climb to the upper berth.

Sunday, July 18. I woke up at 5.30 a.m. Quarters were too restricted for shaving. At 6.40 the train stopped at Garmisch in a beautiful valley with a small swift flowing stream and mountains on both sides. Crops were excellent, clover knee high, oats headed out, and occasional forests of spruce, pine, and beech. The apple orchards were in excellent condition and there were many fine dairy cows. Garden peas were five feet high. Some harvested

(1926, July, Vienna-Rome.

E--1940

grain was shocked about little poles higher than a man's head. The roads were good and the country looked like a garden, trim and neat. At a small station were lumberyards and cars loaded with lumber. At 7 a.m. we reached Arnoldstein and customs officers came through the train and were very courteous. At 7.40 the train stopped at the first Italian station, Tarnissio-Centrale, in the heart of the mountains. In the distance could be seen mountain peaks rising high up into the sky and clouds. It was a beautiful region, like a great park, with green grass and trees everywhere and a rushing torrent below ^{and} with an occasional waterfall. For several hours we followed this rushing torrent between mountains and forests and garden-like fields, with villages close together, each with its church steeple, lumberyard, and evidences of dairying. Horsebeans were common, as well as the practice of shocking grain about little poles. Pine and spruce predominated in the forests.

At 11 a.m. we came down a narrow valley between the mountains, following a crystal clear, sky blue stream, to where the valley broadened out and the characteristic Italian agriculture, vineyards, and olive orchards, began. It is a limestone region and many lime kilns were to be seen. Then for two hours we traveled through a flat plain country of vineyards and maize, with mountains always in sight to the west and south. I had a satisfactory luncheon and we arrived at the Venice railway station at 2.30 p.m. As we left this station and proceeded it became excessively hot, which we felt all the more in contrast with the cool temperature of the mountains. We reached Bologna at 7 p.m. and could see large railroad yards, a great cathedral, high hills to one side, and a narrow winding stream meandering through a broad river bed. Then for several hours the train followed the stream

grain was shocked about little poles higher than a man's head. The roads were good and the country looked like a garden, trim and neat. At a small station were lumberyards and cars loaded with lumber. At 7 a.m. we reached Arnoldstein and customs officers came through the train and were very courteous. At 7.40 the train stopped at the first Italian station, Tarnobrzeg-Gentile, in the heart of the mountains. In the distance could be seen mountain peaks rising high up into the sky and clouds. It was a beautiful region, like a great park, with green grass and trees everywhere and a rushing torrent below with an occasional waterfall. For several hours we followed this rushing torrent between mountains and forests and garden-like fields, with villages close together, each with its church steeples, lumberyard, and evidence of dairying. Horsebeans were common, as well as the practice of shocking grain about little poles. Pine and spruce predominated in the forests.

At 11 a.m. we came down a narrow valley between the mountains, following a crystal clear, sky blue stream, to where the valley broadened out and the characteristic Italian agriculture, vineyards, and olive orchards, began. It is a limestone region and many lime kilns were to be seen. Then for two hours we traveled through a flat plain country of vineyards and maize, with mountains always in sight to the west and south. I had a satisfactory luncheon and we arrived at the Venice railway station at 2.30 p.m. As we left this station and proceeded it became excessively hot, which we felt all the more in contrast with the cool temperature of the mountains. We reached Bologna at 7 p.m. and could see large railroad yards, a great cathedral, high hills to one side, and a narrow winding stream meandering through a broad river bed. Then for several hours the train followed the stream

(1926, July, Italy.

E--1941.

between high hills and passed through a number of tunnels. A number of picturesque bridges could be seen, but the light was insufficient for taking pictures. During the afternoon it was difficult to take snapshots from the moving train because of the ~~lines of trees~~^e along the line of the railway.

Had supper between 8 and 9 p.m. It was still excessively hot and the dust made it necessary to keep the windows closed. It was a rather unpleasant day because of the heat and the crowded condition of the train.

July 19. I woke up in the early morning amid scenes that became more and more familiar as we approached Rome, where we arrived shortly after 8 a.m. Here I felt very much at home. I went to the old Minerva Hotel near the Pantheon, then to the office, and was busy all day meeting officials and acquaintances, and opening an accumulation of mail.

The 20th was clear and hot. At 11 a.m. I called at the Soviet consulate to inquire about the permit to enter Russia. The Consul, as before, was very courteous and said that he had forwarded my application but had received no reply. At my request and expense he said he would telegraph the authorities at Moscow to send the permit to Rome if it could be done immediately; otherwise to forward it to the Soviet Consul at Warsaw. At the office I found Mr. Hodgson, librarian, waiting for me and for an hour or more he told me his troubles. His little wife was still typewriting something in the next room, so I invited them both to take luncheon with me. Made up my expense account and forwarded it to the Department of Agriculture for settlement. Also sent a report to the secretary general and letters home. I left early and had a haircut. At the American Express I engaged transportation to Prague. Had a disappointing supper at the hotel.

(Dragoni, and wife, July 20,, gray folder.

(1926, July, Italy.

E-1941.

between high hills and passed through a number of tunnels. A number of picturesque bridges could be seen, but the light was insufficient for taking pictures. During the afternoon it was difficult to take snapshots from the moving train because of the lines of trees along the line of the railway. Had supper between 8 and 9 p.m. It was still excessively hot and the dust made it necessary to keep the windows closed. It was a rather unpleasant day because of the heat and the crowded condition of the train.

July 19. I woke up in the early morning amid scenes that became more and more familiar as we approached Rome, where we arrived shortly after 8 a.m. Here I felt very much at home. I went to the old Minerva Hotel near the Pantheon, then to the office, and was busy all day meeting officials and acquaintances, and opening an accumulation of mail. The 20th was clear and hot. At 11 a.m. I called at the Soviet consulate to inquire about the permit to enter Russia. The Consul, as before, was very courteous and said that he had forwarded my application but had received no reply. At my request and expense he said he would telegraph the authorities at Moscow to send the permit to Rome if it could be done immediately; otherwise to forward it to the Soviet Consul at Warsaw. At the office I found Mr. Hodgson, librarian, waiting for me and for an hour or more he told me his troubles. His little wife was still type-writing something in the next room, so I invited them both to take luncheon with me. Made up my expense account and forwarded it to the Department of Agriculture for settlement. Also sent a report to the secretary General and letters home. I left early and had a haircut. At the American Express I engaged transportation to Prague. Had a disappointing supper at the hotel. (Dragon, and wife, July 20, Gray folder.

Extract from report #6 of July 15, 1926, to

Secretary General Dragoni:

"Dear Dr. Dragoni:

"I wrote from Vienna on July 15th, giving an account of my visit to Budapest.

x x x x x

"Saturday, July 18. x x x x I left Vienna in the afternoon for Rome, where I arrived the morning of July ²⁰~~19~~.

"Results to date:- The Ministers of Agriculture and Chiefs of Statistical Bureaus of Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Greece, Turkey, Roumania, Hungary, and Austria, and many other bureau chiefs, have promised full cooperation with the Institute in the World Agricultural Census of 1930; that they will prepare a census schedule adapted to their needs in accordance with the program submitted by the Institute; and that they will include an item in the Budget to provide the necessary funds for taking the census; also, that they will keep the Institute advised of progress made, and write to the Institute regarding any special difficulties that may be encountered.

"Also the organization, work, and value of the Institute has been brought to their attention in a way that is not possible by correspondence.

"Considerable information has been gathered concerning the organization of the Ministries of Agriculture and the Statistical Bureaus of those countries.

"As time is pressing, I shall plan to leave Rome on Friday afternoon, July 23, in order to be in Prague on Monday morning, July 26."

x x x x

"Very truly yours, " etc.

~~1941~~ 2176

"Rome, 2¹/₀ July, 1926.

"Dear Mommie:

"Your lovely letter of July 4 was waiting for me here when I arrived at Rome yesterday morning. This, together with the letter from Otis, the one from Mother, and one from Sister Nellie, with the familiar sights of Rome, my office in the little Casetta, and the friendly faces at the Institute, all made it seem almost like a home-coming--the home-coming that is always more or less in my thoughts as the one thing I am looking forward to more than anything else in the world.

"The little photographs you inclose simply intensify my desire to get back to Sunny Hill with you and the children, and the Winworth folks, and Rosie, Barney and Maud, and the Pajaros, and my trees and flowers, and to see ~~gaf~~ again the mountains and the Valley that belong to Sunny Hill. Thank you also for the newspaper clippings.

"I am returning the bank statement, and think you have done wonderfully well not to have drawn on it more heavily. It makes me ashamed of myself when I think of how much I spend for cigars and incidentals. I am today asking the American Express Company here to transfer Five Hundred Dollars to the Washington account. Please let me know whenever your balance falls below one thousand dollars. My feeling is that we are fairly independent, and it is not necessary to be so economical as formerly. Educate the children, and then let them fend for themselves as we had to do in the years gone by. Let us gratify our desires in moderation, within the limits of our income, and let us hope that we may not reach the point where we can not get a reasonable amount of satisfaction out of life because of the habit of economizing in our youth. So, dear, do not deny yourself or the children things that will really contribute to your happiness.

"I have a circular from the American Consul saying that under a recent decision of the Comptroller Federal employes in foreign countries are not required to pay any income tax, and that claims for the refund of taxes already paid can be presented. I shall make application immediately to be permitted to present a claim as soon as I return to Washington and can look through the old accounts.

"I wrote to Mother when I arrived in Vienna last week and sent you a copy. Most of my time in Vienna was taken up with official interviews and in chasing around from one Consulate to another, but incidentally I saw something of the business section of the city.

"Last Saturday afternoon was free, and I inspected the art gallery and took a long walk through the parks and grounds of the Royal Palace, the Parlaiment House, the cathedrals, and took a number of photographs. The old part of Vienna has narrow streets and large, substantial, old buildings. The most attractive part of the city is the Ringstrasse, which is a boulevard wider than Pennsylvania Avenue, with three roads for vehicles, two broad walks for pedestrians, four rows of shade trees, and broad sidewalks. The Ringstrasse is built in a large circle, and along it are the public buildings, parks, theaters, monuments, great hotels, and business establishments.

"The public buildings are unusually large, much larger than ours, and the churches are Gothic, that is, with large, tall steeples and numerous pinnacles. The art collection of the museum is the finest I have ever seen, and the pictures are grouped by painters and schools, so that one can see a roomful of paintings by Italian, French, Dutch, or Spanish masters. The parlaiment House and the churches are so high that I had to stand a long way off to get them in my little camera.

"I left Vienna Saturday evening for Rome, where I arrived Monday morning. The daylight ride I had through the Alps of south Austria and north Italy was most enjoyable. For ten hours or more the train threaded its way slowly between great mountains that tower up into the clouds, in narrow valleys, always with crystal-clear streams rushing over clean white pebbles and boulders at the bottom. Most of the mountains were covered with a heavy growth of beautiful trees--pines, spruces, hemlocks, and clean, smooth beeches; and every foot of ground in the valleys is either cultivated or in lush grass and clover. Little villages are sprinkled all along, with neat little houses, and trim little churches with steeples, and at nearly every village was a lumber yard. The wagon road that runs through the valley is hard and smooth and makes one long to drive over it in an automobile. The whole country looks like a series of great parks and gardens.

"In the afternoon the valley broadened out, we left behind two more mountains between which the river flowed, and passed out into a flat plain with the mixed cultivation of the Italians--rows of trees from which grapevines hung in beautiful festoons, with strips of maize, oats, alfalfa, beans, potatoes, sugar beets, hemp, or vegetables between the tree rows. We reached Venice during the afternoon, where some changes were made in the train, but could not see anything from the railway station. The rest of the afternoon we were travelling over the flat, level valley of the Po, also cultivated like a garden, past little Italian towns and cities, to Bologna, which seems to be a large railway center, and on to Florence about 10 o'clock in the evening.

"I woke up about 5 o'clock Monday morning, within 60 miles of Rome, and a familiar landscape. Everything looked very attractive as the sun rose above the mountains and was reflected from the dew-

drops that glittered on every leaf, twig, and blade of grass. One could trace the course of the Tiber by the veil of mist that hung over it.

"I reached Rome in time to have a bath and get into some clean clothes before breakfast. I went to the Minerva Hotel, which was the first one I stopped at in Q 1920, and again last year. This time I have a very comfortable room. I like the hotel because it is quiet, has an open square in front, and morning and evening I can see the old mysterious Pantheon, the little elephant bearing on his back an Egyptian obelisk, a fountain, and many old buildings, all of which helps to remind me that I am living in Rome, one-time Mistress of the World.

"Well, dearie, just remember that each passing month we are that much nearer together, and that, with the swift passage of time, our separation will end.

"I am ^{much} greatly pleased with your report of the progress of the children have made at school. I greatly enjoyed the photographs you sent, because they mean so much to me. I am not sending photographs to you, because I take so many and think it will be better to send or bring a book in which they are systematically and permanently arranged. I had some passport photographs taken in Bucharest and ordered twelve, but was in such a tremendous hurry to get the passport completed in time to catch the train that I took only four, while they were still wet, for use with the passport. The messenger from the Consulate promised to get and to forward the other eight copies. If they come I will send you one.

"I am well and my work so far has been very satisfactory. I expect to leave Rome next Friday afternoon for Prague, which will throw my schedule behind about ten days. So if you want to know where I am at any time, just add ten days to each of the dates in the itiner-

ary I sent you.

"I hope Miss Queenie is behaving properly and that by this time you know her idiosyncracies well enough to drive with some degree of confidence. I presume you have a copy of the traffic regulations, and I believe it would be well to have Otis study them. He ought to know the regulations now as a Boy Scout, and one of these days he will be old enough to drive the machine and get a license of his own. When that time comes he can be the family chauffeur.

"Much love and kisses for all, and may we all meet again in the not distant future.

"Daddy."

(1926, July, Rome.

E--1942.

2150

The 21st was very hot. I dictated a number of letters, including notices to the heads of departments that I expected to visit in the near future. Then I made calls at various offices in the Institute. In the afternoon I began pasting photographs, of which I had a considerable number, in loose leaf folders. I regreted that some of the pictures I took in Bucharest were lost with the camera. I left the office at 6 p.m. and stopped at Rosati's in the Piazza del Popolo and had a glass of beer. I stopped in several clothing stores and tried to buy some union suits of underwear but was assured that they were unknown in Rome.

After playing some phonograph records at the hotel I repaired to the Ristorante Ulpia and had a most satisfactory supper with wine, liquers, and smokes. Among the guests were a number of American tourists. Near me was a young, blase German with infantile mustache waxed at the ends, and two American ladies. They discussed marriage and sexual relations quite freely and audibly. At another table was a party of six Americans, consisting of three pale, weak, mediocre looking girls and ^{one} ~~three~~ even weaker and more mediocre looking young ~~men~~ man, and two robust young men who were drinking heavily and saying nothing. At a third table was a middle aged couple ^{and} ~~a~~ a son of about twenty, all well dressed and quiet. There were, of course, many other couples of different nationalities. Frankly, I was ashamed of some of my compatriots because of their awkwardness and loud and foolish behavior. The Ulpia was very quiet because in the summer months there is no orchestra, and at 10.30 the electric lights winked out as a signal for the patrons to leave. Kerosene lamps were lit and the old place had a wierd look. ^{PP} I walked back to my hotel in the moonlight. Rome is best seen by moonlight, especially the forums, the Colⁱse^o, and the magnificent Pantheon. At that hour the ~~stars~~

(1926, July, Rome.

The list was very hot. I dictated a number of letters, including notices to the heads of departments that I expected to visit in the near future. Then I made calls at various offices in the Institute. In the afternoon I began pasting photographs, of which I had a considerable number, in loose leaf folders. I regretted that some of the pictures I took in Bucharest were lost with the camera. I left the office at 6 p.m. and stopped at Rosati's in the Piazza del Popolo and had a glass of beer. I stopped in several clothing stores and tried to buy some union suits of underwear but was assured that they were unknown in Rome.

After playing some phonograph records at the hotel I repaired to the Ristorante Ulpia and had a most satisfactory supper with wine, liquors, and smokes. Among the guests were a number of American tourists. Near me was a young, blonde German with infantile moustache waxed at the ends, and two American ladies. They discussed marriage and sexual relations quite freely and audibly. At another table was a party of six Americans, consisting of three pale, weak, mediocre looking girls and ^{one} ~~three~~ even weaker and more mediocre looking young men, and two robust young men who were drinking heavily and saying nothing. At a third table was a middle aged couple ^{and} a son of about twenty, all well dressed and quiet. There were, of course, many other couples of different nationalities. Frankly, I was ashamed of some of my compatriots because of their awkwardness and loud and foolish behavior. The Ulpia was very quiet because in the summer months there is no orchestra, and at 10.30 the electric lights winked out as a signal for the patrons to leave. Kerosene lamps were lit and the old place had a weird look. I walked back to my hotel in the moonlight. Rome is best seen by moonlight, especially the Forum, the Colosseum, and the magnificent Pantheon. At that hour the

(1926, July, Rome.

E--1943.

shops were closed and dark, the streets nearly deserted, and all was quiet and only the immortal spirit of old Rome wandered about. In no other place in the world have I ^{had} ~~felt~~ the feeling that I was in my ancestral home. ^{as here} I felt that if I could have my family with me I would really be at home and would never wish to live anywhere else. I suspect this feeling came largely from the fact that the old part of the city around the Pantheon does not change from month to month, and that day after day, and whenever I returned to it, it always looked exactly as it did before, like a room that one leaves and locks up and upon his return finds everything just as he left it.

(Otis, July 21, gray folder.

^{Sister}
(Thelma, same.

(Olsen, same.

(Thompson, same.

(Hobson, same.

omit

(1926, July, Rome.)

• 349 1-17

shops were closed and dark, the streets nearly deserted, and all was quiet and only the immortal spirit of old Rome wandered about. In no other place in the world have I ~~felt~~^{had} the feeling that I was in my ancestral home. I felt that if I could have my family with me I would really be at home and would never wish to leave anywhere else. I suspect this feeling came largely from the fact that the old part of the city around the Pantheon does not change from month to month, and that day after day, and whenever I returned to it, it always looked exactly as it did before, like a room that one leaves and looks up and upon his return finds everything just as he left it.

(Oftis, July 21, 1901)

(The same, same)

(1022, 2222)

(Thompson, James)

~~Leobson, same~~

"Roma, 21 Julio 1926.

"Dear Otis:

"Your fine letter of July 5 was here at Rome when I arrived last Monday morning. I read it with much interest. I am proud of both you and Thelma for having been promoted at school. Keep up the pace and some day you will be glad that you worked hard while you were a boy to please Mommie and Daddy, because while some of your companions who did not study so hard will be shoveling coal maybe you will be riding around ^{with} an automobile of your own.

"I am glad you are going to the Y.N.C.A. It is a good place for a boy to be with other boys. This year you will learn how to swim and dive. I expect you to be able to swim like a fish and to dive like a die-dipper.

"Just a friendly word from Daddy: After you ^alearn to swim in a small tank in the gymnasium, be a little careful when you go into a river or in the ocean~~nm~~ where there are currents. Currents are strong and dangerous and, no matter how good a swimmer you are, you should never lose caution in the open water. Because of over-confidence some of the best swimmers have lost their lives in running water or strong undertows. However, work makes perfect and you should try to be the best swimmer and the best diver in the Y.M.C.A.

"I wish you could have been with me last Saturday when I visited the Art Museum in Vienna. There were several great halls full of old~~a~~ armor, plate armor and chain armor, with all sorts of swords, spears, pistols, and guns. The ^{plate}armor is heavy looking, the steel plates being inlaid and shaped like a suit of clothes, with hinged joints at the shoulders, elbows, hips, and knees. The chain armor is made of small steel links and fits the body like a knit suit. The steel headpieces cover the head entirely, with little slits or holes through which the man inside looked at his enemy.

The armor was worn for the purpose of defence against swords, spears, and arrows. It was useless after gunpowder was discovered because bullets could penetrate the armor. The armor was heavy and the man inside must have been very uncomfortable. Even the war horses had armor and it is very curious looking. Sometime you will read Mark Twain's story of a Yankee at King Arthur's Court in which he tells how uncomfortable he was dressed in armor when he wanted to blow his nose, or wipe the sweat from his face, or when a fly or mosquito got inside and he could not get it out with his hands. The guns and pistols in the Museum were wonderful things and some of them were inlaid with silver and gold.

"Well, Otis, take good care of yourself Mommie and Sister, because you are the man of the family while Daddy is away. Perhaps some day you and I can go about together.

"With love to you and all, from

"Daddy."

"Roma, 21 Julio, 1926.

"Dear Sister Nellie:

"Your letter of July 4 was received at the office when I arrived in Rome last Monday. I also received letters from Mother, Wife, and Otis.

"It is too bad the season was against you, with such a magnificent crop of peonies. Under normal conditions such a crop should have netted you \$2,000. I appreciate fully all your work, your responsibilities, your worries, your hopes and your fears, as well as the faithfulness with which you have stuck to the job and made the best of a bad situation. Perhaps that is all I can say at present, except that you must always understand that I guaranteed you against financial loss. You probably did better than I could have done in the same situation, and I appreciate

it very much

"From all accounts Sunny Hill is the same dear, delightful, entrancing spot that I have always known it to be, and imagined it to be in my dreams.

"I think Leslie Masser a most excellent possibility. I remember him as a big awkward, hard working, conscientious youth, a chip off the old block, and I always respected his father and mother, uneducated and limited by poverty and environment, but nevertheless striving conscientiously to realize certain ideals, and thereby setting an example to their neighbors and others as well. If you can get Leslie to take the place of Lewis Blank next year I shall be more than pleased.

"I have sent you picture postcards from nearly every place I have visited, and am now sending a few for your collection which I bought at a newstand in the Alps in south Austria.

"And now, dear, keep up your courage, count your blessings, and don't worry too much about the abnormal drouth. Just think of Austria, Hungary, and Roumania, that are like a saturated sponge--rain every day with a magnificent crop of wheat beginning to sprout in the shock. Too much of a good thing is sometimes worse than not enough. We humans are curious creatures, and if it rained every day for two months at Sunny Hill think of how the weeds would grow, how the fields and roads would wash, how the harvested crops would rot in the fields--that is what is happening in a large part of Europe just now. Rivers are out of banks, fields under water, and everybody and everything most unhappy, except ducks, geese, and frogs.

"I am meeting with success in my work and am seeing many new and interesting things--all made possible by your devoted attention to Sunny Hill, without which I would not feel free to engage

~~1943--a~~ 2185

in my present project.

"Here's wishing that all may go well, and that I may return in time to relieve you of the responsibility and care of Sunny Hill, and that we may all be reunited.

"With love to you and all,

"Lee."

(1926, July, Rome.

E--1944.

The 22d was another clear hot day. So hot it was that I took a carriage to the office instead of walking. Dictated some letters and arranged photographs. Mr. Dore came over and expressed much concern over the crop reporting systems of the Balkan countries and the use the officials of those countries made of the information supplied by the Institute. I went to a photographer's to have a picture taken for a carnet of identification that the Institute was getting out, something I had requested more than a year previously. I stopped at the American Express to ask that they put my trunks in storage again. The agent said the company had given up it's storage business, and recommended the Bank of Italy. I called at the bank and ascertained that their charge for storing a trunk was 200 lire a month and that each trunk must be securely locked, fastened, wrapped, and sealed with sealing wax, and that the owner would have to be present at the bank when the trunk was delivered and identify the trunk and himself with passport and other papers.

Returning to the office I dictated some more letters. Mr. Hodgson came in to talk ~~some more~~ about his troubles. He asked for the privilege of editing my travel letters after my mission was ended. I went to the American Express for some travellers checks I had ordered and I was provoked because the clerk, instead of taking dollars from my dollar account with which to pay for dollar checks, had taken dollars, converted them into Italian lire and with the lire had purchased the dollar checks, which involved a charge for making the exchange that was wholly unnecessary. I refused to pay the extra charge and the clerk seemed greatly distressed. At the photographer's I obtained twelve copies of a photograph for passport purposes, having given up all hope of ever receiving the eight copies I had paid for in Bucharest.

(1926, July, Rome.

E--1944.

The 22d was another clear hot day. So hot it was that I took a carriage to the office instead of walking. Dictated some letters and arranged photographs. Mr. Dore came over and expressed much concern over the crop reporting systems of the Balkan countries and the use the officials of those countries made of the information supplied by the Institute. I went to a photographer to have a picture taken for a carnet of identification that the Institute was getting out, something I had requested more than a year previously. I stopped at the American Express to ask that they put my trunks in storage again. The agent said the company had given up its storage business, and recommended the Bank of Italy. I called at the bank and ascertained that their charge for storing a trunk was 200 lire a month and that each trunk must be securely locked, fastened, wrapped, and sealed with sealing wax, and that the owner would have to be present at the bank when the trunk was delivered and identify the trunk and himself with passport and other papers.

Returning to the office I dictated some more letters. Mr. Hodgson came in to talk some more about his troubles. He asked for the privilege of editing my travel letters after my mission was ended. I went to the American Express for some travellers checks I had ordered and was provoked because the clerk, instead of taking dollars from my dollar account with which to pay for dollar checks, had taken dollars, converted them into Italian lire and with the lire had purchased the dollar checks, which involved a charge for making the exchange that was wholly unnecessary. I refused to pay the extra charge and the clerk seemed greatly distressed. At the photographer I obtained twelve copies of a photograph for passport purposes, having given up all hope of ever receiving the eight copies I had paid for in Bucharest.

(1926, July, Rome.

E--1945.

At the hotel I learned that my portable typewriter that had been left with a firm for repairs had not been delivered, but was promised for the following morning. Also I left orders for my laundry to be delivered the next morning. Then I played some phonograph records and wished I might spend another week in Rome and rest up. I noted in the Italian papers that lire were exchanging 30.80 to the dollar, and that Frederick, Md., had a temperature of 105 degrees. Had a satisfactory supper at the Ristorante Umberto. In passing the cathedral at the end of the Corso the old Italian bootblack recognized me and doffed his cap and greeted me pleasantly. I walked across the bridge toward my old apartment and stopped at the newstand where I used to buy papers. A little ten year old girl was in charge that I always admired because of her pretty face, bright eyes, long curls, intelligent and friendly greetings. She recognized me instantly and called out cheerily "Buona sera, Signor," and at once handed me the paper I was accustomed to buy in the evening. All this she remembered after an absence of many weeks.

Friday, the 23d, was hot and showery. At the office I dictated a letter to the Secretary of State of the United States protesting against the Roumanian restrictions on travellers, the taking up of passports and withholding them for an indefinite time, the requirement that travellers checks must be recorded and stamped by the Roumanian finance department before they can be taken out of the country, the requirement that the traveller must declare the amount of money he has in his possession on entering and on leaving the country, and that no matter how much money he brings in with him he is permitted to take out only twenty dollars worth.

In an interview with Messrs. Dore and Longobardi of his of-

(1926, July, Rome.

At the hotel I learned that my portable typewriter that had been left with a firm for repairs had not been delivered, but was promised for the following morning. Also I left orders for my laundry to be delivered the next morning. Then I played some phonograph records and wished I might spend another week in Rome and rest up. I noted in the Italian papers that lire were exchanging 30.80 to the dollar, and that Frederick, Md., had a temperature of 105 degrees. Had a satisfactory supper at the Ristorante Umberto. In passing the cathedral at the end of the Corso the old Italian bootblack recognized me and doffed his cap and greeted me pleasantly. I walked across the bridge toward my old apartment and stopped at the newsstand where I used to buy papers. A little ten year old girl was in charge that I always admired because of her pretty face, bright eyes, long curls, intelligent and friendly greetings. She recognized me instantly and called out cheerily "Buona sera, Signor," and at once handed me the paper I was accustomed to buy in the evening. All this she remembered after an absence of many weeks.

Friday, the 25th, was hot and showery. At the office I dictated a letter to the Secretary of State of the United States protesting against the Roumanian restrictions on travellers, the taking up of passports and withholding them for an indefinite time, the requirement that travellers checks must be recorded and stamped by the Roumanian finance department before they can be taken out of the country, the requirement that the traveller must declare the amount of money he has in his possession on entering and on leaving the country, and that no matter how much money he brings in with him he is permitted to take out only twenty dollars worth.

In an interview with Messrs. Dore and Longobardi of his of-

(1926, July, Rome.

E--1946.

fice it was agreed that Mr. Longobardi should look after my mail after my secretary, Miss Broad, left at the close of the month; also that a portion of the Casetta might be used for a small force of clerks during my absence. I had an interview with the ~~Sec-~~retary ^ggeneral regarding the status of Russia as an adhering member of the Institute, and with reference to the appointment of an assistant, and the handling of telegrams. He said that Russia had ceased to make the annual payments due as a member of the Institute since the beginning of the war, but because no notice had ever been received that she wished to withdraw she was still counted as a member, and that because the new government had repudiated the debts of the old government it could begin de novo by applying for membership. He advised me to be exceedingly cautious in dealing with the Russian officials because they had organized an International Statistical Bureau which, he had been informed, was simply for propaganda purposes. With reference to an assistant to look after the office during my absence, he agreed that an offic~~e~~ statistician would answer the purpose, but suggested that the matter be left open until my return in ~~December~~ November. He asked that I telegraph once a week so that I could be reached at any time, and he approved my itinerary for the autumn and winter months. He was very cordial when I said "Au revoir."

After luncheon I returned to my room to finish packing. The typewriter and laundry came, as did a man from Cook's for my trunk.

I left at 5.40 p.m. The country looked dry and vegetation burning up. I saw some enormous loads of grain being hauled by oxen and several small threshing outfits in operation. The Italian oxen are beautiful creatures, of good size, mouse colored or nearly white, with straight long horns, and mild and docile in appearance. I saw several fields of very good alfalfa. We passed ~~through~~

(1936, July, Rome.

E-1946.

rice it was agreed that Mr. Longobardi should look after my mail after my secretary, Miss Broad, left at the close of the month; also that a portion of the Gazette might be used for a small force of clerks during my absence. I had an interview with the Secretary General regarding the status of Russia as an adhering member of the Institute, and with reference to the appointment of an assistant, and the handling of telegrams. He said that Russia had ceased to make the annual payments due as a member of the Institute since the beginning of the war, but because no notice had ever been received that she wished to withdraw she was still counted as a member, and that because the new government had repudiated the debts of the old government it could begin de novo by applying for membership. He advised me to be exceedingly cautious in dealing with the Russian officials because they had organized an International Statistical Bureau which, he had been informed, was simply for propaganda purposes. With reference to an assistant to look after the office during my absence, he agreed that an office statistician would answer the purpose, but suggested that the matter be left open until my return in November. He asked that I telegraph once a week so that I could be reached at any time, and he approved my itinerary for the autumn and winter months. He was very cordial when I said "Au revoir." After luncheon I returned to my room to finish packing. The typewriter and laundry came, as did a man from Cook's for my trunk. I left at 5.40 p.m. The country looked dry and vegetation burning up. I saw some enormous loads of grain being hauled by oxen and several small threshing outfits in operation. The Italian oxen are beautiful creatures, of good size, mouse colored or nearly white, with straight long horns, and mild and docile in appearance. I saw several fields of very good alfalfa. We passed through

(1926, July, Italy.

E--1947.

by Orto and Orvieto, forever associated in my memory with the Queen of Hearts.

At 7.30 p.m. I went into the diner and sat opposite a Chinese gentleman who spoke English. He said that for two years he had been employed in an English bank in London and was taking a fortnight's leave to travel through Italy. He was very intelligent and I should like to have become better acquainted with him. The supper was a poor one and ended unpleasantly. I had just begun on a bottle of wine and had not touched my cup of hot coffee when the waiter asked me to vacate my seat to make room for others. I objected because I was not yet through and because there were many vacant seats. Then the head ~~waiter~~ steward came and repeated the request. I again pointed out that I had not finished and until I did, or until all other ~~passengers~~ diners vacated their seats first, ^{I would not leave.} Just then the other diners got up and the steward said, "See, Signor, the others are leaving." I said, "Very well, but I have not finished my wine. You can do one of three things: let me remain and finish my wine at leisure; or deduct the price of the wine from my account; or have a waiter take the wine and a glass to my compartment; just as you please." He choose the last and after paying the account a waiter followed me with the partly consumed bottle of wine to my compartment. This was most unusual because on most continental diners passengers may retain a seat in a diner, as in a restaurant, as long as they wish, provided the place is not crowded and no one else is kept waiting. In this case, however, it was quite apparent that the waiters wished to hurry the diners out so as to get the supper and their tour of duty over as soon as possible, without regard to the comfort or convenience of the passengers.

The next morning, the 24th, I was up early and found it

(1926, July, Italy. E--1947.

by Otto and Orvieto, forever associated in my memory with the

Queen of Hearts.

At 7.30 p.m. I went into the diner and sat opposite a Chi-

ness gentleman who spoke English. He said that for two years he

had been employed in an English bank in London and was taking a

fortnight's leave to travel through Italy. He was very intelli-

gent and I should like to have become better acquainted with him.

The supper was a poor one and ended unpleasantly. I had just be-

gun on a bottle of wine and had not touched my cup of hot coffee

when the waiter asked me to vacate my seat to make room for others.

I objected because I was not yet through and because there were

many vacant seats. Then the head ~~waiter~~ steward came and repeat-

ed the request. I again pointed out that I had not finished and

until I did, or until all other ~~passengers~~ diners vacated their

seats first. Just then the other diners got up and the steward

said, "See, Signor, the others are leaving." I said, "Very well,

but I have not finished my wine. You can do one of three things:

let me remain and finish my wine at leisure; or deduct the price

of the wine from my account; or have a waiter take the wine and a

glass to my compartment; just as you please." He chose the last

and after paying the account a waiter followed me with the per-

ly consumed bottle of wine to my compartment. This was most un-

usual because on most continental diners passengers may retain a

seat in a diner, as in a restaurant, as long as they wish, pro-

vided the place is not crowded and no one else is kept waiting.

In this case, however, it was quite apparent that the waiters

wished to hurry the diners out so as to get the supper and their

tour of duty over as soon as possible, without regard to the com-

fort or convenience of the passengers.

The next morning, the 24th, I was up early and found it

(1926, July, Rome to Prague.

E--1948.

quite cool. There was a short stop at the Venice station, barely long enough to step through the station and take a hasty look across the lagoon to the city rising out of the sea in the morning mist. *P* After leaving Venice I went into the diner for breakfast and this time sat opposite two Chinese gentlemen. Most of the passengers seemed to be Americans. I heard the head steward remark that ~~some~~ many Americans were traveling that it was becoming necessary for everyone to speak a little English. The train was badly crowded and many people were standing in the corridors. At 9.15 a.m. we reached Udine and were passing through a flat country. Soon we were in the mountains and reached Chirsaforte at 11 a.m.. Within an hour the train was threading its way between jagged mountains mostly covered with trees, At the bottom of the valley was a crystal clear mountain stream flowing swiftly and noisily over clean rock, and looking up the valley one could see several cascades, small in volume but falling from a considerable height. The train made a short stop at a small mountain station and as it did so we were greeted by the chimes of some church bells which echoed and re-echoed between the steep rocky walls of the valley. The trees and grass were a fresh vivid green. The whole region was neat and clean like a well kept park. At 1 p.m. we reached Tarvisio near the Italian frontier. Near the town is a ~~br~~^onze statue of a soldier standing at attention. Beyond the first range of wooded mountains ~~w~~ one could see a range of high peaks covered with gleaming white snow. This visible evidence of cold made the uncomfortable heat of the train seem even hotter by contrast. The windows were kept closed because of the numerous tunnels. *P* At 2.15 we reached Warmbad Villach on the Austrian frontier. From this point on we passed through a beautiful grass country, with green meadows and forests, hills, valleys, and

country, with green meadows and forests, hills, valleys, and

frontier. From this point on we passed through a beautiful grass
ous tunnels. At 2.15 we reached Weimbad Villach on the Austrian
by contrast. The windows were kept closed because of the numer-
cold made the uncomfortable heat of the train seem even hotter

peaks covered with gleaming white snow. This visible evidence of
first range of wooded mountains. One could see a range of high

a bronze statue of a soldier standing at attention. Beyond the

we reached Tarvisio near the Italian frontier. Near the town is

whole region was neat and clean like a well kept park. At 1 p.m.

of the valley. The trees and grass were a fresh vivid green. The

bells which echoed and re-echoed between the steep rocky walls

tion and as it did so we were greeted by the chiming of some church

able height. The train made a short stop at a small mountain sta-

see several cascades, small in volume but falling from a consider-

and noisily over clean rock, and looking up the valley one could

of the valley was a crystal clear mountain stream flowing swiftly

tween jagged mountains mostly covered with trees. At the bottom

at 11 a.m.. Within an hour the train was threading its way be-

country. Soon we were in the mountains and reached Chiusaforte

At 9.15 a.m. we reached Udine and were passing through a flat

was badly crowded and many people were standing in the corridors.
ing necessary for everyone to speak a little English. The train

remark that some many Americans were traveling that it was becom-

the passengers seemed to be Americans. I heard the head steward

last and this time sat opposite two Chinese gentlemen. Most of

ing mist. After leaving Venice I went into the diner for break-

across the lagoon to the city rising out of the sea in the morn-

long enough to step through the station and take a hasty look

quite cool. There was a short stop at the Venice station, barely

(1926, July, Rome to Trieste.

E--1948.

(1926=July,Austria.

E--1949.

mountains, many neat villages, and a clear mountain river meandering through a narrow flat valley of rich farm lands. Most of the grain had been cut and shocked. In some of the fields the bundles were set up in shocks the same as is customary in the United States; in others they were tied to little poles higher than a man's head and a row of them looked like a regiment of old women with yellow hair streaming down their backs on dress parade. At 3 p.m. we came to a tunnel said to be nine kilometers long. On the other side men and women were loading grain from the shock into wagons. Usually the women were in the wagons and the men pitched the bundles up to them. At 3 p.m. we were at Kolbrutz and high up on the side of a mountain with a beautiful valley below, with green meadows and fields, a little town, orchards, and a winding shining river. On the slopes were forests of spruce and pine. It was a scene in the afternoon sunshine worthy of a landscape painter. From a train at a small station beyond the tunnel several hundred young people left with knapsacks and pike staves, evidently to do some mountain climbing. The rest of the afternoon was through a surpassingly beautiful and interesting country, but the train was uncomfortable warm because the sun shone hot out of a clear sky. At 7.05 p.m. we reached Salzburg in the middle of a flat plain with mountains all about it. Then for two hours we passed through a region of many towns with commodious railway stations at each of which was a crowd of people dressed in outing clothes. The men wore short pants reaching only half way to the knee, stockings that lacked four inches of reaching the knee, short jackets, and a cap or hat with a feather stuck in it. At each stop passengers bought freely of beer, milk, and sandwiches reached up to them from the outside. The train had one sleeper at the rear, a diner up front, and eight or ten second and third class

mountains, many neat villages, and a clear mountain river meandering through a narrow flat valley of rich farm lands. Most of the grain had been cut and shocked. In some of the fields the bundles were set up in shocks the same as is customary in the United States; in others they were tied to little poles higher than a man's head and a row of them looked like a regiment of old women with yellow hair streaming down their backs on dress parades. At 3 p.m. we came to a tunnel said to be nine kilometers long. On the other side men and women were loading grain from the shock into wagons. Usually the women were in the wagons and the men pitched the bundles up to them. At 3 p.m. we were at Kolbrutz and high up on the side of a mountain with a beautiful valley below, with green meadows and fields, a little town, orchards, and a winding shining river. On the slopes were forests of spruce and pine. It was a scene in the afternoon sunshine worthy of a landscape painter. From a train at a small station beyond the tunnel several hundred young people left with knapsacks and pike staves, evidently to do some mountain climbing. The rest of the afternoon was through a surprisingly beautiful and interesting country, but the train was uncomfortable warm because the sun shone hot out of a clear sky. At 7.05 p.m. we reached Salzburg in the middle of a flat plain with mountains all about it. Then for two hours we passed through a region of many towns with commodious railway stations at each of which was a crowd of people dressed in outing clothes. The men wore short pants reaching only half way to the knee, stockings that lacked four inches of reaching the knee, short jackets, and a cap or hat with a feather stuck in it. At each stop passengers bought freely of beer, milk, and sandwiches reached up to them from the outside. The train had one sleeper at the rear, a diner up front, and eight or ten second and third class

(1926, July, Austria.

E--18⁹50.

coaches between, and all were overcrowded. At 9.30 we were at Volklabruck and it was still light enough to see one's way from the sleeper to the diner, but difficult to pass through the crowded corridors. I had a good supper, including delicious bread and butter, and a half bottle of beer, all for about sixty cents.

Sunday, the 25th. Woke up at 5 a.m., had a nip of cognac, dressed and shaved. We were passing through a beautiful open country of rounded hills, practically all in cultivation, with occasional groves of evergreen trees, some of oak, birch, white poplar, and many ponds; wheat ripe and harvest beginning; and I saw some fields of sugar beets and potatoes. At 5.30 a.m. we made a short stop at Brenerov v Prahy. We continued through a beautiful farming country with considerable areas in sugar beets and oats, clover and alfalfa, wheat, and patches of poppies.

We reached Prague at 6.40 a.m. under a cloudy sky and it was quite cool. Upon advice^c of the sleeping car porter I went to the Palis^a Passage Hotel where I was given an attractive room with private bath. Had a nice breakfast at a restaurant. The bread and butter were delicious. One can only appreciate good bread and butter after having lived for awhile in Mediterranean countries where cast iron rolls take the place of bread and olive oil does duty for butter. A number of Americans came into the restaurant for breakfast also. I noticed an American flag flying over a window of the hotel. I spoke to an American at my table about the flag and he said he was one of a party of twenty from Ohio making a ten-weeks tour with a guide. It was^a real pleasure to meet a group of people from my own country, seeing things from the same background and point of view, cheerful, laughing, confident, and enjoying themselves. The first gentleman introduced me to others.

After separating from my American friends I walked down the

(1926, July, Austria.

E--1850.

couches between, and all were overcrowded. At 9.30 we were at
Volklaback and it was still light enough to see one's way from
the sleeper to the dinner, but difficult to pass through the crowd-
ed corridors. I had a good supper, including delicious bread and
butter, and a half bottle of beer, all for about sixty cents.
Sunday, the 25th. Woke up at 5 a.m., had a nip of cognac,
dressed and shaved. We were passing through a beautiful open
country of rounded hills, practically all in cultivation, with
occasional groves of evergreen trees, some of oak, birch, white
poplar, and many ponds; wheat ripe and harvest beginning; and I
saw some fields of sugar beets and potatoes. At 5.30 a.m. we
made a short stop at Brennerov v Praby. We continued through a
beautiful farming country with considerable areas in sugar beets
and oats, clover and alfalfa, wheat, and patches of poppies.
We reached Prague at 6.40 a.m. under a cloudy sky and it
was quite cool. Upon advice of the sleeping car porter I went to
the Palis Passage Hotel where I was given an attractive room with
private bath. Had a nice breakfast at a restaurant. The bread and
butter were delicious. One can only appreciate good bread and
butter after having lived for awhile in Mediterranean countries
where east from rolls take the place of bread and olive oil does
duty for butter. A number of Americans came into the restaurant
for breakfast also. I noticed an American flag flying over a
window of the hotel. I spoke to an American at my table about the
flag and he said he was one of a party of twenty from Ohio mak-
ing a ten-weeks tour with a guide. It was a real pleasure to meet a
group of people from my own country, seeing things from the same
background and point of view, cheerful, laughing, confident, and
enjoying themselves. The first gentleman introduced me to others.
After separating from my American friends I walked down the

(1926, July, Prague.

E--1951

main street to the old powder tower near the intersection of several streets. Then I followed a number of streets for a considerable distance, always taking right hand turns, until I came to a large park beyond which was the railway station. On the other side of the park I came to a large museum. I inspected the natural history section of the museum, when I suddenly experienced violent interior qualms and twinges that sent me walking rapidly back to my hotel lest I be ill. After lying down and relaxing for about an hour I felt complete relief, and again sallied forth, this time in search of cigars and postcards, but had more trouble and returned to my room. Evidently the Italian food and olive oil I had consumed with it the past week disagreed with me.

I wrote up my expense account to date. At 1 p.m. I went down to the restaurant for a light luncheon. The American party was there and chattering gaily about what they had seen. I spent the afternoon resting and writing, which I could do with a quiet mind because it was raining and there was no temptation to explore.

At 8 p.m. I went down to the restaurant for supper but could not get waited upon. I went to the office of the manager and complained that after waiting an hour I could not get even bread and butter or anything to drink. He said the trouble was it was a holiday and most of the waiters stayed away, leaving the restaurant short of help. I walked down the street in search of another restaurant. I found one on the second floor of a large building. When I went up and entered I found that it was full of billiard tables with men playing and no sign of eating. I went back to the woman in charge of hats and cloaks and asked her if this was a restaurant and she said it was. I found an unoccupied table, but no one came. Then I chased one of the attendants across the hall and asked him to send me a waiter. He did so. The waiter that

(1926, July, Prague.

main street to the old powder tower near the intersection of several streets. Then I followed a number of streets for a considerable distance, always taking right hand turns, until I came to a large park beyond which was the railway station. On the other side of the park I came to a large museum. I inspected the natural history section of the museum, when I suddenly experienced

violent interior dramas and twinges that sent me walking rapidly back to my hotel lest I be ill. After lying down and relaxing for about an hour I felt complete relief, and again sallied forth, this time in search of cigars and postcards, but had more trouble and returned to my room. Evidently the Italian food and olive oil I had consumed with it the past week disagreed with me.

I wrote up my expense account to date. At 1 p.m. I went down to the restaurant for a light luncheon. The American party was there and chattering gaily about what they had seen. I spent the afternoon resting and writing, which I could do with a quiet mind because it was raining and there was no temptation to explore. At 3 p.m. I went down to the restaurant for supper but could not get waited upon. I went to the office of the manager and complained that after waiting an hour I could not get even bread and butter or anything to drink. He said the trouble was it was a holiday and most of the waiters stayed away, leaving the restaurant short of help. I walked down the street in search of another restaurant. I found one on the second floor of a large building. When I went up and entered I found that it was full of billiard tables with men playing and no sign of eating. I went back to the woman in charge of hats and cloaks and asked her if this was a restaurant and she said it was. I found an unoccupied table, but no one came. Then I chased one of the attendants across the hall and asked him to send me a waiter. He did so. The waiter that

(1926, July, Prague.

E--1952.

came knew only German and I had difficulty in making my wants known. At 10 p.m. he brought me some food and a bottle of beer, both of which were good. When I finished at 10.45 p.m. I decided that in no other city could one find two restaurants such as I had encountered that day where the management and help were so utterly indifferent to their patrons who want something to eat and have the money to pay for it.

(Wife, July 25, ~~gray~~ folder.

(1956, July, Prague.)

E--1952.

came knew only German and I had difficulty in making my wants known. At 10 p.m. he brought me some food and a bottle of beer, both of which were good. When I finished at 10.45 p.m. I decided that in no other city could one find two restaurants such as I had encountered that day where the management and help were so utterly indifferent to their patrons who want something to eat and have the money to pay for it.

(Wife, July 25, Gray folder.)

"Prague, Czechoslovakia,

"Sunday, 25 July 1926.

"Dear Mommie and Niñas:

"I spent four ~~p~~ pleasant restful days in Rome last week, Monday to Friday. The familiar sights and sounds made it seem almost like Washington to me. Also the attitude of the Institute officials has changed greatly since my unexpected 'brilliant success' in southeast Europe. My secretary, Miss Broad, is to be married in September and will leave the office the first of August. I have arranged with one of the men in the Institute to look after forwarding the mail after she goes.

"I left Rome late in the afternoon of Friday and for several hours rode up the Tiber valley, past the hills crowned with castles and old buildings, their sides clad with vineyards and olive orchards, and innumerable small fields of grain in which peasant men and women were to be seen loading the sheaves on ~~to~~ rude carts drawn by patient oxen.

"Saturday morning I was up with the sun and watching the vineyards and grain fields and little villages march swiftly by as the train approached Venice. No time to see anything at Venice, only the mud flats and a strip of blue water with the picturesque ~~sail~~ sails of the fishermen. Then a two hours ride over a flat country until we came to the mountains in the late forenoon. Then the rest of the day we were riding through narrow, winding valleys, each with a crystal clear, swiftly flowing stream between, high, towering, precipitous mountains, some of them with great patches of snow on top, and nearly all of them covered with a magnificent growth of evergreen forest trees, until late in the evening we came out into the more open country beyond Salsburg in southwestern Austria.

"Through the good offices of the ~~pr~~ porter I had a compart-

ment all to myself and was comfortable during the entire journey, except for the heat. The food was Italian and therefore almost inedible to me. The Hungarian, Austrian, and Czech. cooking is more like our own and I revel in the good bread and butter, meats, and a variety of fresh vegetables.

"At all the stations in the mountains of Austria were parties of natives--Austrians and Germans--old and young, men and women, with big heavy packs on their backs and pikes in their hands, out for long ~~walk~~ walks over the beautiful roads or a climb up the steep mountain sides. They are a hardy race of people, but not especially attractive. The men wore short pants that came only half way to the knee, bare hairy legs, heavy shoes and stockings that came only part way to the knee. The women are rather heavy, clumsy, sturdy looking creatures. In all the harvest fields one sees the peasant women tying the sheaves or pitching hay. The men usually pick the lighter tasks.

"At one of the country stations where the train stopped for a moment I ~~sw~~ saw some violets and buttercups. I had just time enough to hop off and pick a few for you, which I inclose.

"The train was a long one. The one sleeping coach was at the rear end and the diner at the front. To get from one to the other it was necessary to thread one's way through the entire length of the train. The intervening coaches were overcrowded and men and women were standing up in the aisle and their hand baggage was heaped in piles at either end of ~~a~~ each coach. With the train swinging from side to side one got a lot of exercise when he went to and from the diner.

"The whole country from the Austrian border is like a well kept park or garden, alternating groves, forests, and fields, with well built, well painted, neat looking houses like the su-

burban homes surrounding our cities. The crops this year are magnificent, there having been plenty of rain--in fact, too much in places.

"I arrived here early this morning, got settled in a comfortable room with private bath, changed clothing, and went down to the restaurant for breakfast. I was surprised to see the dining room fill up with chattering Americans--usual proportion of eight women to two men, and of the women seven will be old and one young, and none of them good looking. After breakfast I approached one of the men and asked him 'How come.' He said they were a party from Ohio on a ten weeks tour of Europe. I was introduced to a number of them and found them very pleasant and full of the details of their trip.

"Did I tell you how I made the trip from Budapest to Vienna, got breakfast, and reached my hotel, without a cent of money in my pocket? Don't believe I did.

"The great game of a traveller in these little countries of Europe is to leave the country with just enough of their money to pay his way to the border and have some new money to pay his way beyond, because money changes with each boundary. That means calculating in advance how much it will take to settle the hotel bill, tip the personnel from manager down to bellboy, pay for the taxi to the station, tip station and train ~~or~~ porters for handling baggage, pay for the railway ticket and for one or more meals on the train, and then have enough ~~of the~~ new money for the same purpose after crossing the boundary and reaching the city of destination.

"Well, I got so expert at the game that I paid the last cent of Hungarian money to the last train porter who put my suitcases in the racks, without a cent left to get anything to eat ~~o~~ en route,

and no Austrian money with which to get from the train to the hotel on arrival at Vienna--having left too hurriedly to buy any at Budapest, and so early in the morning that I could get nothing to eat for breakfast either at the hotel or the station.

"There was a diner on the train and I went to it. Putting on my best English poker face I went to the chief steward and asked him to give me \$20 worth of Austrian money for a traveller's check for that amount. With some hesitation he said he did not have that much. I professed the most profound surprise and incredulity, as well as disgust, and said 'Really, it's most extraordinary, you know,' and I upbraided him roundly for starting on a journey without that much money; really, it couldn't be done, when the great Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits and Wagons-Restaurants advertised that they would cash travellers checks, and how did he expect to hold his job if he had disgraced the so great company he represented by failing to provide himself with the small, insignificant sum of \$20. I again demanded that he cash my check now, immediately, pronto, if not sooner, and not keep me waiting. The steward became somewhat confused, bowed low, begged my pardon repeatedly, and would I have patience, and would I sit down and have something. Why yes, as a special concession and to show that I harbored no ill feeling and was confident that he would produce the money, I would condescend to sit in his dining car, and while waiting I would have buttered toast, two eggs cooked exactly right, and a cup of coffee--provided he would promptly produce the \$20 worth of Austrian money. Again he bowed low and perspired freely. Then when the time to settle came he reappeared and apologized for his inability to find so large a sum as \$20 in Austrian money, 'and would the gentleman overlook the inconvenience.' The gentleman looked very grave and said it was a serious question in his mind

1952--e 2198

whether it ~~was~~ was his duty to report the serious delinquency of the steward to the board of directors of the Grand Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits et des Restaurants, but he would think about it. Mr. Steward again apologized and ~~said~~ said he was 'desolee'. I left him 'desolee' and that's how I got breakfast without any money.

"At the station in Vienna I nabbed the huskiest looking porter in sight and loaded him down with my baggage, which he carried two squares through the train shed to the cab stand. There I picked out the best looking taxi and in an off-hand way told him to pay the porter--which he did. I told him to drive to the best hotel in Vienna--the Imperial. There I strode in like a lord, registered, and told Mr. Clerk to settle with the chauffeur. After reaching the hotel, of course, it was easy to cash checks.

"When I travel by train I often think of Rosie and the way she had of hanging her head over the side of the automobile. I hope I may be forgiven for chiding her for doing it, because that is exactly what I do on the train--always with my head at the window. And when the day is done it is like having been through a succession of museums or art galleries--I have seen so much and the strain on the attention is so severe that I am tired. It was so last evening, but I slept well and am feeling well--and always thinking of the homecoming.

"Last week was excessively hot in Rome and I wore light clothing. This reminds me that I had some passport photos taken in the light suit and I will send you one so you will know how I look at this stage of the game. Last night I had to sleep under blankets, and today in Prague it is cloudy, drizzling, and altogether cold and disagreeable--just like a gloomy day in November. Such a contrast.

"With love to all, from

"Daddy."

(1926, July, Prague.

E--1953.

The 26th was clear and cool like a bright October day.

I was awakened at 7 a.m. by the noise of carpenters repairing an adjoining room, which reminds me that the same thing happened in many of the hotels at which I stopped. Apparently half the hotels of Europe were being renovated or repaired and one of the annoyances of guests was the noise and racket of carpenters and plumbers

After breakfast I walked to the American Consulate. The Consul, Mr. Winan, volunteered to detail one of his assistants to accompany me to the offices I wished to visit, but as the assistant was out at the time I should call at 2 p.m. The Consul said that he had been stationed in ^Chile for sixteen years and that while he could speak Spanish, French, and German, he did not propose at his time of life to learn ~~Czech~~thoslovakian which has no Latin base and is therefore very difficult for westerners.

With my camera I walked up the river to the fourth bridge and took some pictures. In the course of my walk I wished to visit a public comfort station and in a park I saw a small structure that I took to be one. At opposite corners it had signs reading "Pani" and "Dami," which I interpreted as "Men" and "Women." Entering the "Pani" door I found that my surmise was correct, but it was all one room with compartments on the side. In the middle was a very old woman cooking her mid-day meal over a gas flame. She did not appear to notice me until I was about to leave. Then I heard a savage squawk that caused me to look around. The old woman sprang across the short space that separated us with great agility and caught me by the arm with her claw-like fingers and screamed in my face like a maniac. Seeing that I neither resisted nor seemed to comprehend, she pulled me to a placard on the wall with paragraphs printed in three languages, one of which was French to the effect that patrons of the establishment were to

The 26th was clear and cool like a bright October day. I was awakened at 7 a.m. by the noise of carpenters repairing an adjoining room, which reminds me that the same thing happened in many of the hotels at which I stopped. Apparently half the hotels of Europe were being renovated or repaired and one of the annoyances of guests was the noise and racket of carpenters and plumbers. After breakfast I walked to the American Consulate. The Consul, Mr. Wiman, volunteered to detail one of his assistants to accompany me to the office I wished to visit, but as the assistant was out at the time I should call at 2 p.m. The Consul said that he had been stationed in Chile for sixteen years and that while he could speak Spanish, French, and German, he did not propose at his time of life to learn Czechoslovakian which has no Latin base and is therefore very difficult for westerners. With my camera I walked up the river to the fourth bridge and took some pictures. In the course of my walk I wished to visit a public comfort station and in a park I saw a small structure that I took to be one. At opposite corners it had signs reading "Pani" and "Dami," which I interpreted as "Men" and "Women." Entering the "Pani" door I found that my surmise was correct, but it was all one room with compartments on the side. In the middle was a very old woman cooking her mid-day meal over a gas flame. She did not appear to notice me until I was about to leave. Then I heard a savage squeak that caused me to look around. The old woman sprang across the short space that separated us with great agility and caught me by the arm with her claw-like fingers and screamed in my face like a maniac. Seeing that I neither resisted nor seemed to comprehend, she pulled me to a placard on the wall with paragraphs printed in three languages, one of which was French to the effect that patrons of the establishment were to

(1926, July, Prague.

E--1954.

pay the caretaker 30 h., which I surmised meant Czechoslovakian cents. I hand^{ed} the old woman a coin, and the hard lines of her face and fierce look in her eyes relaxed somewhat and, ~~she~~ grumbling and mumbling, she pocketed the coin and returned to her cooking.

Walking back to the hotel I noted that the streets were broad and well paved and the buildings were large and ornamental. On the streets were many fine driving horses and carriages, but relatively few automobiles. The shops were full of wares, and in the downtown section much jewelry was on display. Tobacco shops were conspicuous by their absence, but cigars were to be found in the newspaper kiosks. Very few of the people spoke either English or French, although most of them could speak and understand German. The Czech language is unlike any with which I am familiar. Most of the women seen on the streets were distinctly blond, with yellow hair, blue eyes, and very white or pink skin. Most of them seemed to have curved legs, broad waists, and lacked grace of movement. The Moldavia River which runs through one side of the city is larger than the Tiber and not half as wide as the Danube. The water flows swiftly between stone walls and piers and is reddish or maroon in color.

An unusual experience followed my walk. Just before noon I had a glass of beer. At luncheon I had half a bottle of wine. I had taken this combination many times in the past without noticing any effect other than a feeling of wellbeing. This time, however, I realized with surprise that I had taken too much. Mental faculties were perfectly clear, at least so it seemed to me, but there was a buzzing in my head, a wavering of objects before my eyes, and a feeling of uncertainty as to control over my legs. This would never do, because I had an appointment at the Consul's office at 2 p.m. I drank a cup of black coffee^e and went to my

(1926, July, Prague.

E--1924.

pay the caretaker 50 h., which I assumed meant Czechoslovakian cents. I hand the old woman a coin, and the hard lines of her face and fierce look in her eyes relaxed somewhat and, grumbling and mumbling, she pocketed the coin and returned to her cooking.

Walking back to the hotel I noted that the streets were broad

and well paved and the buildings were large and ornamental. On the streets were many fine driving horses and carriages, but relatively few automobiles. The shops were full of wares, and in the downtown section much jewelry was on display. Tobacco shops were conspicuous by their absence, but cigars were to be found in the newspaper kiosks. Very few of the people spoke either English or French, although most of them could speak and understand German. The Czech language is unlike any with which I am familiar. Most of the women seen on the streets were distinctly blond, with yellow hair, blue eyes, and very white or pink skin. Most of them seemed to have curved legs, broad waists, and lacked grace of movement. The Moldavia River which runs through one side of the city is larger than the Tiber and not half as wide as the Danube. The water flows swiftly between stone walls and piers and is reddish or maroon in color.

An unusual experience followed my walk. Just before noon I had a glass of beer. At luncheon I had half a bottle of wine. I had taken this combination many times in the past without noticing any effect other than a feeling of well-being. This time, however, I realized with surprise that I had taken too much. Mental faculties were perfectly clear, at least so it seemed to me, but there was a buzzing in my head, a wavering of objects before my eyes, and a feeling of uncertainty as to control over my legs. This would never do, because I had an appointment at the Consul's office at 2 p.m. I drank a cup of black coffee and went to my

(1926, July, Prague.

E--1955.

room. Of all things I most wanted to lie down and sleep, but that was out of the question. I rang for ice water. With this I cooled the water in the wash basin which from time to time I spashed over my face and hands. Then I walked energetically back and forth the length of the room, stopping from time to time for calisthenic exercises, and then a cold water treatment. This treatment was effective within less than an hour and I no longer felt the effects of the liquor I had drank. My explanation of the unusual and unexpected effect of a glass of beer and a half a bottle of wine was ~~that~~^{that} my physical state brought about by the Italian olive oil cooking the previous week. Naturally I resolved to be more wary in future.

I walked briskly to the Consulate and ~~Met~~^{met} Mr. Peck who was to look after me. He gave me the names and titles of the officials I wished to meet and then spent about an hour telephoning to them to arrange for appointments the following day. Then I took a long walk and some pictures and on the way back stopped at a bank and for \$20 bought 660 ^{sl} Szechovakian kronen. At the hotel I took a nap and felt better. ^PIn passing the window of a jeweller's shop a ring with a ruby of peculiar brilliance caught my eye. I admired it greatly, but had never thought of buying a ring. I assumed that it must be high in price. Somehow the brilliance of that ruby haunted me. I dreamed about it in my nap and when I awoke I could still see it flashing in the sunlight. After dressing I went back to admire it again. Finally I stepped into the shop and asked the price. It was 200 kronen, or about \$6.00. I asked if it was a real ruby, a genuine ruby. The dealer said it was a "rubie synthetique," from which I understood that it was not a genuine ruby but a manufactured one. I hesitated, thinking to myself, "What earthly use have you for a ring with an

(1926, July, Prague.

II--1925.

room. Of all things I most wanted to lie down and sleep, but that was out of the question. I rang for ice water. With this I cooled the water in the wash basin which from time to time I splashed over my face and hands. Then I walked energetically back and forth the length of the room, stopping from time to time for calisthenic exercises, and then a cold water treatment.

This treatment was effective within less than an hour and I no longer felt the effects of the liquor I had drunk. My explanation of the unusual and unexpected effect of a glass of beer and a half a bottle of wine was my physical state brought about by the Italian olive oil cooking the previous week. Naturally I resolved to be more wary in future.

I walked briskly to the consulate and Metax met Mr. Peck who was to look after me. He gave me the names and titles of the officials I wished to meet and then spent about an hour telephoning to them to arrange for appointments the following day. Then I took a long walk and some pictures and on the way back stopped at a bank and for \$20 bought 600 Czechoslovakian Kronen. At the hotel I took a nap and felt better. In passing the window of a jeweller's shop a ring with a ruby of peculiar brilliance caught my eye. I admired it greatly, but had never thought of buying a ring. I assumed that it must be high in price. Somehow the brilliance of that ruby haunted me. I dreamed about it in my nap and when I awoke I could still see it flashing in the sunlight. After dressing I went back to admire it again. Finally I stepped into the shop and asked the price. It was 200 Kronen, or about \$6.00. I asked if it was a real ruby, a genuine ruby. The dealer said it was a "rubie synthetique," from which I understood that it was not a genuine ruby but a manufactured one. I hesitated, thinking to myself, "What earthly use have you for a ring with an

(1926, July, Prague.

E--1956.

imitation ruby in it. You should be ashamed to think of wearing a ring, you, a man, wearing a ring, and a ring with an imitation stone in it." But I could not get away from the warm glow in the stone that seemed to be alive and to sparkle and shoot out rays of lovely red light from every angle. "Why not buy the bauble? If you don't you will be thinking about it for a long time and wishing you had, because you will never see another like it. If you do, surely you will get six dollars worth of pleasure out of it." So I bought it and ^{have} worn it continuously to this day. No other expenditure of six dollars ever brought me so much pleasure as this imitation ruby ring has brought to me in the years that have elapsed. I have wished that I could think of it as a genuine ruby from India and with a romantic history, but I know that it is of human manufacture. However, it has the true blood red rich ruby color, and its virtue resides in the peculiar cutting of the facets that catch and reflect concentrated rays of red light. Throughout my travels it has attracted much attention, many people have admired it in extravagant terms, two jewellers, one a Hindoo and the other a Jew, asked the privilege of examining it with a ~~glass~~ magnifying glass, and a number of people have asked if it was a "real rubie." To these last I have replied, "I bought it in Prague because I liked it and the dealer said 'C'est un rubie synthetique,'" which was the absolute truth. But at all hours of the day and night and in all my travels since I glance at the ruby and it flashes back warm red ray^s of confident and friendly greeting.

Supper at the hotel was excellent and the service fairly good, the waiters having returned to their posts after their Sunday holiday. After supper I strolled down the main street to the powder tower. Near there a well dressed blond woman of statu-

(1926, July, Prague.

E-1926.

imitation ruby in it. You should be ashamed to think of wearing a ring, you, a man, wearing a ring, and a ring with an imitation stone in it. "But I could not get away from the warm glow in the stone that seemed to be alive and to sparkle and shoot out rays of lovely red light from every angle." Why not buy the poodle. If you don't you will be thinking about it for a long time and wishing you had, because you will never see another like it. If you do, surely you will get six dollars worth of pleasure out of it. So I bought it and worn it continuously to this day. No other expenditure of six dollars ever brought me so much pleasure as this imitation ruby ring has brought to me in the years that have elapsed. I have wished that I could think of it as a genuine ruby from India and with a romantic history, but I know that it is of human manufacture. However, it has the true blood red rich ruby color, and its virtue resides in the peculiar cutting of the facets that catch and reflect concentrated rays of red light. Throughout my travels it has attracted much attention, many people have admired it in extravagant terms, two jewelers, one a Hindoo and the other a Jew, asked the privilege of examining it with a glass magnifying glass, and a number of people have asked if it was a "real ruby." To these last I have replied, "I bought it in Prague because I liked it and the dealer said 'G'est un ruby synthétique,' which was the absolute truth. But at all hours of the day and night and in all my travels since I glance at the ruby and it flashes back warm red rays of confidence and friendly greeting. Supper at the hotel was excellent and the service fairly good, the waiters having returned to their posts after their Sunday holiday. After supper I strolled down the main street to the powder tower. Near there a well-dressed blond woman of statu-

(1926, July, Prague.

E--1957.

esque size and proportions stepped up to me and took my arm as if she belonged to me, or rather as if I belonged to her. "Well, that's business," thought I, "let's see how it will end." As we proceeded slowly down the street she leaned against me and pressed my hand over her ample bosom, which was not at all disagreeable but wholly improper for a middle aged gentleman on the street. I stopped before a small restaurant and said inquiringly "Bier," at which she smiled and answered "Ya." We took a small table together and the beer was brought. She understood German but no French and English, and my knowledge of spoken German was very limited, which was a damper to conversation. She was a good looking creature, mature, large, buxom, blond, and attractive, except that I never liked large women, my idea being that they should go with very large men. She was dignified and best described by the one word "statuesque." In tights and on a pedestal she would have been highly ornamental in a large hall. All I could learn from her conversation was that she was a Czechoslovakian and a resident of Prague. After emerging from the restaurant she again took my arm as if I belonged to her. I headed back to my hotel and she clung to me like a leech. At the entrance I disengaged my arm and said "Gute nacht, fraulein." She showed a strong disposition to follow me in, but I turned on her and said "Nein, nein, fraulein, es verboten; gute nacht, und auf wiedersehen," which may be bad German, but it served the purpose of causing her to hesitate while I stepped briskly inside, in time to see a porter grinning at the lady outside.

Before retiring, I asked myself, "What of all you have seen *or heard* today will you remember?" and the answer was, some flowers in a bed at the end of a bridge, the cheery song of a canary, and the flashing rays of my newly acquired ruby ring.

each size and proportions stepped up to me and took my arm as if she belonged to me, or rather as if I belonged to her. "Well, that's business," thought I, "let's see how it will end." As we proceeded slowly down the street she leaned against me and pressed my hand over her ample bosom, which was not at all disagreeable but wholly improper for a middle aged gentleman on the street.

I stopped before a small restaurant and said indignantly "Here," at which she smiled and answered "Yes." We took a small table together and the beer was brought. She understood German but no French and English, and my knowledge of spoken German was very limited, which was a damper to conversation. She was a good looking creature, mature, large, plump, blond, and attractive, except that I never liked large women, my idea being that they should go with very large men. She was dignified and best described by the one word "statuesque." In tight and on a pedestal she would have been highly ornamental in a large hall. All I could learn from her conversation was that she was a Czechoslovakian and a resident of Prague. After emerging from the restaurant she again took my arm as if I belonged to her. I headed back to my hotel and she clung to me like a leech. At the entrance I disengaged my arm and said "Gute nacht, fraulein." She showed a strong disposition to follow me in, but I turned on her and said "Nein, nein, fraulein, es verboten; gute nacht, und auf wiedersehen," which may be bad German, but it served the purpose of causing her to hesitate while I stepped briskly inside, in time to see a porter grinning at the lady outside.

Before retiring, I asked myself, "What of all you have seen or heard today will you remember?" and the answer was, some flowers in a bed at the end of a bridge, the cherry song of a canary, and the flashing rays of my newly acquired ruby ring.

(1926, July, Prague.

1958.

Then, too, I would remember the harpy at the public comfort station, the surprising effect of a glass of beer followed by a half bottle of wine, and perhaps the blond statue I had just abandoned at the hotel entrance.

Tuesday, the 27th. Promptly at 9 a.m. I called at the American Consulate and with Mr. Peck drove across the river to the Central Bureau of Statistics, where I had satisfactory interviews with the officials, obtained information as to their organization and work, and assurances of full cooperation in the census project. Then we went to the Ministry of Agriculture. ^{The Minister} ~~He~~ was away at the time, but we were cordially received by his subordinates. Mr. Hanosek was especially helpful. After discussing the census and promising cooperation he said that one of the principal problems of the ministry was the subdivision of large estates so as to provide land for the peasants and permit of intensive cultivation. He said that one-third of Bohemia belonged to Count Swartzenbrock. The actual carrying out of this agrarian reform was attended by many difficulties, mainly political. He said that with respect to cultivated lands the reform was 85 per cent complete, but only 6 per cent complete with respect to forested areas.. The reform involved considerable ~~expense~~ but he thought it would be completed by 1929 and the country would be in a position to take an agricultural census. He also said some friction had developed between the Ministry of Agriculture and the Central Bureau of Statistics with respect to the census because both were equally interested in it and each wished to have charge of it.

Returning to the hotel I sent a telegram to the Institute and one to Mr. Haas at Berlin as to the time of my arrival.

After luncheon I called on the Commercial ~~A~~ttache, Mr. Hodgson, who said that the Czechoslovakian statistics were not

1928.

(1928, July, Prague.

Then, too, I would remember the happy at the public comfort station, the surprising effect of a glass of beer followed by a half bottle of wine, and perhaps the blond statue I had just abandoned at the hotel entrance.

Tuesday, the 27th. Promptly at 9 a.m. I called at the

American Consulate and with Mr. Beck drove across the river to the Central Bureau of Statistics, where I had satisfactory interviews with the officials, obtained information as to their organization and work, and assurances of full cooperation in the census project.

Then we went to the Ministry of Agriculture. He was away at the time, but we were cordially received by his subordinate. Mr. Hnossek was especially helpful. After discussing the census and promising cooperation he said that one of the principal problems of the ministry was the subdivision of large estates so as to provide land for the peasants and permit of intensive cultivation. He said that one-third of Bohemia belonged to Count Swartzenbrock. The actual carrying out of this agrarian reform was attended by many difficulties, mainly political. He said that with respect to cultivated lands the reform was 85 per cent complete, but only 6 per cent complete with respect to forested areas. The reform involved considerable expense but he thought it would be completed by 1929 and the country would be in a position to take an agricultural census. He also said some friction had developed between the Ministry of Agriculture and the Central Bureau of Statistics with respect to the census because both were equally interested in it and each wished to have charge of it.

Returning to the hotel I sent a telegram to the Institute and one to Mr. Haas at Berlin as to the time of my arrival.

After luncheon I called on the Commercial Attache, Mr. Hodgson, who said that the Czechoslovakian statistics were not

(1926, July, Prague.

E--1959.

above criticism but were steadily improving; that the government was sound, its finances having been stabilized by an American loan, its budget balanced, and that there should be no difficulty in financing a census in 1930. He said that he graduated from West Point and was stationed on the Texas border for awhile, after which he served as a United States courier and ^{was} stationed in Brussels. He said that after the war social conditions were much demoralized and that on one occasion, upon returning to his room in the hotel, he found an attractive young lady installed and ready to entertain him, which was very thoughtful of the hotel management. He expressed the opinion that German domination of Czechoslovakia was necessary and beneficial because wherever German support was lacking the Slovaks sank into chaos. He had also ^been stationed for awhile at Warsaw and in Russia, and he gave me the names of several Americans in those countries who ^{were} well informed and whom I might look up.

I had a good supper of ham and eggs and delicious bread and butter. At 9 p.m. I went to the reception room expecting to meet a candidate for a position in the Rome office, but he did not come. After waiting nearly an hour I ~~stepped~~ into a restaurant and had a Benedictine and a Havana cigar, and listened to some good music. I was amused at watching two men courting one young woman who evidently preferred the younger and larger of the two.

Wednesday, July 28, a cloudy cool day, so cool that I wore heavy clothing and a raincoat. I was up early, had breakfast, and went to the railway station and boarded the train for Berlin. We reached Rondnice at 1020 a.m. and passed through a good farming country with large fields of excellent wheat and sugar ^bbeets, many fields of hops which were trained on poles twelve or more feet

(1926, July, Prague.

above criticism but were steadily improving; that the government was sound, its finances having been stabilized by an American loan, its budget balanced, and that there should be no difficulty in financing a census in 1930. He said that he graduated from West

Point and was stationed on the Texas border for awhile, after which he served as a United States courier and stationed in Brussels. He said that after the war social conditions were much demoralized and that on one occasion, upon returning to his room in the hotel, he found an attractive young lady installed and ready to entertain him, which was very thoughtful of the hotel management. He expressed the opinion that German domination of Czechoslovakia was necessary and beneficial because wherever German support was lacking the Slovaks sank into chaos. He had also been stationed for awhile at Warsaw and in Russia, and he gave me the names of several Americans in those countries who well informed and whom I might look up.

I had a good supper of ham and eggs and delicious bread and butter. At 9 p.m. I went to the reception room expecting to meet a candidate for a position in the Rome office, but he did not come. After waiting nearly an hour I slipped into a restaurant and had a Benedictine and a Havana cigar, and listened to some good music. I was amused at watching two men courting one young woman who evidently preferred the younger and larger of the two.

Wednesday, July 28, a cloudy cool day, so cool that I wore heavy clothing and a raincoat. I was up early, had breakfast, and went to the railway station and boarded the train for Berlin. We reached Rönitz at 10:30 a.m. and passed through a good farming country with large fields of excellent wheat and sugar beets, many fields of hops which were trained on poles twelve or more feet

(1926, July, Prague-Berlin.

E--1960.

high, and many patches of potatoes and poppies, but no maize was to be seen. The wheat was fully ripe and partly harvested. Oats and rye looked well and were beginning to show color. The country roads were excellent. Apple trees were planted along the railway. I noted several sugar beet factories. More than half the cleared land was in cultivation. The railway followed a canal for many miles. At 11 a.m. the call came for luncheon in the diner. It was very unsatisfactory, cost \$1.50, and only twenty minutes were allowed in which to eat it. Then the boundary was announced and most of the passengers got off at a large station. For an hour or more we had followed the course of a small river on which were many barges heavily laden. On the other side of the river were high hills covered with gardens, vineyards, orchards, and forest trees. At one point I saw a small but picturesque castle on the edge of a projecting cliff. We reached Dresden at 1.50 p.m., after passing a succession of villages that seemed almost continuous. Dresden seemed to be full of factories, most of which showed no signs of activity. The country surrounding the city and nearby villages was green, fresh, neat, and well kept, as well as the houses and roads.

On the way from the diner back to my compartment a man called out to me, "Hello there, are you American or English." "American," I replied. At which he stepped forward and said he was glad to meet me, that he felt sure I was an American, but there was something about me that looked English. He said he was from Minnesota and was homesick from the top of his head to the tips of his toes.

After leaving Dresden we passed through some fine farming country with good crops of wheat, sugar beets, oats, potatoes, and orchards. The people seemed to all live in villages with red roofs

high, and many patches of potatoes and poppies, but no maize was to be seen. The wheat was fully ripe and partly harvested. Oats and rye looked well and were beginning to show color. The country roads were excellent. Apple trees were planted along the railway. I noted several sugar beet factories. More than half the cleared land was in cultivation. The railway followed a canal for many miles. At 11 a.m. the call came for luncheon in the diner. It was very unsatisfactory, cost \$1.50, and only twenty minutes were allowed in which to eat it. Then the boundary was announced and most of the passengers got off at a large station. For an hour or more we had followed the course of a small river on which were many barges heavily laden. On the other side of the river were high hills covered with gardens, vineyards, orchards, and forest trees. At one point I saw a small but picturesque castle on the edge of a projecting cliff. We reached Dresden at 1.50 p.m., after passing a succession of villages that seemed almost continuous. Dresden seemed to be full of factories, most of which showed no signs of activity. The country surrounding the city and nearby villages was green, fresh, neat, and well kept, as well as the houses and roads.

On the way from the diner back to my compartment a man called out to me, "Hello there, are you American or English?" "American," I replied. At which he stepped forward and said he was glad to meet me, that he felt sure I was an American, but there was something about me that looked English. He said he was from Minnesota and was homesick from the top of his head to the tips of his toes.

After leaving Dresden we passed through some fine farming country with good crops of wheat, sugar beets, oats, potatoes, and orchards. The people seemed to all live in villages with red roofs

(1926, July, Prague-Berlin.

E--1961m

and painted walls. Wheat was shoulder high and about half harvested. In some places the harvesting was done with machines and in others by hand. In one field I saw wheat being hauled out by wagon and team, and in the adjoining field a man and girl were struggling with a cart load that would have been as much as one horse could pull.

Gradually the country flattened out and became sandy. Then we began to pass through large tracts of reforested land in blocks of ten to one hundred acres set with pines of different ages. Half way between Dresden and Berlin the soil became quite sandy and poor in appearance. However, the crops still looked well.

About noon the sun shone for awhile, but by the middle of the afternoon the sky clouded over and began to drizzle. The train reached Berlin at 5.15 p.m. The streets about the station were congested with taxies. I was driven to the Kaiserhoff and was given a large room and bath for \$⁶4.00 per day. I told the manager that I wanted a less expensive room, which he promised to have ready for me the next day. It was with a feeling of genuine surprise that when I turned the hot water spigot hot water actually came out of it. This had not happened in any hotel I had been in since leaving New York. I enjoyed the luxury of a warm bath and a change to winter clothing. Then I walked up the street and had a vermouth at a restaurant and bought some cigars. # I decided that Berlin was a smokers paradise because of the number of cigar stores and the wonderful variety of cigars, smoking tobacco, and pipes displayed in the windows and on their shelves. This evidence of civilization on the part of the Germans was in striking contrast with what a smoke^Y sees, or don't see in Latin countries, where cigars and other forms of tobacco, and matches as well, are government monopolies and are kept under lock and

and painted walls. Wheat was shoulder high and about half harvested. In some places the harvesting was done with machines and in others by hand. In one field I saw wheat being hauled out by wagon and team, and in the adjoining field a man and girl were struggling with a cart load that would have been as much as one horse could pull.

Gradually the country flattened out and became sandy. Then we began to pass through large tracts of reforested land in blocks of ten to one hundred acres set with pines of different ages. Half way between Dresden and Berlin the soil became quite sandy and poor in appearance. However, the crops still looked well.

About noon the sun shone for awhile, but by the middle of the afternoon the sky clouded over and began to drizzle. The train reached Berlin at 5.15 p.m. The streets about the station were congested with taxis. I was driven to the Kaiserhof and was given a large room and bath for \$4.00 per day. I told the manager that I wanted a less expensive room, which he promised to have ready for me the next day. It was with a feeling of genuine surprise that when I turned the hot water spigot hot water actually came out of it. This had not happened in any hotel I had been in since leaving New York. I enjoyed the luxury of a warm bath and a change to winter clothing. Then I walked up the street and had a vermouth at a restaurant and bought some cigars. I decided that Berlin was a smokers paradise because of the number of cigar stores and the wonderful variety of cigars, smoking tobacco, and pipes displayed in the windows and on their shelves. This evidence of civilization on the part of the Germans was in striking contrast with what a smoker sees, or don't see in Latin countries, where cigars and other forms of tobacco, and matches as well, are government monopolies and are kept under lock and

(1926, July, Berlin.

E--1962.

key out of sight, handled like postage stamps, and always sold grudgingly and at exorbitant prices. Here, as in the United States, cigars are displayed and sold as merchandise. ~~I~~ I went into a restaurant and had a nice supper with half a bottle of wine for eight marks. The food tasted more like American cooking than anywhere I had been since leaving New York. Returning to the hotel I sat in a luxurious arm chair in the lounge, had a Benedictine and a cigar, and listened to some lively music by a good orchestra until 10.30 p.m. Before retiring I strolled a short distance down the main street and was pleased to see it brilliantly lighted and crowds of people moving about, the same as in American cities at that hour. As I approached my hotel I was accosted by a well dressed young man, somewhat emaciated and very pale, who said he had had nothing to eat for two days, that he had been unable to find employment, had no money, and felt desperate. I gave him two marks, for which he seemed very grateful. His remark was "All that for me?"

I was much impressed by the excellen^cce of the Kaiserhoff as compared with the hotels I had so far occupied. There seemed to be a superabundance of help and service was prompt and obliging. I was made so comfortable that I wished I might prolong my stay, or meet with equally good hotels in my future travel.

Thursday, the 29th, was raining and cold. After breakfast I walked to the office of the American Agricultural Commissioner, Mr. Haas, where I met also Dr. Schoenfeld, the retiring commissioner, Miss Anderson, Mr. Weed, and Mr. Steer. I left a list of the officials I wished to meet with Miss Anderson to arrange appointments with by telephone. At the hotel I wrote up my notes³ on Prague. I called again on Messrs. Haas and Schoenfeld at noon and had a few minutes conversation with them. They were exceedingly busy trans-

E-1962.

(1926, July, Berlin.

key out of sight, handled like postage stamps, and always sold
grudgingly and at exorbitant prices. Here, as in the United
States, cigars are displayed and sold as merchandise. I went
into a restaurant and had a nice supper with half a bottle of
wine for eight marks. The food tasted more like American cooking
than anywhere I had been since leaving New York. Returning to
the hotel I sat in a luxurious arm chair in the lounge, had a
Benedictine and a cigar, and listened to some lively music by a
good orchestra until 10.30 p.m. Before retiring I strolled a
short distance down the main street and was pleased to see it
brilliantly lighted and crowds of people moving about, the same
as in American cities at that hour. As I approached my hotel I
was accosted by a well dressed young man, somewhat emaciated and
very pale, who said he had had nothing to eat for two days, that
he had been unable to find employment, had no money, and felt
desperate. I gave him two marks, for which he seemed very grate-

ful. His remark was "All that for me?"

I was much impressed by the excellence of the Kaiserhof
as compared with the hotels I had so far occupied. There seemed
to be a superabundance of help and service was prompt and oblig-
ing. I was made so comfortable that I wished I might prolong my
stay, or meet with equally good hotels in my future travel.
Thursday, the 29th, was raining and cold. After breakfast I
walked to the office of the American Agricultural Commissioner,
Mr. Haas, where I met also Dr. Schoenfeld, the retiring commissioner.
Miss Anderson, Mr. Weed, and Mr. Steer. I left a list of the officials
I wished to meet with Miss Anderson to arrange appointments with
by telephone. At the hotel I wrote up my notes on Prague. I call-
ed again on Messrs. Haas and Schoenfeld at noon and had a few min-
utes conversation with them. They were exceedingly busy trans-

(1926, July, Berlin.

E--1963.

ferring the office and its equipment and records to Mr. Haas. Dr. Schoenfeld was very pessimistic, not only about his own affairs, but said that most of the officials I wanted to see were away and that I would have to deal with subordinates. The office was greatly disturbed and could not do much until after Dr. Schoenfeld should actually leave. All the office force could do was to wait on him and facilitate his departure, and Mr. Haas could do nothing until the office was vacated and he could take charge.

I left my films with a photographer to be developed and called at the American Consulate for mail. Had luncheon at a restaurant, a moderate luncheon it was, but the price was 9.75 marks, more than \$2.00. Returning to my room I laid down for a nap and was just dozing off when a messenger walked in with some mail without knocking. Thereafter I kept the door locked. At 4.30 I arose and began drafting a report on Prague for the Institute. Taking advantage of a break in the clouds I went into the park Unter den Linden and took some pictures. There were many statues and one of them, a bronze figure of a nude woman, was especially attractive. My Prague report was finished at 8.30 p.m. After my experience with the street restaurant at midday I decided to try the hotel restaurant. The supper was good and well served, but cost 8.75 marks. I sat in the lounge smoking and listening to the lovely music until 10.30. ⁹ ~~The~~ took a stroll on the main street to see the bright lights and people. As I stopped to look at a display of cigars in a shop window an attractive young woman joined me and opened conversation. She spoke a little English and some French. In pursuit of information I asked what a gentleman was expected to pay for the privilege of spending the evening with her. She said a room at a hotel would cost 5 marks, and for her-

ferring the office and its equipment and records to Mr. Haas.
 Dr. Schoenfeld was very pessimistic, not only about his own af-
 fairs, but said that most of the officials I wanted to see
 were away and that I would have to deal with subordinates. The
 office was greatly disturbed and could not do much until after
 Dr. Schoenfeld should actually leave. All the office force could
 do was to wait on him and facilitate his departure, and Mr. Haas
 could do nothing until the office was vacated and he could take
 charge.

I left my films with a photographer to be developed and
 called at the American Consulate for mail. Had luncheon at a
 restaurant, a moderate luncheon it was, but the price was 9.75
 marks, more than 22.00. Returning to my room I laid down for a nap
 and was just dozing off when a messenger walked in with some mail
 without knocking. Thereafter I kept the door locked. At 4.30
 I arose and began drafting a report on Prague for the Institute.
 Taking advantage of a break in the clouds I went into the park
 Unter den Linden and took some pictures. There were many statues
 and one of them, a bronze figure of a nude woman, was especially
 attractive. My Prague report was finished at 8.30 p.m. After my
 experience with the street restaurant at midday I decided to try
 the hotel restaurant. The supper was good and well served, but
 cost 8.75 marks. I sat in the lounge smoking and listening to
 the lovely music until 10.30. The took a stroll on the main street
 to see the bright lights and people. As I stopped to look at a
 display of cigars in a shop window an attractive young woman join-
 ed me an opened conversation. She spoke a little English and some
 French. In pursuit of information I asked what a gentleman was
 expected to pay for the privilege of spending the evening with
 her. She said a room at a hotel would cost 5 marks, and for her-

(1926, July, Berlin.

E--1964.

self she would expect ten marks, and in addition any presents I might feel inclined to give. These prices were stated in a matter of fact way and in much the same manner and tone of voice and there was no pretense of feigned affect^{io}n; that a dealer would price cigars! I replied that I was sorry, but I was a married man, had a wife and children, was poor, and had a lot of writing to do, but I would gladly take the time to have a glass of beer with her in a restaurant. She drew herself up hautilly and with a look of scorn abruptly left me, which after all was the best thing she could have done. ^H Walking back to the hotel, a distance of five blocks, I was accosted by six women, some attractive and some ~~ex~~ repulsive in appearance. I simply pretended not to see or hear them. My attitude toward them was simply one of friendly interest, because I was interested in their situation, the circumstances that led to it, and on my own account, for which reason I would have liked nothing better than to have an adventure with one of them, but I was inhibited by puritanical bringing up, custom, and habit, loyalty to my family, and the feeling that intimacy with them was beneath the dignity of a government official on an important mission, and the recollection of all I had heard and read about the danger of infection. These practical considerations were quite sufficient to regulate my own outward conduct--and yet I could not see that there was anything particularly immoral in these women plying the only means left to them to make a living or of this form of mercenary love for men without family obligations, or for men who fulfilled all their family obligations but were separated from their families for long periods on account of business. So long as the men and women who indulged in these intimacies in a decorous and decent manner and gave no offence to society, neither the spirit nor morality was involved any more than for a man or a

(1926, July, Berlin.

self she would expect ten marks, and in addition any presents I might feel inclined to give. These prices were stated in a mat-

ter of fact way and in much the same manner and tone of voice and there was no pretense of feigned affection that a dealer would price cigars. I replied that I was sorry,

but I was a married man, had a wife and children, was poor, and had a lot of writing to do, but I would gladly take the time to have a glass of beer with her in a restaurant. She drew herself up haughty and with a look of scorn abruptly left me, which after all was the best thing she could have done. ^WWalking back to the

hotel, a distance of five blocks, I was accosted by six women,

some attractive and some as repulsive in appearance. I simply pretended not to see or hear them. My attitude toward them was

simply one of friendly interest, because I was interested in their

situation, the circumstances that led to it, and on my own ac-

count, for which reason I would have liked nothing better than

to have an adventure with one of them, but I was inhibited by

practical things up, custom, and habit, loyalty to my family,

and the feeling that intimacy with them was beneath the dignity

of a government official on an important mission, and the recol-

lection of all I had heard and read about the danger of infec-

tion. These practical considerations were quite sufficient to

regulate my own outward conduct--and yet I could not see that

there was anything particularly immoral in these women plying

the only means left to them to make a living or of this form of

mercenary love for men without family obligations, or for men who

fulfilled all their family obligations but were separated from

their families for long periods on account of business. So long

as the men and women who indulged in these intimacies in a deco-

rous and decent manner and gave no offence to society, neither

the spirit nor morality was involved any more than for a man or a

(1926, July, Berlin.

E--1965.

women away from the family to take a meal at a public restaurant or to clasp the hand of a stranger. No question of love^y is involved, or of disloyalty to one's family, although ^{genuine} affection may develop between a congenial couple if they really become acquainted with each other. The women who become courtesans by necessity or choice, and the ~~r~~^e_h are both kinds, acquire much knowledge about themselves as well as about their patrons and become experts in the arts of cajolery and simulated affection. Also as a matter of professional pride and necessity the better class of courtesans keep themselves physically neater, cleaner, and daintier than the average run of married women. Their frequent and intimate contact with many different men, ~~man~~ in different walks of life, business and professional men, men who are travelling especially, sharpens their wits and broadens their understanding, so that the better class of courtesans are superior in many respects to the average run of married women ~~y~~ whose experience is limited, except, of course, in the experience of maternity and home life, which also many courtesans have had. Really society would be benefitted and married happiness promoted if every young wife could take a few lessons from ~~xxxxxx~~ an accomplished courtesan. Curiously enough the profession of courtesan has been and is held in disrepute, partly because of its rivalry with marriage and the home, partly because of religious taboos and superstitions, which brand it as immoral, and largely because of the dregs, the large proportion of females without intelligence, morals, character, or common decency, unfit for ~~wifes~~ wives or anything else but ~~beasts~~ beasts of burden, mental and moral delinquents, filthy and loathsome and carriers of disease. Of course, for every such female there is one or more males of the same grade of intelligence, morality, and common decency. This class, both male and female,

(1926, July, Berlin.

E--1965.

woman away from the family to take a meal at a public restaurant
or to clasp the hand of a stranger. No question of love is in-
volved, or of disloyalty to one's family, although affection may
develop between a congenial couple if they really become acquainted
ed with each other. The women who become courtesans by necessity
or choice, and their are both kinds, acquire much knowledge about
themselves as well as about their patrons and become experts in
the arts of cajolery and simulated affection. Also as a matter of
professional pride and necessity the better class of courtesans
keep themselves physically neater, cleaner, and daintier than
the average run of married women. Their frequent and intimate con-
tact with many different men, men in different walks of life,
business and professional men, men who are travelling especial-
ly, sharpens their wits and broadens their understanding, so that
the better class of courtesans are superior in many respects to
the average run of married women whose experience is limited,
except, of course, in the experience of maternity and home life,
which also many courtesans have had. Really society would be bene-
fitted and married happiness promoted if every young wife could
take a few lessons from ~~examined~~ an accomplished courtesan. Un-
doubtedly enough the profession of courtesan has been and is held
in disrepute, partly because of its rivalry with marriage and the
home, partly because of religious taboos and superstitions which
brand it as immoral, and largely because of the degenerate, or
proportion of females without intelligence, morals, character, or
common decency, unfit for wives or anything else but ~~men~~
beasts of burden, mental and moral delinquents, filthy and loath-
some and carriers of disease. Of course, for every such female
there is one or more males of the same grade of intelligence,
morality, and common decency. This class, both male and female,

(1926, July, Berlin.

E--1966.

are society's delinquents, real or potential criminals, and their progeny fill our jails and insane asylums. Probably the only solution is segregation or sterilization.

Comparisons are said to be odious. Of course they are, as they are usually made. When we Americans compare ourselves with other nationals, what do we do? We think of our many examples of brilliant men and beautiful women, we think of the theory back of our institutions, we think of our hosts of industrious, decent men and women living in nice homes, respectable, reading, music-loving, church-going, well dressed, decent, with families of healthy beautiful children, as something normally representing American life. We conveniently overlook our poverty, our crime, our slums, our delinquent classes without any sense of decency. And when we compare Americans with other nationals we invariably think of high class Americans and of low class ^{Bonapartes} ~~other nationals~~. We compare a well educated, industrious, respectable, home owning American citizen with a Chinese coolie, or a criminal exported from Sicily, or a drunken German, or a Cockney Britisher, or a dumb Scandinavian, or an anarchistic bewhiskered Russian peasant, much to the gratification of our self-~~complacent~~ complacent national and racial pride. Each and every nation on the face of the earth does exactly the same thing. It compares its own highest class with the lowest class of all others. Each and every one of them has a higher class, and representatives of that class are the equals ~~and~~ ^{sometimes} ~~if not the superiors~~ of the highest class of any other nation. There are Chinese gentlemen, Hindoo Gentlemen, Russian gentlemen, and probably African gentlemen, who are the equals in intelligence, education, ~~culture, xxx~~ and certainly in personal cleanliness and polite manners, of any American or British gentleman. This, of course, is obviously all wrong, but only those who have travelled

are society's delinquents, real or potential criminals, and their progeny fill our jails and insane asylums. Probably the only solution is segregation or sterilization.

Comparisons are said to be odious. Of course they are, as they are usually made. When we Americans compare ourselves with other nationalities, what do we do? We think of our many examples of brilliant men and beautiful women, we think of the theory back of our institutions, we think of our hosts of industrialists, decent men and women living in nice homes, respectable, reading, music-loving, church-going, well dressed, decent, with families of healthy beautiful children, as something normally representing American life. We conveniently overlook our poverty, our crime, our slums, our delinquent classes without any sense of decency. And when we compare Americans with other nationalities we invariably think of high class Americans and of low class other nationalities. We compare a well educated, industrialist, respectable, home owning American citizen with a Chinese coolie, or a criminal exported from Sicily, or a drunken German, or a Cockney Britisher, or a dumb Scandinavian, or an anarchistic bewhiskered Russian peasant, much to the gratification of ourself-satisfied complacent national and racial pride. Each and every nation on the face of the earth does exactly the same thing. It compares its own highest class with the lowest class of all others. Each and every one of them has a higher class, and representatives of that class are the equals ~~of~~ ^{not the superiors of} the highest class of any other nation. There are Chinese gentlemen, Hindoo gentlemen, Russian gentlemen, and probably African gentlemen, who are the equals in intelligence, education, taste, and certainly in personal cleanliness and polite manners, of any American or British gentleman. This, of course, is obviously all wrong, but only those who have travelled

(1926, July, Berlin.

E--1967.

much, ^eobserved much, and thought much, realize that these different grades of human beings exist in every country, nationality and race, a grade of ~~the~~ which the nation or tribe is proud and ~~and~~ another grade at the opposite extreme of which it is ashamed and conveniently ignores; and in making comparisons the superlative of one is compared with the most degraded of the other. So it is in all argument and in all comparisons. The trouble is that we ~~do~~ not make comparisons between the same things, or things in the same class. American and British gentlemen should be compared only with Chinese, Turkish, African, Russian, or any other ^{gentlemen of the} ~~race or nationality.~~ ^{gentlemen.} The same rule should apply to ladies.

A lady is a lady whether she is the fortunate mistress of a home and the proprietor of that home or the mistress of one or several or many proprietors of homes. ~~It is~~ For the purposes of comparison only those in the same class should be compared, and within that class it should be only a question of relative excellence, personal, physical, and mental. It is just as unfair to compare an American or British gentleman or lady with a Chinese coolie or German boor, as to compare an accomplished courtesan, educated, refined, cleanly, well dressed, decent and decorous with the mentally and morally delinquent females of their country. ~~It~~ And yet that is exactly what narrow minded, jealous wives and church people habitually do. And in doing this they hurt their cause, the maintenance of home, church, and public morality, because in doing so they betray their ignorance and narrow minded intolerance, when the male members of the family know better from experience and observation.

The profession of public courtesan~~is~~ is unquestionably the oldest if not the most honorable and will probably endure to the end of the human race, because it goes back to the beginning

much, observed much, and thought much, realize that these different grades of human beings exist in every country, nationality and race, a grade of the nation or tribe is proud and another grade at the opposite extreme of which it is ashamed and conveniently ignores; and in making comparisons the superior of one is compared with the most degraded of the other. So it is in all argument and in all comparisons. The trouble is that we do not make comparisons between the same things, or things in the same class. American and British gentlemen should be compared only with Chinese, Turkish, African, Russian, or any other gentlemen. The same rule should apply to ladies.

A lady is a lady whether she is the fortunate mistress of a home and the proprietor of that home or the mistress of one or several or many proprietors of homes. ~~Kixx~~ For the purposes of comparison only those in the same class should be compared, and within that class it should be only a question of relative excellence, personal, physical, and mental. It is just as unfair to compare an American or British gentleman or lady with a Chinese coolie or German poor, as to compare an accomplished courtess, educated, refined, cleanly, well dressed, decent and decorous with the mentally and morally delinquent females of their country. And yet that is exactly what narrow minded, jealous wives and church people habitually do. And in doing this they hurt their cause, the maintenance of home, church, and public morality, because in doing so they betray their ignorance and narrow minded intolerance, when the male members of the family know better from experience and observation.

The profession of public courtesans is unquestionably the oldest if not the most honorable and will probably endure to the end of the human race, because it goes back to the beginning

(1926, July, Berlin.

E--1968.

of time, has survived all legal, tribal, national, international, and religious taboos, and continues to flourish; and will continue to flourish until human nature changes, because it is founded on the primary, fundamental, cosmic urge and physical organization of mankind, and all laws^{and} social and religious taboos are utterly futile and ridiculous against it. The curious thing about it all is the utter blindness of a large proportion of the female population, founded on jealousy and competition which they cannot meet, and the hermaphrodite males who seek favor from the former class, to realize the true situation, which accounts for their continued unavailing efforts to discredit the courtesan class which, as a rule is their superior from many points of view. Obviously the presence and the persistence of the courtesan class depends entirely upon a continued and ever present demand. ^H That demand is evidenced in every city and town in the world, without exception, by the presence on the streets after dusk of men standing on street corners or wandering aimlessly about, looking and waiting for, and expecting a female companion. Surely the women who supply that demand are quite as moral and decent as the men who constitute the demand, who range from the lowest to the highest, without exception, youths, husbands, fathers, laborers, merchants, professors, statesmen, and even clergymen and priests, lowest to highest. They are all human, and the human urge and common sense transcends all petty artificial barriers, given the time and opportunity, but with varying degrees of ^hinhibition because of family, tradition, local custom, ^gand religious taboo and superstition. With human inconsistency and hypocrisy most of them blame their falling from grace to the artful allurements of the courtesan, but the fact remains that their whole nature cried out for female companionship and they were out looking for and praying for that

of time, has survived all legal, tribal, national, international, and religious taboos, and continues to flourish; and will continue to flourish until human nature changes, because it is founded on the primary, fundamental, cosmic urge and physical organization of mankind, and all laws, social and religious taboos are utterly futile and ridiculous against it. The curious thing about it all is the utter blindness of a large proportion of the female population, founded on jealousy and competition which they cannot meet, and the hermaphrodite males who seek favor from the former class, to realize the true situation, which accounts for their continued unavailing efforts to discredit the courtesan class which as a rule is their superior from many points of view. Obviously the presence and the persistence of the courtesan class depends entirely upon a continued and ever present demand. That demand is evidenced in every city and town in the world, without exception, by the presence on the streets after dusk of men standing on street corners or wandering aimlessly about, looking and waiting for, and expecting a female companion. Surely the women who supply that demand are quite as moral and decent as the men who constitute the demand, who range from the lowest to the highest, without exception, youths, husbands, fathers, laborers, merchants, professors, statesmen, and even clergymen and priests, lowest to highest. They are all human, and the human urge and common sense transcends all petty artificial barriers, given the time and opportunity, but with varying degrees of inhibition because of family, tradition, local custom, and religious taboo and superstition. With human inconsistency and hypocrisy most of them blame their falling from grace to the sordid allurement of the courtesan, but the fact remains that their whole nature cried out for female companionship and they were out looking for and praying for that

(1926, July, Berlin.

E--1968.

companionship, and when a female presented herself, good, bad, or indifferent, she was more than welcome. If any one doubts this, let him or her walk leisurely through his or her home town or city, or any town or city in the world, after dark, and note the men at strategic street corners, heads of cross streets or alleys, or gazing casually into shop windows. What are they there for? Looking for women. Curiously enough they are timid, because of their inhibitions, and they wait for the women to make the advance, give the sign, break the ice. In the so-called civilized countries of western Europe and North America ^custom has so far progressed that courtesans are permitted, the minions of the law winking one ~~eye~~, to appear on the streets and make the initial advances. In all other countries the courtesans are confined to houses and connection is made ^cthrough messengers and courriers. Of course, the western way is most convenient and satisfactory to western men because it is direct and saves a lot of time and foolishness. The man in search of a woman and the woman in search of a man pass each other on the street, pause slightly, smile, nod, greet each other as friends, and for a time are friends. In the outlandish countries a gentleman walks the streets for hours and sees nothing but shuttered windows, deserted streets, dim lights, until a little rat catches him by the arm and pulls him into a dark alley. And so this universal character^{istic} of the human race, that has come down to us from the remotest beginnings of time, has been modified by custom and religion in all sorts of ways, ~~but~~ flourishes and is ever-present and affects every human being, but because of social and religious taboos and superstitions is kept in the background and not discussed or treated with ordinary human intelligence. ^H Just because I was a respectable American, with puritanical traditions, separated from my family

(1926, July, Berlin.

E--1968.

or companionship, and when a female presented herself, good, bad, or indifferent, she was more than welcome. If any one doubts this, let him or her walk leisurely through his or her home town or city, or any town or city in the world, after dark, and note the men at strategic street corners, heads of cross streets or alleys, or gazing casually into shop windows. What are they there for? Looking for women. Curiously enough they are timid, because of their inhibitions, and they wait for the women to make the advance. Give the alarm, break the ice. In the so-called civilized countries of western Europe and North America custom has so far progressed that courtesans are permitted, the minions of the law winking one eye, to appear on the streets and make the initial advances. In all other countries the courtesans are confined to houses and connection is made through messengers and couriers. Of course, the western way is most convenient and satisfactory to western men because it is direct and saves a lot of time and foolishness. The man in search of a woman and the woman in search of a man pass each other on the street, pause slightly, smile, nod, greet each other as friends, and for a time are friends. In the outlandish countries a gentleman walks the streets for hours and sees nothing but shuttered windows, deserted streets, dim lights, until a little rat catches him by the arm and pulls him into a dark alley. And so this universal character of the human race, that has come down to us from the remotest beginnings of time, has been modified by custom and religion in all sorts of ways, but flourishes and is ever-present and affects every human being, but because of social and religious taboos and superstitions is kept in the background and not discussed or treated with ordinary human intelligence. Just because I was a respectable American, with puritanical traditions, separated from my family

(1926, July, Berlin.

E--1969.

and home surroundings and restraints, conscious of a constant desire for female companionship and intimate contact, I realized, that I was interested in women as a normal healthy man should be and not only began to question the bases of my ^{ibi}inhibitions that led me to forego opportunities but to observe closely the conduct of other men in the same situation and of the women who met their ^{need} and gratified their desire. ^H That was my state of mind in Berlin, brought to the front by the solicitation of attractive females on the street, and I came to the mental and logical conclusion that my inhibitions were unreasonable and that I was foolish to have repulsed the attractive opportunities that had presented themselves. Nevertheless, the inhibitions remained entrenched and I condemned to outermost darkness and torture the influences that had handicapped me by those inhibitions--clearly I was not a free agent to follow the dictates of my reason. And that led me to a consideration of the absolute curse that social custom and religious taboos had laid upon mankind. Looking back I could not remember to have met a more dainty, beautiful, refined lady than the little blond woman whomate an ice cream with me in Vienna. The courtesan whom I met this evening was as well dressed and as proud and aristocratic as any duchess of the British empire. There^e were courtesans in Rome that answered every specification of a madonna. Immoral? why the question of morality or religion has no more to do with it than the people you pass on the street. If there is any immorality involved it is in the ~~targin~~ inexcusable blindness and ~~intake~~ ignorant intolerance of church and society people regarding a fundamental human relation, because they are willfully blind and liars by profession. Huh, well, that's a curious ^conclusion for a hereditary English-American ^paritan, but it was my honest and sincere conclusion on reaching Berlin.

and some surroundings and restraints, conscious of a constant desire for female companionship and intimate contact, I realized that I was interested in women as a normal healthy man should be and not only began to question the bases of my inhibitions that led me to forego opportunities but to observe closely the conduct of other men in the same situation and of the women who met their needs and gratified their desire. That was my state of mind in Berlin, brought to the front by the solicitation of attractive females on the street, and I came to the mental and logical conclusion that my inhibitions were unreasonable and that I was foolish to have repulsed the attractive opportunities that had presented themselves. Nevertheless, the inhibitions remained entrenched and I condemned to uttermost darkness and torture the influences that had handicapped me by those inhibitions--clearly I was not a free agent to follow the dictates of my reason. And that led me to a consideration of the absolute curse that social custom and religious taboos had laid upon mankind. Looking back I could not remember to have met a more dainty, beautiful, refined lady than the little blond woman who ate an ice cream with me in Vienna. The courtesan whom I met this evening was as well dressed and as proud and aristocratic as any duchess of the British Empire. There were courtesans in Rome that answered every specification of a madonna. Immoral? why the question of morality or religion has no more to do with it than the people you pass on the street. If there is any immorality involved it is in the inextinguishable blindness and ~~intox~~ ignorant intolerance of church and society people regarding a fundamental human relation, because they are willfully blind and liars by profession. But, well, that's a curious conclusion for a heterodox English-American Protestant, but it was my honest and sincere conclusion on reaching Berlin.

11926, July, Berlin.

E--1970.

My thought^r was that my puritan ancestors had been mistaken through religious superstition and taboos, and that all church and so-called respectable people had been blinded by tradition and custom to human and ^divine realities, and that individuals suffered from that Moloch of tradition and religion, and that the real sinners were the blind followers of the churches and social codes--and that opinion has not been modified by subsequent experience and observation. So much for my speculations on the subject after the little German lady turned her back so haughtily upon me as a hopeless prospect.

(Dragoni, July 29, gray folder. ^{omit}

11926, July, Berlin.

E--1970.

My thought was that my puritan ancestors had been mistaken through religious superstition and taboos, and that all church and so-called respectable people had been blinded by tradition and custom to human and divine realities, and that individuals suffered from that Moabite of tradition and religion, and that the real sinners were the blind followers of the churches and social codes--and that opinion has not been modified by subsequent experience and observation. So much for my speculations on the subject after the little German lady turned her back so haughtily upon me as a hopeless prospect.

(Prigoni, July 29, grey folder.)

(1926, July, Berlin.

E--1971.

Friday, the 30th, a day of sunshine and showers. I walked to the office of the Agricultural Commissioner at 9 a.m., taking some photographs on the way. At 10 a.m., Messrs. Schoenfeld, Haas, Steer, and I called upon the Commerical Attache in the Blucher Building facing the Tier Garten. This palace was presented by the German nation to General Blucher for his services in the Napoleonic wars. In addition to discussing the census project I explained to the attache that there was a position open at the Institute at a salary of \$2,500 for an assistant in my office and asked him to recommend then or at any future time any promising candidate who might come within his notice.

Then in company with Mr. Richter of the Commissioner's office as guide and interpreter I called at the Statistisches Reichsamt and saw Oberregierungsrat Burgdorfer, who arranged for an appointment with the Herr ~~an~~ Presidenten Geheimrat Prof. Dr. Wagaman, head of the central bureau of statistics. He spoke English and we had a very satisfactory interview. This was followed by an equally satisfactory interview with Mr. Bergdorfer. In a taxi I returned to the Paris Platz and at 1.30 p.m. had Dr. Schoenfeld to luncheon with me. I remained in his office writing up my notes until after 4 p.m. when we walked up the street to purchase a supply of cigars, Returning to my room I did some writing. Had an excellent supper in the hotel restaurant at a cost of 13.50 marks, or about \$4.00, which I judged was about four times the cost of the same meal in the United States, and made me realize that I would have to look for less expensive fare.

(Mother, July 30, ~~gray~~ folder.

(Mother, July 30, Gray folder.)

ize that I would have to look for less expensive fare.

the cost of the same meal in the United States, and made me real-
12.50 marks, or about \$4.00, which I judged was about four times
Had an excellent supper in the hotel restaurant at a cost of

a supply of cigars. Returning to my room I did some writing.

notes until after 4 p.m. when we walked up the street to purchase

feld to luncheon with me. I remained in his office writing up my

taxi I returned to the Paris Platz and at 1.30 p.m. had Dr. Schoen-

by an equally satisfactory interview with Mr. Bergdorfer. In a

glish and we had a very satisfactory interview. This was followed

Wagman, head of the central bureau of statistics. He spoke En-

an appointment with the Herr Präsidenten Geheimrat Prof. Dr.

Reichsamt and saw Oberregierungsrat Bergdorfer, who arranged for

rice as guide and interpreter I called at the Statistisches

Then in company with Mr. Richter of the Commissioner's of-

candidate who might come within his notice.

asked him to recommend then or at any future time any promising

Institute at a salary of \$2,500 for an assistant in my office and

explained to the attache that there was a position open at the

polonomic wars. In addition to discussing the census project I

the German nation to General Blücher for his services in the Na-

Building facing the Tier Garten. This palace was presented by

Steer, and I called upon the Commercial Attache in the Blücher

some photographs on the way. At 10 a.m., Messrs. Schoenfeld, Haas,

the office of the Agricultural Commissioner at 9 a.m., taking

Friday, the 30th, a day of sunshine and showers. I walked to

(1926, July, Berlin.

E-1971.

"Berlin, Germany, 30 July 1926.

"Dear Mother:

"Your letter of July 11 was the only ~~y~~ one awaiting me at the American Consulate yesterday. I greatly appreciate your regular letters telling me about Sunny Hill and life at Winworth.

"I wrote to wifey from Prague last Sunday, July 25, the day I arrived. The following day, Monday, I called at the American Consulate for mail, arranged ~~for~~ for an interpreter and by telephone made appointments for the following day. Then, it being a bright, cool, October-like day, I started out for a long tramp, did some sightseeing and took some photogtaphs.

"Prague is a beautiful city with broad streets, fine buildings and monuments. It has a broad river running through it with water a deep maroon color, flowing swiftly between banks that have been covered with masonry, and along which are parks and flower gardens. There are many bridges and one of them is interesting because it was constructed of stone in 1350, is still in use, and has rows of statues along the sides. The old city is across the river from the modern city and is situated on a range of high hills crowned with great buildings, palaces, castles, cathedrals, university, etc. The shops are full of beautiful displays of jewelry and articles of luxury and it is a great temptation to buy some of them for the dear ones at home, but I am restrained partly by considerations of economy and partly by the fact that I shall have to cross so many international boundaries with vigilant and impertinently curious customs officials who are authorized either to confiscate things or charge outrageously high duties.

"Tuesday, July 27, I visited the Central Bureau of Statistics and the Ministry of Agriculture and obtained their full concurrence in the world census project. It rained most of the day.

"Wednesday, July 28, I left Prague by early morning train, had a compartment by myself--because I travel first class and everybody else second class--and rode comfortably all day through western Czechoslovakia into Germany, followed the River Elb, passed through Dresden, and reached Berlin in the late afternoon.

"The scenery along the Elb in the mountains before reaching Dresden is very attractive. The Elb is a narrow, swiftly flowing stream not much wider than the Monocacy, but deep enough for river steamers and barges, of which I saw many. The valley is narrow, but is cultivated like a garden, with a range of high precipitous bluffs on both sides. The long narrow villages, with neat brick or plastered houses, are so numerous as to be almost continuous, and at most of the towns are factories. I regret that I could not stop at Dresden, which is described as one of the most interesting cities of Europe, but I had to pass through it with simply a glimpse of cathedral spires, great factories--cathedrals of industry--and long streets of modern buildings. Near Dresden the crops are magnificent, the wheat being the finest I have ever seen. In addition to wheat and oats, there are great areas of sugar beets and potatoes, but no maize, flax or hemp. I passed through one section devoted mainly to hops that grew on poles sixteen to eighteen feet high. Also there were many patches of oriental poppies from one-half to three acres in extent, grown for seed, which is used on bread and for oil.

"About seventy-five miles from Dresden the country flattens out and the soil becomes sandy and poor, and so on northward to Berlin and the North Sea. In these sandy stretches of poor country are planted great areas of pine, spruce, hemlock and other forest trees in blocks of different sizes and ages, so that one block grows to saw-timber size and is ~~x~~ cut, another follows, and so on in succession.

"Wednesday, July 18, I left Bremen by early morning train, had a compartment by myself--because I travel first class and everybody else second class--and rode comfortably all day through western Prussia, and reached Berlin in the late afternoon.

"The scenery along the Elbe in the mountains before reaching Berlin is very attractive. The Elbe is a narrow, swiftly flowing stream not much wider than the Rhine, but deep enough for river steamers and barges, of which I saw many. The valley is narrow, but is cultivated like a garden, with a range of high precipitous bluffs on both sides. The long narrow villages, with neat brick or plastered houses, are so numerous as to be almost continuous, and at most of the towns are factories. I regret that I could not stop at Dresden, which is described as one of the most interesting cities of Europe, but I had to pass through it with simply a glimpse of cathedral spires, great factories--cathedrals of industry--and long streets of modern buildings. Near Dresden the crops are magnificent, the wheat being the finest I have ever seen. In addition to wheat and oats, there are great areas of sugar beets and potatoes, but no maize, flax or hemp. I passed through one section devoted mainly to hops that grow on poles sixteen to eighteen feet high. Also there were many patches of oriental poppies from one-half to three acres in extent, grown for seed, which is used on bread and for oil.

"About seventy-five miles from Dresden the country flattens out and the soil becomes sandy and poor, and as we go on northward to Berlin and the North Sea. In these sandy stretches of poor country are planted great areas of pine, spruce, hemlock and other forest trees in blocks of different sizes and ages, so that one block grows to saw-timber size and is cut, another follows, and so on in succession.

"It was raining and very cold when I got to Berlin, so cold that men were wearing winter clothing and overcoats. The first thing I did on reaching my room was to change to winter clothing. Yesterday was the same, regular drizzling, dreary, November weather, which is said to be characteristic of this whole north country--thank God I don't have to live in it. I went to the office of the American Agricultural Commissioner, which is a part of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, and there met a number of my old friends. Through the office I arranged for interviews with the German officials today and tomorrow.

"Today I called on the American Commercial Attache, and then on The Honorable, The High-and-Well-Born, Herren Presidenten Geheimrat Professor Doctor Wagaman--in plain English, Chief of the Central Bureau of Statistics, and talked with him and his assistants, two High-and-Well-Gebrörens, and finally got them to agree to the census program of the International Institut of Agriculture which I represent. This noon I took Dr.Schoenfeldt, the outgoing Agricultural Commissioner who returns to Washington next week, to luncheon. Tomorrow I have an appointment with the Minister of Agriculture, and luncheon at the hotel with the incoming Agricultural Commissioner, Mr.Haas, and our American party.

"My next objective is Warsaw and I shall probably stay here until Tuesday so as to make the trip by daylight, ^{and} ~~so that I can see~~ the country and its agriculture en route.

"As a city Berlin ranks third in the world after London and New York. It is modern in every respect, with magnificent streets, buildings, parks, and monuments. The great UnterdenLinden is the finest street I have seen anywhere, and the Tiergarten is one of the great parks of the world.

"I am full of interesting sights, scenes and incidents,

but have not the time to describe them. However, my good memory, copious notes, and photographic record should enable me to reproduce them in the years to come when I retire with the family to beautiful Sunny Hill.

"Prices of most things are high here, especially hotels, except cigars, which are plentiful, cheap, and very good. The city seems to be full of business, and yet on my first evening here I was approached by a gentleman, better dressed than me, who said he had been without food for two days. Asked the reason, he said he was a professional man and could find no employment. I gave him enough to get one square meal.

"Love to you and all.

"Lee."

(Q1926, July, Berlin.

E--1972.

Saturday, the 31st, was clear and warm enough to be pleasant. After breakfast I packed my things, paid my bill for three days room and service amounting to 100 marks, about \$24.00, and then asked the clerk if he could find a cheaper room in the hotel for me; otherwise I was leaving, and I reminded him that he had promised to let me have a cheaper room, but had not done so. When he saw that I was determined to leave he readily agreed to let me have a room and bath for fifteen marks a day, and the room was quite as good as the one ^{for which} I had been paying 24 marks a day, ~~for~~.

After calling at the Commissioner's office Mr. Richter and I called at the Ministry of Agriculture and I had a satisfactory interview with the undersecretary of State for Agriculture, who confirmed the understanding I had with Dr. Waggaman the day before to the effect that their 1925 and 1927 censuses should be adjusted to 1930 so as to form a part of the world agricultural census of 1930.

Messrs. Schoenfeld, Haas, Steer, Richter, and I had luncheon together. I asked Mr. Richter to translate a German memorandum showing the organization of the department of agriculture. While he was doing this I went to the photographers for some pictures. Next I took a ride on top of a motorbus through the city to Grenfeld and back. At the hotel I found that my things had been transferred to the room newly assigned to me. Then I took supper at a cheap restaurant. It was cheap and unsatisfactory, but I had the virtuous feeling of keeping within my government allowance for the first time since reaching Berlin.

Returning by the main street I noted several cabarets on the second floor of various buildings and it occurred to me that I had never seen the inside of a cabaret by ~~that~~ that name and perhaps I would never have a better opportunity. So I went into

E-1975

(01926, July, Berlin.

Saturday, the 5th, was clear and warm enough to be pleasant. After breakfast I packed my things, paid my bill for three days room and service amounting to 100 marks, about \$24.00, and then asked the clerk if he could find a cheaper room in the hotel for me; otherwise I was leaving, and I reminded him that he had promised to let me have a cheaper room, but had not done so. When he saw that I was determined to leave he readily agreed to let me have a room and bath for fifteen marks a day, and the room was quite as good as the one I had been paying 24 marks a day for. After calling at the Commissioner's office Mr. Richter and I called at the Ministry of Agriculture and I had a satisfactory interview with the Undersecretary of State for Agriculture, who confirmed the understanding I had with Dr. Waggenman the day before to the effect that their 1925 and 1927 censuses should be adjusted to 1930 so as to form a part of the world agricultural census of 1930.

Messrs. Schoenfeld, Haas, Steer, Richter, and I had luncheon together. I asked Mr. Richter to translate a German memorandum showing the organization of the department of agriculture. While he was doing this I went to the photographer's for some pictures. Next I took a ride on top of a motorbus through the city to Grenfeld and back. At the hotel I found that my things had been transferred to the room newly assigned to me. Then I took supper at a cheap restaurant. It was cheap and unsatisfactory, but I had the virtuous feeling of keeping within my government allowance for the first time since reaching Berlin.

Returning by the main street I noted several cabarets on the second floor of various buildings and it occurred to me that I had never seen the inside of a cabaret by that name and perhaps I would never have a better opportunity. So I went into

(1926, July, Berlin.

E--1973.

the nearest, brightest, and noisiest. It turned out to be what I had in mind as a cheap music hall, dance hall, or place of amusement where some food and much liquor is consumed, and girls are available for dancing with all comers. It was a long hall with an "L" on the street side, and in the corner of the "L" was a low platform on which from time to time a girl danced to rather hectic music furnished by three ~~boys~~ pieces. Along the sides of the room were small tables and chairs for the accommodation of guests. Most of these were occupied. Opposite the door and facing it on one side of the "L" was a row of females of different ages and degrees of attractiveness who would dine or dance with any gentleman who would pay for the privilege. On the whole they were a sorry looking lot. Between the rows of tables was a narrow open space in which couples could dance if they felt so inclined. ~~P~~ I took a seat at a table near the door, partly because it was the only one unoccupied, partly so that I could leave promptly when I felt like it, and partly to be where I could watch the array of feminine charms opposite. One glance at the establishment and I felt that I was out of place and wished I had not entered, but I said to myself, "You wanted to see the inside of a cabaret and here you are; stay a while longer and see what they do." So I ordered a glass of beer and lit a cigar, prepared to sit awhile and see what would happen. The waiter brought the beer, was paid, left, and I raised the glass to my lips and as I did so my eyes looked across the narrow space and saw twelve women raise their right hands to their lips as if to sip from a phantom glass and their eyes were concentrated on me. Woof! But that battery of eyes was enough to unnerve any man. I gulped down a swallow of the liquid, bowed slightly, and set the glass on the table. Twelve heads nodded in acknowledgement of my bow. Twelve pairs of

the nearest, brightest, and noisiest. It turned out to be what I had in mind as a cheap music hall, dance hall, or place of amusement where some food and much liquor is consumed, and girls are available for dancing with all comers. It was a long hall with an "L" on the street side, and in the corner of the "L" was a low platform on which from time to time a girl danced to rather hectic music furnished by three ~~men~~ pieces. Along the sides of the room were small tables and chairs for the accommodation of guests. Most of these were occupied. Opposite the door and facing it on one side of the "L" was a row of females of different ages and degrees of attractiveness who would dine or dance with any gentlemen who would pay for the privilege. On the whole they were a sorry looking lot. Between the rows of tables was a narrow open space in which couples could dance if they felt so inclined. I took a seat at a table near the door, partly because it was the only one unoccupied, partly so that I could leave promptly when I felt like it, and partly to be where I could watch the array of feminine charms opposite. One glance at the establishment and I felt that I was out of place and wished I had not entered, but I said to myself, "You wanted to see the inside of a cabaret and here you are; stay a while longer and see what they do." So I ordered a glass of beer and lit a cigar, prepared to sit awhile and see what would happen. The waiter brought the beer, was paid, left, and I raised the glass to my lips and as I did so my eyes looked across the narrow space and saw twelve women raise their right hands to their lips as if to sip from a phantom glass and their eyes were concentrated on me. Woolf! But that battery of eyes was enough to unnerve any man. I gulped down a swallow of the liquid, bowed slightly, and set the glass on the table. Twelve heads nodded in acknowledgment of my bow. Twelve pairs of

(1926, July, Berlin.

E--1974.

eyes were glued on my face as if they would read my innermost thoughts. It was embarrassing. What was a man to do? Apparently it was against the rules of the game for any one of the ladies to leave her seat and join a gentleman or to speak to him across the narrow open space. They were as if anchored to their seats. But apparently it was not against the rules to use the universal sign language. First one and then another pointed to my glass of beer, nodded her head at me, and made motions as if drinking. This meant, if it meant anything, that she would like to have me invite her to have a drink with me. But I did not invite--I was ~~not~~ ^{the} there as an observer, unofficial observer ~~of~~ on behalf of/U.S.A. puritanical contingent. Another made motions as if her arms were about my waist and we were waltzing to the music--which obviously meant that she would like to dance with me. I did not respond. A third, a buxum blond on the sunny side of middle age, looked me straight in the eyes, leaned forward, pulled aside her bodice slightly and displayed to my fascinated gaze two beautiful round white breasts. I looked at them long and longingly, and acknowledged the privilege by throwing her a kiss. The effect of this gesture was somewhat spoiled by a chuckle from three men at the next table. Then another sister fastened me with her eyes and leaning back carelessly lifted her skirts and displayed a pair of attractive legs clad in silk stockings below and a modern garment, much ^{re}abridged, known as "step-ins" above, and slowly revolved one little foot. I acknowledged this exhibition by raising my glass, bowing to her, and drinking. Again the effect was spoiled by applause from the adjoining table. A fifth tried a combination of the last two. She leaned partly forward and to one side and exposed to view two small but well rounded breasts; at the same time she tried to adjust ~~xxxxxxxx~~ an imaginary gar-

(1926, July, Berlin.

eyes were glued on my face as if they would read my innermost thoughts. It was embarrassing. What was a man to do? Apparently it was against the rules of the game for any one of the ladies to leave her seat and join a gentleman or to speak to him across the narrow open space. They were as if anchored to their seats. But apparently it was not against the rules to use the universal sign language. First one and then another pointed to my glass of beer, nodded her head at me, and made motions as if drinking. This meant, if it meant anything, that she would like to have me invite her to have a drink with me. But I did not invite--I was there as an observer, unofficial observer as on behalf of U.S.A. puritanical contingent. Another made motions as if her arms were about my waist and we were waiting to the music--which obviously meant that she would like to dance with me. I did not respond. A third, a buxum blond on the sunny side of middle age, looked me straight in the eyes, leaned forward, pulled aside her bodice slightly and displayed to my fascinated gaze two beautiful round white breasts. I looked at them long and longingly, and acknowledged the privilege by throwing her a kiss. The effect of this gesture was somewhat spoiled by a chuckle from three men at the next table. Then another sister fastened me with her eyes and leaning back carelessly lifted her skirts and displayed a pair of attractive legs clad in silk stockings below and a modern garment, much spiced, known as "stephens" above, and slowly revolved one little foot. I acknowledged this exhibition by raising my glass, bowing to her, and drinking. Again the effect was spoiled by applause from the adjoining table. A fifth tried a combination of the last two. She leaned partly forward and to one side and exposed to view two small but well rounded breasts; at the same time she tried to adjust ~~her~~ an imaginary gar-

(1926, July, Berlin.

3--1975.

ter, which necessitated raising her skirt slowly and exposing to view another pair of attractive legs, and incidentally she disarranged the natural position of her protective "step ins," giving a momentary glimpse of her particular garden of eden. Then the skirt came down with a modest gesture, she straightened ^{en} up, still with her eyes on me, and the show was over. I acknowledged it by rising, bowing, and raising my glass. Again there was a pause and an outburst of German that I could not understand from the gentlemen on my right. I was much embarrassed. The ladies seemed reconciled to give me up as hopeless, all except one. ~~This one.~~ If there is any foundation for the belief in concentrated will power I ^{should} ~~would~~ have been her victim, because she concentrated her gaze and facial expressions upon me. Never for a moment did her eyes leave my face and if I so much as raised my eyes or glanced at her she nodded and smiled and winked and shook herself and seemed ready to spring into my arms, until I felt like a criminal for so much as looking in any other direction. She was not especially attractive, but those smiles were almost irresistible, because, like the Italians, while I can fight frowns and dignity and indignity with great glee I am practically helpless before a smile, so strong is my desire to answer with a smile. And this lady of the invincible smiles so got on my nerves and I felt so helpless, that in desperation I finished my beer, put on my hat and fled ignominiously. And as I started through the door I heard a hearty voice at the next table say "Ya, she got him mit her smile."

P As I wended my way slowly and thoughtfully to the hotel, oblivious of the sirens at street intersections, I thought "Well, all that girl show for the price of a glass of beer; evidently those women are near the lower fringe; how they exerted themselves to attract attention, and without return; and yet, had they been young, fresh.

(1926, July, Berlin.

3--1975

ter, which necessitated raising her skirt slowly and exposing to view another pair of attractive legs, and incidentally she disarranged the natural position of her protective "step ins," giving a momentary glimpse of her particular garden of eden. Then the skirt came down with a modest gesture, she straightened up, still with her eyes on me, and the show was over. I acknowledged it by rising, bowing, and raising my glass. Again there was applause and an outburst of German that I could not understand from the gentlemen on my right. I was much embarrassed. The ladies seemed reconciled to give me up as hopeless, all except one. ~~This~~ ^{one}. If there is any foundation for the belief in concentrated will power I ~~would~~ ^{should} have been her victim, because she concentrated her gaze and facial expressions upon me. Never for a moment did her eyes leave my face and if I so much as raised my eyes or glanced at her she nodded and smiled and winked and shook herself and seemed ready to spring into my arms, until I felt like a criminal for X so much as looking in any other direction. She was not especially attractive, but those smiles were almost irresistible, because, like the Italians, while I can fight frowns and dignity and indignity with great glee I am practically helpless before a smile, so strong is my desire to answer with a smile. And this lady of the invincible smiles so got on my nerves and I felt so helpless, that in desperation I finished my beer, put on my hat and fled ignominiously. And as I started through the door I heard a hearty voice at the next table say "Yes, she got him with her smile." As I wended my way slowly and thoughtfully to the hotel, oblivious of the strains at street intersections, I thought "Well, all that girl show for the price of a glass of beer; evidently those women are near the lower fringe; how they exerted themselves to attract attention, and without return; and yet, had they been young, fresh,

(1926, July, Berlin.

E--1976.

and pretty, they could simply sit still and be ever so indifferent and even disdainful and be surrounded by admirers. No wonder women try to retain their youth and good looks, because ^uwithout them their way is hard."

Aug Sunday, August 1. I had breakfast at the Unter den Linden restaurant. Then a walk up the broad avenue, ^ccrossing a small stream, to some large museums and art galleries where I spent several hours examining the exhibits. The paintings were ~~ex~~ very attractive, especially those of landscapes. From the gallery I followed the little river for some distance, admiring the ornate buildings along its banks and watching the barges and boats passing up and down. All business shops were closed except a few restaurants and the streets were nearly deserted. I stopped in a small place and had a glass of beer and watched the bartender rub and polish the furniture until it shone. The furniture was heavy and ^evidently very old. On the walls were some old paintings. From looking at these I glanced at the street through the window and watched ^{two} ~~to~~ flaxen haired girls skipping arm in arm across the street, their hair and skirts flying and their faces laughing, and I wondered what their fate would be when they grew up to be women, and would they remember their childhood friendship.

The afternoon was spent in my room. At 8 p.m. had a nice supper in the hotel restaurant. I spent the evening in a music hall very agreeably. It was a higher class establishment than the cheap affair I had seen the previous evening, had a good orchestra, and was well filled with well dressed men and women at tables drinking and smoking. There was a small chorus of shapely girls who came out from time to time and went through various evolutions on a small stage. Their only clothing was a narrow band

(1926, July, Berlin.

and pretty, they could simply sit still and be ever so indifferent and even disdainful and be surrounded by admirers. No wonder women try to retain their youth and good looks, because without them their way is hard."

Sunday, August 1. I had breakfast at the Unter den Linden

restaurant. Then a walk up the broad avenue, crossing a small stream, to some large museums and art galleries where I spent several hours examining the exhibits. The paintings were very attractive, especially those of landscapes. From the gallery I followed the little river for some distance, admiring the ornate buildings along its banks and watching the barges and boats passing up and down. All business shops were closed except a few restaurants and the streets were nearly deserted. I stopped in a small place and had a glass of beer and watched the bar tender rub and polish the furniture until it shone. The furniture was heavy and evidently very old. On the walls were some old paintings. From looking at these I glanced at the street through the window and watched the girls skipping and their faces across the street, their hair and skirts flying and their faces laughing, and I wondered what their fate would be when they grew up to be women, and would they remember their childhood friend-ship.

The afternoon was spent in my room. At 8 p.m. had a nice supper in the hotel restaurant. I spent the evening in a music hall very agreeably. It was a higher class establishment than the cheap affair I had seen the previous evening, had a good orchestra, and was well filled with well dressed men and women at tables drinking and smoking. There was a small chorus of shapely girls who came out from time to time and went through various evolutions on a small stage. Their only clothing was a narrow band

(1926, August, Berlin.

E--1977.

about the middle and another about their breasts. The hall was well lighted and the music very good, the spectacle interesting and pleasing, and the men and women at the tables were evidently enjoying themselves. A young German joined me at my table. He could speak a little English. He said that he lived in Berlin and that this was his first visit to a music hall. I enjoyed watching the eagerness with which he observed ^every detail of the entertainment. When I first sat down and a waiter came I asked for "Ein Manhattan cocktail." After a time he returned as asked if I had said "Ein San Martin," the favorite drink in Argentina. That would do quite as well, so I said "Ya." What he finally brought was a half bottle of wine. As I took my first sip of the wine and decided that I did not like it I happened to glance at a nearby table where were three young women. One of them looked at me intently, dropped her eyes to the wine, and again looked at me. By way of experiment I smiled and nodded slightly. Instantly she left her companions and took a seat beside me. Inasmuch as I did not like the wine I kept her glass filled. She tried to be agreeable by leaning against me and keeping up a conversation in German that I only partly understood. As the wine took effect she became more animated and affectionate, and finally put her bare arm about my neck. This was agreeable enough, because she was pretty, young, and sweet, but I was embarrassed at this show of affection in public. I gently disengaged her arm, and as soon as she had finished the wine I arose and said "Auf wiedersehen, fraulein," and left her. Between the music hall and my hotel I counted 38 women, singly or in pairs, evidently predatory and looking for men. In this respect Berlin, or that portion of Berlin, was a rival of Bucharest.

Monday, the 2d, was bright and pleasant, the first of many

Monday, the 26, was bright and pleasant, the first of many
lin, was a rival of Bucharest.

Looking for men. In this respect Berlin, or that portion of Ber-
counted 38 women, singly or in pairs, evidently predatory and

frankly, and left her. Between the music hall and my hotel I

she had finished the wine I chose and said "Auf Wiedersehen, fran-

affection in public. I gently disengaged her arm, and as soon as

pretty, young, and sweet, but I was embarrassed at this show of

bare arm about my neck. This was agreeable enough, because she was

she became more animated and affectionate, and finally put her

in German that I only partly understood. As the wine took effect

agreeable by leaning against me and keeping up a conversation

did not like the wine I kept her glass filled. She tried to be

she left her companions and took a seat beside me. Inasmuch as I

me. By way of experiment I smiled and nodded slightly. Instantly

at me intently, dropped her eyes to the wine, and again looked at

a nearby table where were three young women. One of them looked

wine and decided that I did not like it I happened to glance at

brought was a half bottle of wine. As I took my first sip of the

That would do quite as well, so I said "Yes." What he finally

ed if I had said "Ein San Martin!" the favorite drink in Argentina.

for "Ein Manhattan cocktail." After a time he returned as ask-

entertainment. When I first sat down and a waiter came I asked

watching the eagerness with which he observed every detail of the

and that this was his first visit to a music hall. I enjoyed

could speak a little English. He said that he lived in Berlin

enjoying themselves. A young German joined me at my table. He

and pleasing, and the men and women at the tables were evidently

well lighted and the music very good, the spectacle interesting

about the middle and another about their breasts. The hall was

(1926, August, Berlin. E-1977.

(1926, August, Berlin.

E--1978

days it did not rain. After breakfast I left an order with Cook's for transportation to Warsaw the following day. From then I tried to buy some Polish money, but they had none.

At 11 a.m. Messrs. Haas and Steer accompanied me to the office of Dr. Schindler, president of the National Chamber of Agriculture. Dr. Schindler had been in the United States, had spent some time at the Department of Agriculture, and could speak English quite well. He was much interested in the census project, which I explained to him, and he in turn explained the organization and purposes of the Agricultural Chamber. It was a most effective organization, started by Bismark, and the beautiful thing about it was that membership in it was compulsory and its expenses were assessed against the land as part of the taxes, and because of its strength and efficiency it handled most of the scientific research, extension, and other projects usually administered by a department of agriculture. This appealed to me as perhaps the most admirable agricultural organization in existence.

Returning to the office of Mr. Haas I ascertained the prevailing rate of exchange between German and Polish monies, and left my forwarding address. At Cook's I was told that no first class reservation was available the next day for Warsaw, and I instructed the agent to secure me a second class reservation. It was 2 p.m. when I reached the hotel and nearly 3 o'clock when I had luncheon. The hotel clerk said the only place in Berlin where Polish money could be purchased was at the Polish Bank. At the bank I was told they had only 36 ^tzlotys, which I bought for 16.80 marks. Then I walked to Mr. Haas' office to keep an appointment with an official of the Department of Agriculture, only to learn that it had been postponed until 5 p.m., and I asked that the appointment be cancelled because of the lateness of the hour. At Cook's I learned

(1926, August, Berlin.

E-1978

days it did not rain. After breakfast I left an order with Cook's for transportation to Warsaw the following day. From then I tried to buy some Polish money, but they had none.

At 11 a.m. Messrs. Haas and Steer accompanied me to the office of Dr. Schindler, president of the National Chamber of Agriculture. Dr. Schindler had been in the United States, had spent some time at the Department of Agriculture, and could speak English quite well. He was much interested in the census project, which I explained to him, and he in turn explained the organization and purposes of the Agricultural Chamber. It was a most effective organization, started by Bismarck, and the beautiful thing about it was that membership in it was compulsory and its expenses were assessed against the land as part of the taxes, and because of its strength and efficiency it handled most of the scientific research, extension, and other projects usually administered by a department of agriculture. This appealed to me as perhaps the most admirable agricultural organization in existence.

Returning to the office of Mr. Haas I ascertained the prevailing rate of exchange between German and Polish monies, and left my forwarding address. At Cook's I was told that no first class reservation was available the next day for Warsaw, and I instructed the agent to secure me a second class reservation. It was 2 p.m. when I reached the hotel and nearly 3 o'clock when I had luncheon. The hotel clerk said the only place in Berlin where Polish money could be purchased was at the Polish Bank. At the bank I was told they had only 36 alofies, which I bought for 16.80 marks. Then I walked to Mr. Haas' office to keep an appointment with an official of the Department of Agriculture, only to learn that it had been postponed until 5 p.m., and I asked that the appointment be cancelled because of the lateness of the hour. At Cook's I learned

(1926, August, Berlin.

E--1979.

that transportation had been secured, but the tickets could not be obtained until after 5 p.m. Sent the weekly telegram to the Institute. Returning to Cook's at 5.30 p.m. I discovered that the sleeping car reservation had been made for the following night instead of for the daylight ride. To have this changed required much telephoning. It was 6.30 when I got the tickets. Returning to the hotel I wrote a ^{long and detailed} report to the Secretary General of the Institute. At 9 p.m. had supper, did some more writing, and asked to be called early the next morning.

~~(Dragon1, Aug.2, gray folder. omit~~

(Wife, same.

that transportation had been secured, but the tickets could not be obtained until after 5 p.m. Sent the weekly telegram to the Institute. Returning to Cook's at 5.30 p.m. I discovered that the sleeping car reservation had been made for the following night instead of for the daylight ride. To have this changed required much telephoning. It was 6.30 when I got the tickets. Returning to the hotel I wrote a report to the Secretary General of the Institute. At 9 p.m. had supper, did some more writing, and asked to be called early the next morning.

(Tregoni, Aug. 2, Gray folder. ~~unclear~~)

(Wife, same.)